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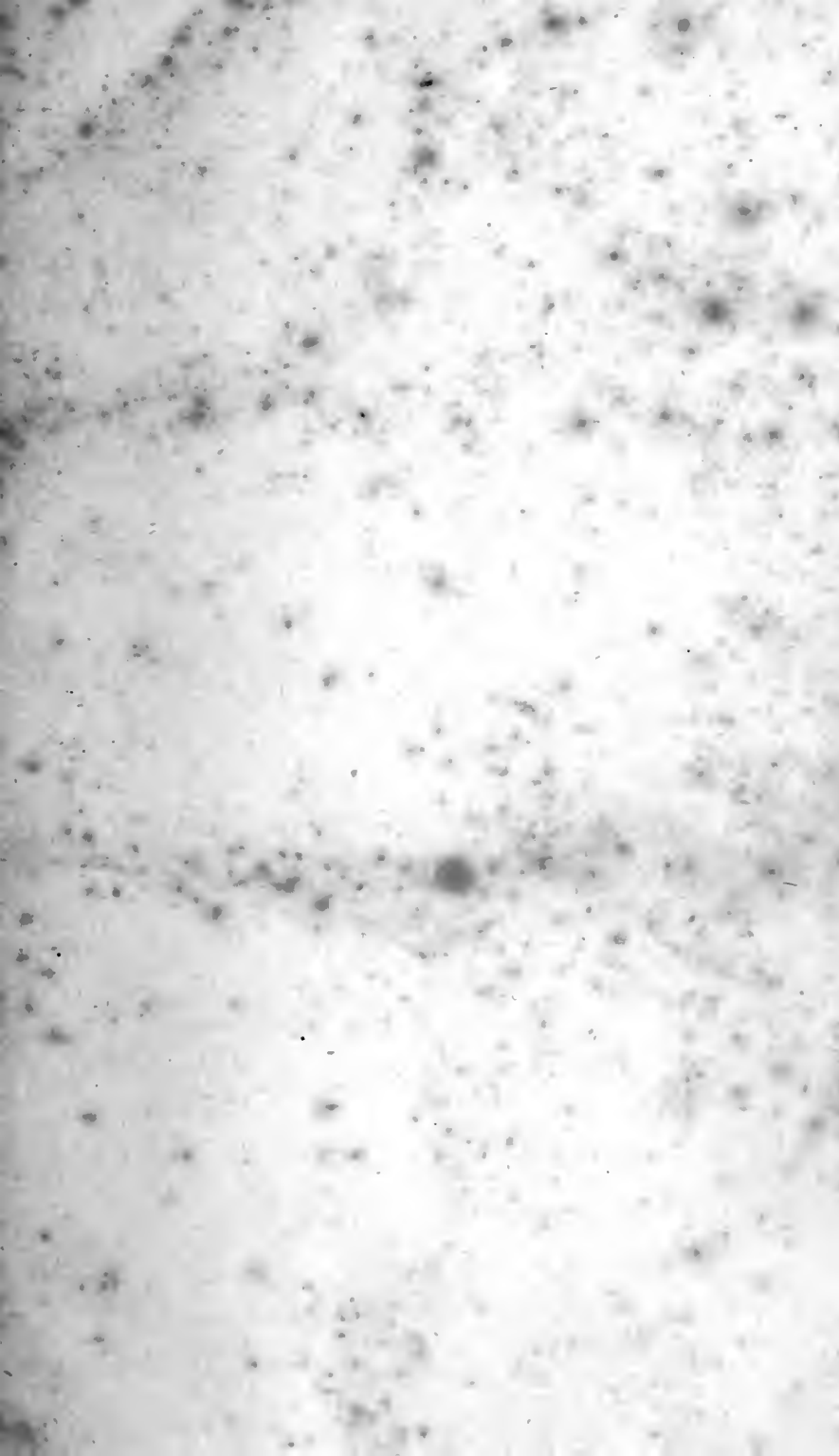
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THE
BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

Vol. III.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1863.

Edited by

THE REV. G. W. MCCREE.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE BAND OF HOPE UNION,

By W. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand, W.C.,

And JOB CAUDWELL, 335, Strand, W.C.

1863.

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JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1861.

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PRINTED BY J. BALE, 78, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET,

ST. MARY-LE-BONE.

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THE REV. A. W. M. M. M.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

OUR BAND OF HOPE.

By the Rev. T. HOLME, East Cowton, Yorkshire.

The Band of Hope movement is justly attracting the thoughtful attention of Temperance men. Judiciously managed, liberally fostered, and wisely directed, one can scarcely overrate the strength which it may be expected to bring to our cause. Being, however, yet in its pupillage, and hitherto growing up to maturity in a desultory form, without any regular organization, we are obliged to feel our way in order to decide upon the best method of bringing out its powers into effective operation. To assist us in ascertaining this method, I think it might be a good plan, if a few friends from different districts could be prevailed upon to give a short sketch of the system on which they conduct their local Bands of Hope. Under this impression, I wish to furnish a short account of the manner in which we manage our own village Band of Hope. I may here premise that my parish is a small rural one, containing by the last census, only 472 inhabitants, and that of this number we have a larger proportion of teetotallers than can be found in most parishes. As there is no other individual in the place to take a leading interest in the Band of Hope, it is altogether under the management of my own family. I will now give you from our *Parish Magazine*, the account there contained of the first opening of our meetings:—

“AN EVENING WITH THE BAND OF HOPE.—Being desirous to encourage the juvenile members of the Temperance cause, my daughters and myself thought that it would be a good plan to invite all the young teetotallers above 7 years old, of not less than a month's standing, to the Vicarage, to spend an hour in some way that might combine pleasure and instruction. The first meeting was held on Monday, the 4th of Feb. 1861, when we had the pleasure of finding 17 boys and 18 girls. On the 11th, the number was 23 boys and 22 girls. On the evening of the second meeting, when I entered the room, I found them arranged, the boys seated on one side of the room, and the girls on the other, all of them listening with evident delight to the story of Lazy Lawrence, which Miss Holme was reading to them. The story was just being brought to a close, when Lazy Lawrence was left in prison, having been sent thither for some crime to which he had been tempted by idleness and the bad company that he kept. This gave me an opening for addressing to them a few words, pointing out the rock on which Lazy Lawrence had been wrecked, and the importance of avoiding such company as would lead to idleness, drinking, and other bad habits. I then inquired of them, if they could

tell me what Teetotalism was? After a short pause, one of them answered, 'Abstaining from intoxicating drink.' I then inquired, 'Of what use is Teetotalism?' Answer, 'It is good for the character.' 'What else is it good for?' 'For health.' 'Is it good for anything else?' 'For religion.' 'Can you mention any other advantage it has?' 'It is good for happiness.' 'Any thing else?' 'It is good for the pocket.' Now, in looking at these answers, it must be admitted, that they are entitled to the candid attention of those who are not favourable to our cause, while they really embody the arguments which our best advocates use in support of temperance. They certainly are a satisfactory answer to persons who are continually objecting, that boys and girls don't know what they are doing when they sign the pledge. They know very well what they are about. Several of them have kept the pledge for six or seven years, in spite of every temptation to induce them to break it. On looking at so many bright and cheerful faces, it did one's heart good, and I could not help thinking, what happy homes some of them might have in the course of ten years, if they kept their pledge; and I told them so. After they had spent a quarter of an hour in learning to sing a few verses of 'The Spider and the Fly,' a Temperance melody, they had each a book lent to them out of our Juvenile Library, which we have provided for them, to read at home, and to be exchanged for another on the next day of meeting; and so they all went away in high glee.

After having discontinued these meetings during the summer months when the attendance became small, we have recently renewed them, and they seem to have lost none of their original interest. In order to give a pleasing and instructive variety to these gatherings, I have at their conclusion shewed the children on an orrery, the relative positions and motions of the planets, beginning with four, and adding a new planet every evening. By this means the subject is more strongly impressed upon their minds, while it is extended over a larger space of time. Having exhausted the orrery, I purpose illustrating the same subject by means of the magic lantern, and thus, by these and similar novelties, I hope to keep up the interest of the meetings till the time of their being again discontinued for the summer. By thus blending instruction with amusement, we do our best not only to secure the cheerful attendance of the children, but also the support and favour of their parents. I may here remark that we conclude our meetings with a prayer or hymn. As we have to carry on the work single-handed, we are not in a position to give our young friends any expensive treat, such as a trip by railway. We endeavour to make up for this, by inviting them to a tea party in the course of the summer, when they are entertained by games adapted to their years. This is an event to which they always look forward with pleasure.

From this account you will perceive that our plan is very simple, free from excitement, and mainly aiming at the improvement and amusement of those who attend, so that in after life they may always look back upon their Band of Hope meetings, as "pleasant pages" in the history of by-gone days.

The Vicarage, East Cowton, Dec. 9th, 1862.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Tower of London, Nov. 4, 1862.

Dear Brother in Christ,—In compliance with your request, I send you the following particulars respecting the circumstances which led to my signing the Temperance Pledge, and which I stated at the meeting on Saturday evening last. You are at liberty to make what use of them you think proper. One evening in the month of September, 1861, I left my barracks, in company with one or two of my comrades, to spend the evening in a public-house. Passing the door of a ragged school room, a little ragged boy came up, and seizing me by the hand, said, "Soldier, will you come into our *Band of Hope*?" Struck with the persuasive tone in which this was said, I consented, and led by the little fellow I entered the school-room. As I entered an interesting little girl was reciting a piece, "*The Drunkard's Daughter*." The touching eloquence of this dear child, as she told of the sorrows of the poor Drunkard's Daughter, completely overcame me, and I resolved from that night to have no more to do with drink. On the 22nd of September (the same month) I signed the pledge, and bade, I trust, an everlasting farewell to the bottle and glass. And oh, sir, the past year has been the happiest year of my life, and I shall praise God long as I live for that dear boy's "*Will you come into our Band of Hope*?" A few days after I signed the pledge, one of my comrades fell over the Cliffs of Dover, and lost his life; this caused me to think,—I felt I needed something more than temperance, and I took down a Bible which had long been neglected, and read a few verses, but was compelled to stop; they were verses I had often heard a pious mother read, years ago; a tear fell as I closed the book, but I dashed it away, thinking it unmanly for a soldier to weep; but I had to weep,—God made me weep, and oh what a mercy!

"Like Peter, long I wept alone,
In sorrow secret and sincere,
Till He, to whom my griefs were known,
Dried up the penitential tear."

Just three weeks after I signed the pledge, I found pardon and peace through believing in Jesus, and all this in answer to a *Mother's Prayers*.

I am, dear Sir, yours in Jesus,

HENRY WELLS,—The "Bufs."

P.S. I see I have not mentioned the place. It was in Dover, Kent.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S LECTURE.

The Band of Hope Union has been favoured with a repetition of Mr. Spurgeon's liberality and kindness. On Nov. 25th, the rev. gentleman delivered, in his magnificent Tabernacle, a lecture on Miracles of Faith in Modern Times. The building was crowded to excess, and as charges were made for admission, the proceeds will largely augment the funds of the Union. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and avowed his great interest in the Band of Hope movement. A. Layard, Esq. M.P., was on the platform, and moved the vote of thanks to Mr. Spurgeon, which was seconded by Mr. Haynes, and carried in a most cordial manner by the immense audience. The lecture was illustrated by a series of new dissolving views, of a superior character, which were each explained by Mr. Spurgeon in an impressive manner. During the lecture and exhibition of the views, six hundred children, trained by Mr. F. Smith, sung a selection of pieces, and greatly charmed their hearers. We append a brief sketch of the lecture, for which we are indebted to James Grant, Esq., editor of the *Morning Advertiser*:—

Mr. Spurgeon, who was received with loud applause, said the miracles of which he had to speak were not the lying wonders of the Church of Rome—(cheers)—nor should he deal with modern impositions. He was about to tell them of *boná fide* miracles which had been wrought. Dr. Johnson, whom some regarded as the standard authority in these matters—(laughter)—defined a miracle to be “a wonder.”—(Laughter.) He was quite sure the miracles of which he had to speak were wonderful.—(Hear, hear.) Miracles however, were never wrought simply as a lavish display of power; they were never wrought with the design merely to excite unprofitable amazement; the miracles of Christ were always wrought for the advantage of mankind.—(Hear.) After some very humorous and appropriate introductory illustrations, Mr. Spurgeon took his hearers back to the year 1694, when Francke, the parish priest of Halle, in Germany, began his great and benevolent operations, marked by simple, earnest faith, and crowned with the most astonishing and continuous success. Francke relieved the temporal wants of the poor, educated their children gratuitously, and then supported some of the most destitute. At length he had a vast organisation around him, in full operation; and while the means came pouring in from every side, he gradually extended his philanthropic labours to a degree up to that time unprecedented. He at last had three or four schools which were under his supervision, but a divinity student did the harder work. He had not the worldly quality of “prudence;” if he had much there was some new scheme, and if he had little he exercised a rigid economy and prayed to God. “Faith works boldly,” he said, “when she is employed about real necessities.” He fed and educated a number of young men who were destined for the

ministry. He not only increased his own schools, but sent out teachers, who had sat at his feet, and who had caught his spirit, to teach in the different villages. He at last built a large home, so as to bring all his operations under one roof. A quarry was found on his ground, and plenty of people were ready to cart the stone. One Saturday night there was not enough to pay the men, but just then some money was sent in, and the men were fully paid, and some was left to give the poor. Many jested, and said that the building never would be finished, and perhaps some man might have said that if ever the topstone was laid he would stand upon his head upon it.—(Laughter.) That was said about the "Tabernacle" by an unbelieving brother; but that brother did not stand upon his head as promised—(laughter)—and if he had done so, he would certainly have strangled himself, as he was very stout.—(Loud laughter.) Mr. Spurgeon gave many astonishing details as to the marvellous succession of donations which were given in aid of Francke's undertaking, in answer to his prayers. He contrasted the unselfishness of Francke, who prayed for food for his orphans, with the equal faith, but diminished disinterestedness, of William Huntington—the celebrated "S. S."—who prayed for a new suit of clothes. Both prayers were answered, but both were not equally deserving of admiration and imitation. John Falke was the next illustration. He was the son of a wigmaker, and was intended for that occupation; but he singed the people's hair—(laughter)—for which his father punished him with a hazel stick.—(Renewed laughter.) He was sent to bed without a light to prevent his reading, so he played the violin till his father came up with the hazel stick—(laughter)—and then the fiddlestick was put away. The burgomasters of Dantzic at length subscribed and sent Falke to Halle to school. In after life he undertook the education of the little villains of the streets, gave them a home, inspired them with home sentiments, and home feelings, and taught them religious truths as well as conveying general instruction of a useful and practical description. He also established, in addition to a reformatory, an institution for training schoolmasters, and the funds came in to support his endeavours in proportion as he extended them. Was he not, then, as well as Francke, a miracle worker? So also, he said, were his other cases, Wichern, Gossner, Harmes, and Müller, the latter being the most wonderful of all. The circumstances of the wondrous and continuous benevolence by which these devout and believing men were supported in their philanthropic endeavours, were of a nature almost incredible, but that they are well authenticated. All the subscriptions were purely voluntary; there were no guaranteed subscriptions, no State aid. Many curious incidents were given of Gossner, of Pastor Harmes, and of George Müller, of Bristol, to whose marvellous career he referred at length. He was a fast young man—a student patronised by Francke before named—a missionary to the Jews—a pastor of a small church in Devonshire—then of another (Baptist) in Bristol. He gave up his salary of 60*l.*, and the spontaneous offerings amounted the first year to 160*l.* He never "asked" any man for aid, but since 1832 he had built three

orphan houses, for 1,150 orphans, costing between £60,000. and £70,000. and involving an annual expense of £8,000. He also supported one hundred missionaries, at a cost of £5,273. a-year. He had received since 1832 considerably more than £200,000. in voluntary spontaneous offerings, never asking any man for a farthing. Mr. Spurgeon described with much emotion his feelings on going over these institutions. They so overcame him at the time, that after the children had sung a hymn he was unable to address them, as Mr. Müller had requested him to do. The rev. gentleman was loudly and repeatedly applauded at different periods of his address, and sat down amidst a long round of cheering.

POETRY.

THE LADY-BIRD.

The Lady-Bird sat in the rose's heart,
 And smiled with pride and scorn,
 As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by,
 With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew her curtains of damask round,
 And adjusted her silken vest,
 Making her glass of a drop of dew,
 That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
 And seeing her haughty face,
 Took no more notice, but travelled along
 At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden wind of autumn came,
 And wildly swept the ground,
 And down the rose, with the Lady-Bird went,
 And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
 For she knew not where to go,
 Since cold November's surly blast
 Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were wet, and her feet were cold,
 And she thought of the ant's warm cell;
 And what she did in the wintry storm
 I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
 With her little ones by her side;
 And she taught them all, like herself, to toil,
 Nor mind the sneer of pride.

WHAT RICHARD BAXTER SAID.

“You whom God hath entrusted with the care of children, I would persuade to the great work of helping them to the heavenly rest. Think what a comfort you may have if you be faithful in this duty. If you succeed, the comfort is inexpressible, in their love and obedience, their supplying your wants, and delighting you in all your remaining path to glory. But the greatest joy will be when you shall say, ‘Lord, here am I, and the children thou hast given me:’ and you shall joyfully live with them for ever. I also entreat parents to consider what excellent advantages they have for saving their children. They are with you while tender and flexible: none in the world have such power over their affections as you have: you have also the greatest authority over them: you best know their temper and inclinations; you are ever with them, so can never want opportunities; specially you mothers, remember this, who have most of the children’s company while young. What pains are you at for their bodies, and will you not be at as much pains for the saving of their souls?”

THE DRUNKARD’S DOOM.

Arthur B. was the son of wealthy, influential parents, in one of the southern counties. He commenced business for himself early in life, and exhibited considerable shrewdness and energy of mind. But the safeguards of virtue and piety did not shield him in the perilous season of youth, and he soon became (in the language of the world) a bold, generous-hearted fellow, growing in popularity and wealth. He was above the fear of religious admonition or commands, and was considered quite able to confute any Christian believer. He was, indeed, a young man of promise; but his life was a dreadful illustration of talents perverted, and also of the downhill progress of a vicious life, and his last end was a scene of horrors, at the recital of which an ungodly man may tremble. The substance of what I am about to relate is well known in the neighbourhood where he lived and died.

About a year before his death, and not above five years ago, Arthur

was riding with an intimate friend, when the conversation which follows was held. This friend, as he now says, was, at the time, considerably impressed by religious truth, though impenitent; but that he might be comforted in his impenitence by the scepticism of his more intelligent and reckless comrade, or for some other reason, he felt desirous to know B.'s sentiments fully on religion. Accordingly after a little hesitation, he commenced by saying—

“B., you and I have been much together, and have confidence, I believe, in each other as friends. We have conversed freely upon almost every subject, but there is one that we have never seriously talked about. It is a subject that has troubled me for some time, and I should like to know what are really your candid opinions. If you don't wish to have them told, I will keep the matter to myself.”

“Certainly,” was the reply. “I've no objection against making known any of my opinions.”

“Well then,” said Henry (for so I will name his friend), “what do you think about the Bible? Is it true? And is there any such thing as religion, or is it all a delusion?”

“Why, as to that,” said B., “I've no more doubt that there is a God, and that religion is a reality, and that it is necessary to be what the Christians call pious, in order to be happy hereafter, than that we are riding together.”

Henry was greatly surprised; and looking at him intently, to see whether there was not designed trifling, B. proceeded.

“It is plain enough that the Bible is true. It's a book that no mere man could ever have written, and a book, in my opinion, that no one, however wicked he may be, can read, and believe in his heart to be an imposition. I have often tried to believe so. And no one can look at the Christian religion, and see what it is designed to effect, without feeling that it must be from God. In fact, no man can be a Deist who isn't a fool. For reason and conscience confirm the Christian doctrines, and satisfy me that there is a place of happiness and of misery hereafter.”

Henry was amazed by these confessions from one who had been nurtured in infidelity, and was regarded by the pious as a daring, irreligious young man. At length he replied, “If this is your belief, B., you're in an awful situation. What do you think of your present course?”

“Why, it's a pretty bad one, to be sure; but *I've no notion of dying* so. I expect to become a Christian. But the fact is, a man must have property; unless he has, he is scarcely respected in the world. And I mean to make money, and enjoy life; and when I've got these things around me to my mind, then I will be liberal, and feed the poor, and do good; that's the way men do in the present day.”

“But how long do you think it will be safe for you to indulge in your present habits? Being out late, and drinking, have already injured your health.”

“I've thought of that,” answered B.; “but I'm young and hearty; though I do mean to quit cards and drinking pretty soon.”

“I speak as a friend, B.; but I didn't suppose, from what I heard you say, that you believed in a Saviour, or in heaven or hell.”

"I do, as much as you, or any man."

"Do you remember playing cards at ——?" And here Henry referred to most horrible profanity uttered during a night of carousal.

"Oh, when I swore so, I was a little inioxicated; but I felt sorry for it afterwards. I know it's wrong, and I always feel sorry. But when I'm among those fellows I can't very well help it."

"But how often," continued his still doubting querist, "have I heard you say that religion was nothing but a kind of priestcraft, and that Christians were a pack of cursed fools?"

"I know I've said so, when they've crossed my path, and made me angry. And I think now that a great many of those who pretend to be Christians are nothing but hypocrites. But there is real religion, and there are some who possess it, and have what you and I know nothing about, it's no use to deny."

The conversation continued much in this strain for some time, and, it is useless to say, made a deep and most happy impression on the mind of Henry.

As for his companion, madness was in his heart so long as he lived, and he soon came to sorrow. He continued to drink, until he was known to be a drunkard. He mingled with gamblers till his moral sensibilities seemed wholly blunted. At length, after a night of dissipation, he started for home, was thrown from his horse, and badly bruised; disease set in, with dreadful severity, upon his constitution, greatly enfeebled by irregularities, and in a little space *delirium tremens* hurried him to his grave.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 11.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

INDIFFERENCE AND HOSTILITY.

The opposition to the efforts of the temperance reformer have ever been severest from quarters least expected. Interest might have led the makers and sellers of drink, like the craftsmen of Athens, to cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" or lovers of liquor, to sympathise with the downfall of their vile deity, like the Philistines over the fall of Dagon: but, who could have expected the hub-bub that social reformers, men of progress, physicians, philanthropists, and christians, have raised over the attempts of temperance men to stay the tide of social and moral death, caused by intemperance?

The Band of Hope Movement—commending itself, as its friends and founders had fondly hoped, to all friends of the young—has not been without its detractors and opponents. And this, not from the systematic opposers of all that is excellent, but from men, willing in almost every other respect to lay down their lives—to spend, and be spent—in the cause of God,

and of humanity. Why is this? It cannot be from hatred of what is right, but from a misconception of what *right* is. Sometimes, indeed, the injudiciousness of friends has tended to the alienation from, rather than the drawing to, our cause, of men of strong antipathies; but after all, the question is not a question of men, but of manners—of principle, and not of persons. Christianity, tried by the inconsistencies, absurdities, and injudiciousness of its professors, would be a laughing-stock to the heathen. But the plan of salvation is pure as God's own throne, though every professor of godliness were vile as the guardian of hell's gate.

We must, then, be prepared for hostility and indifference, without being vexed with the one, or chafing beneath the other. In boring the tunnel through the Alps, where the rocks were hardest, the utmost power was concentrated, and the massive granite was forced to yield. Had the engineer wrung his hands in despair, he might have been wringing them now; but the rock would have still barred his way. Action was the wisest, and best, and though progress was slow, it was no less sure. So let it be with us. Are men careless of our efforts to save the young from the snares of drink? The greater necessity exists for our increased anxiety. Are obstacles offered, and opposition engendered? Live, and labour it down, with earnestness and love. Nehemiah builded the walls of Jerusalem, notwithstanding the enmity of Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem. They said to the noble patriot, "Come, and confer at Ono." He said "I am doing a great work," and went on with his building. His foes then suggested that he was fortifying the city for rebellion, but he continued the work; foiled here, they suggested fears of his personal safety, and suborned false prophets to urge him to take refuge in the temple. But how noble was his reply. "Shall such a man as I flee? and who is there, that being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." Glorious determination! and in two-and-fifty days the wall was finished. Mind it was only the *wall*, not the temple—a work as necessary, though less important, than erecting the sacred edifice. The temple was protected by the wall and its battlements, from foes who otherwise might have crept in to its destruction. It was the work of God, and Nehemiah meant it for good; and only God's enemies opposed him in its doing.

Let us compare our temperance efforts to the outer walls of the holy city, the New Jerusalem; and say what men may,

and do what men will, let us labour, conscious of well-doing and well-wishing; and if enmity is not killed, it will be scotched, and be like a wounded snake—offensive still, but harmless. Intemperance is the foe of God's people, God's church, and God's Son. Does any one suggest that it is but one sin among many? It is true; but it is a giant sin—a very Gulliver of iniquity, amongst Lilliputian offences. It is a parent crime, the prolific mother of a thousand evils. The throne, the church, the senate, the bar, the exchange, the shop, the city, the village, the country and the town, are alike permeated by its baneful influences; and we would rear the battlements of sobriety against the foe; if needs be, harnessed for defence—yea, with the sword of the Spirit in one hand, while building with all our might with the other, and mingling even the cement of our structure with prayer.

We would, with diffidence, suggest a word or two of caution before we close, to such as sometimes, from the very warmth of their attachment to the Band of Hope and Temperance cause, are led into error in the matter. We have no right, without sufficient proof, to impute motives of any kind to an opponent. It is, alas! a common thing for some to do so; but it is offensive and wicked. If we imagine we are right in putting our own unfavourable constructions on the actions of others, be sure that they, or even those who hear us, will not be slow to give their own colouring to ours; and thus the intrinsic value of the cause gets hidden in a cloud of personality. Some there are, who, whatever may be the subject under discussion at the church meeting, the teachers' meeting, or conference of christian workers, obtrude—in season, or out of season—the cause we love. This is extremely unwise, and has done much in many quarters to retard the hearty reception of our principles. There is a time to be silent, as well as a time to speak; some friends forget this. If, on the other hand, a legitimate opportunity presents itself, it should be taken advantage of wisely. The sentences uttered should be brief and pointed. At a representative meeting, not long since, comprising many of the first men of one of the largest denominations, such an opportunity was given in a discussion on Evangelistic labour; an esteemed and liberal friend, both of the religious and temperance movements, embraced it and spoke. The first five minutes of his address was well conceived, ably executed, and listened to with respect and admiration; in three minutes more his audience were uneasy; in another minute some had left the meeting;

and in another he sat down amidst a sad fit of coughing, and almost confusion. There was a reason for this. During the last five minutes nothing was said he had not already intimated in the first, and had his address then closed, an excellent impression would have been stamped on the minds of his hearers. As it was, the many teetotallers who were present could not but feel sorry; while the careless or hostile would leave the place more determined than ever to vote teetotalism a "bore."

When a decisive vote in opposition to the establishment of a Band of Hope has been expressed by a body of teachers, it is exceedingly impolitic to be for ever vexatiously opening the question. Sore eyes are the less likely to get well the more they are rubbed; and teetotalism is a sad "sore place" with many, and not in some instances without a show of reason. It is better under such circumstances to bide our time; and by prayer and effort the time will come. A friendly interchange of thought, as circumstances permit, with our fellow-teachers, a timely present of a suitable book or tract—and above all, a determination, shewn in our every action, that though we have been foiled in what we dearly wished could have been done, our attachment to the school and the work is as great as ever, and our zeal for its success still remains unabated. Thus, with well-doing, we shall be able to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; and no less certainly shall we win the respect, and probably the adherence, of the wise and good.

Much more might be said on the subject in hand. We, like the Apostles, know something of oppositions of science falsely so called; and who can be ignorant of the antagonistic powers of appetite and custom? Well-meaning, but ill-advised men, oppose us from the Book of God, denouncing us as enemies of the Cross; but if we are animated by pure desire in the work, we can meet every such reflection with a smile. To enmity let us oppose love; to coarseness, courtesy; to flippancy, argument; to indifference, zeal; to coldness, warmth; to carelessness as to the ravages of intemperance, vigilance and prayerful anxiety; to false interpretations of the Word of God, exhibit the true; and, in His own time, He who ruleth over the hearts of men will cause that even our enemies shall be at peace with us; while those who have hitherto been laggards in the war, shall learn to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

SIX REASONS for BANDS of HOPE in connection with SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

1. The use of intoxicating drinks, and the corruption of public-houses, do more than any other cause, to retard and destroy the work of Sunday Schools.

2. If the present state of things continue, a large proportion of the children will become drunkards, and many other sufferers through the vice: prevention is better than cure.

3. Strong drinks are unnecessary, and it is easier to abandon their use in youth than afterwards.

4. Intemperate parents may be reclaimed by their children becoming abstainers.

5. Bands of Hope considerably benefit the Schools where they are formed, by increasing the number of scholars, retaining the elder ones, imparting additional interest, and providing new fields of usefulness.

6. Every church ought to be a centre of philanthropic efforts.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CRIME IN MIDDLESEX.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, COLDBATH FIELDS.—The official report of the House of Correction, Coldbath fields, for the year ending Michaelmas, 1862, has been issued, and shows that a great increase of crime has taken place within that period, as compared with the previous year. Upon this subject the report thus refers to it:—"The exceptional state of things prevailing in the metropolis during the past year has been attended with a considerable increase in the number of commitments. In 1861 the total number of prisoners was 8,065; in the present year, 9261. It is, under these circumstances, a matter of rejoicing that, while the aggregate numbers have thus risen, the number of prisoners under 16 years of age, has not only failed to keep pace with the adults, but has materially diminished. Last year the total number of boys under 16 years of age was 774, this year it has fallen to 682. Of the prisoners committed during the year, 1,562 had been once before committed; 567 twice; 258, three times, and 422 four times and upwards. In addition to the punishments to which the prisoners were sentenced, the following have been inflicted for offences committed during the year in prison:—Whippings, 10; put in irons, 6; solitary confinement, 267; other punishments, 6,227, making a total of 6,510 additional punishments. The daily average of prisoners was 1,594.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, WESTMINSTER.—The report of this prison shows a great increase in the number of female prisoners committed during the year, amounting to 5,099; in the previous year they were

4,805. The number of females received from this prison into reformatory asylums during the year was 130, namely, into the Refuge for the Destitute, 29; Elizabeth Fry Refuge, 60; Manor Hall Asylum, 6; placed in other asylums, and paid for by the ladies of the Patronage Society, 29. Of the prisoners committed during the year, 993 had been once committed before; 497 twice, 271 three times, and 1,841 four times; and more extra punishment for offences committed within the prison—solitary confinement, 83; other punishments, 1,485, making a total of 1,568.

HOUSE OF DETENTION, CLERKENWELL.—As in the previous cases, the report of this prison offers a considerable increase in the number of prisoners for the year. The number committed this year was 8,880—viz., 6,510 males and 2,370 females—while in the previous year they were 8,014, being an increase of 866. The daily average was 224. Of the number committed there were committed before:—Once, 1,098; twice, 331; thrice, 14; and four times and more, 207. Extra punishments, in irons, 1; solitary confinement, 38; other punishments, 131. Committed for attempting to commit suicide, 177.

LONDON MUSIC HALLS.—Each of the many places of this kind now existing in London has its distinctive class of visitors. At “Weston’s” the “fast” element is observable; at “The Oxford,” “fastness” toned down prevails; at “The Alhambra,” we see our country cousins; whilst “The Pavillion” is the rendezvous of friendless men of all nations. Going to the east, at “Wilton’s,” “Jack Tar” is in the ascendant, whilst the large earning part of the working class are seen at “The Canterbury,” “The Eagle,” and “Deacon’s,” “The Philharmonic Hall,” however, seems to be frequented principally by the middle-class men who are engaged in the city during the day, but whose families live in the suburbs. —*The Licensed Victuallers’ Almanack for 1863.*

POPULAR LECTURES.—Surrey Chapel is famous even to the ends of the earth. The ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill, and the Rev. James Sherman, both of them men of singular piety and zeal, made “Old Surrey” as some people call the edifice, an attraction and a delight. The ministry and abundant labours of the Rev. Newman Hall fully maintain its reputation. On every Sunday morning and evening, 2000 persons listen with pleasure and profit to his able and eloquent sermons. The simplicity of his style, the careful arrangement of his matter, the fluency of his speech, the aptness of his illustrations and anecdotes, and the impressive character of his elocution, combine to render him one of the most acceptable preachers in London. During the last few years, Mr. Hall has developed a new phase of his character and mind. We do not say that he has become a politician, above all we do not say that he has become a “political parson,” but, on Monday evenings, he frequently delivers lectures having a strong political complexion, and in which he endeavours to throw the light of Christianity on passing events. In this we think him perfectly right; by so doing he is serving his generation according to the will of God. He is not a political Christian; he is a Christian politician. His christianity dominates over his politics, not his

politics over his christianity. His political predilections being popular and not exclusive, and pre-eminently favourable to the extension of education, liberty, peace, and righteousness, the working classes love to hear him, and flock in crowds to listen to his voice. "The Surrey Chapel Monday evening lectures," are now well known all over London; indeed they have become an established institution. The subjects treated by Mr. Hall are of the most various character, and include such diverse topics as "A Ramble in Wales," and "The American War," "Nephelism," and "Switzerland." Mr. Hall also obtains the assistance of popular temperance advocates, travellers, artists, and divines. Mr. G. M. Murphy, "The Surrey Chapel Evangelist," an able and useful man, often speaks on Monday evenings. His practical sense, good humour, large experience, and thorough sympathy with the poor, enable him to teach lessons of great usefulness. The Rev. William Brock lectured on "Every Man my Brother." The Rev. Edward White, on "The Gunpowder Plot," and Geo. Cruikshank, Esq., on "Art." Lord Shaftesbury has presided at some of these lectures, and expressed his entire approval of Mr. Hall's efforts to attract working men from the public-house, and to indoctrinate their minds with sound political and religious principles. The lecture on the "American War" has been published, and is likely to have a large circulation.

PILES OF NOTES.—Most visitors to the great metropolis have seen the Monument, which is situated close to the north end of London Bridge. It is 200 feet in height, and one of the most imposing objects visible from the river. This monument will enable us to gauge our national expenditure on intoxicating drinks. Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, computed that these drinks cost us £75,000,000 annually. Had we this enormous sum of money in £5 notes, we could make twelve piles as high as the monument, at the rate of £500 for every inch. Few persons who cross London Bridge, and view the summit of the monument, are aware of this remarkable fact; if they were, they would surely take care their money was spent in a wiser manner.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.—Mr. William Hoyle, writing in the *Bury Times*, has reckoned that the money spent in connexion with the liquor traffic during the last twelve months in Bury alone (where there are 63 public-houses and 109 beer-shops) would pension the whole 10,000 people computed to be out of employment in that town, for the next three years, at the rate of 12s. 9d. per week; and by that time surely the pinch of the cotton famine would be over.—*Alliance News*.

PLAIN WORDS ON PLAIN FACTS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

Worldly prosperity does not depend upon chance. Steady industry, a sober life, cheerfulness, forethought, perseverance, a wise and prompt use of opportunity, and the cultivation of a

religious life, form the basis of successful effort. I know many persons who are painfully poor simply in consequence of not making use of INSURANCE. Thus, a woman came to me, and said :—

“Have you heard of the fire, sir?”

“No.”

“Oh, sir, the works were burnt down last night, and all my son’s tools are gone.”

“Was he insured?”

“No, sir, he often spoke of doing so, and it would not have cost him more than eighteenpence a year, but he put off the time, and now they are all burnt.”

“Were the other men insured?”

“None of them, sir, and one man has lost tools worth forty pounds.”

“Well, then, was the master insured?”

“No sir, and all his valuable property is gone.”

There was wide-spread ruin! Master and men all standing amid the charred and blackened *debris* of their property, lamenting their folly. Forethought and decision would have prevented the entire loss falling upon them, and in a few weeks all would have been at work again, but their want of good sense and feeling has involved them in embarrassment. At any hour the smoke and red flames of a fire may enshroud the shop, the factory, or the warehouse in which master and men make an honest and independent livelihood, and, therefore, to “put off” the insurance of their tools and property is a criminal want of thought.

Nearly allied to the adoption of means for securing ourselves from loss by fire is that whereby we may “assure” health and life. I know a man—a foreman to a builder—who went from his house hale and cheerful, and came back to it maimed, bleeding, and destined to be an invalid for life. Not being in any sick club he is now dependent upon charity—a painful lot for a British workman. And how easily might such a lot be avoided. Looking at the tables of a provident society, I find that by a payment of four-pence per week a person aged twenty-five may secure twelve shillings per week, for fifty-two weeks, and six shillings for fifty-two additional weeks. Some societies offer more benefits for less money, but few, if any, of such societies are safe. I ask, then, if by the weekly payment of “a four-penny bit” a man may secure a respectable sum for the day of sorrow—is it not his duty to do so? Let him think of

his wife and children, and of his own reputation, and not suffer the fool's *to-morrow* to delude him. This is a good work which ought to be done to-day.

How many families are plunged into absolute poverty and shame—aye, shame—by a husband and father refusing to assure his life. How many are saved from penury and obligation by a wiser and nobler course. A printed document issued by The Temperance Provident Institution, contains the following:—

“Mr. ———. the confectioner, at the corner of ——— Street, engaged some time since to assure in the Institution, but wished to delay, for some purpose which he did not state, for four or five months. Last week, the time being up, I called, as he had requested, but found in the shop only a little girl, dressed in black, who told me that HER FATHER WAS DEAD.

“I called to see the widow, and found her to be a very gentle, timid lady, ill-suited to contend with the rough world. She told me that her husband fully intended to *assure his life*, but was waiting for her confinement, in order that a joint assurance might be effected on their two lives. Alas! before his wife's confinement the husband is in his grave,—his wife a widow,—his three children (soon to be four) are fatherless. He could not continue to her and her children his life and its advantages—his affection, diligent labour, and superintending intelligence—these were at the disposal of a higher power; but his family have the additional sorrow of knowing that that which would have been to some extent a mitigation of the calamity—a money compensation—and which was strictly within the power and in the intention of their deceased head to provide for them, has, by his unfortunate delay, been lost.

“There is a moral in this short story which no man can fail to read—viz., the necessity not only of the good sense to discover the propriety and desirableness of life assurance, but likewise of the *strong* sense which discovers and avoids the *danger of delay*. That death might occur in four, fourteen, or twenty-four *years*, this gentleman thought probable, and was prepared to guard against it at those remote periods; but that it should overtake him in four *months*, does not seem to have entered into his calculation, and hence this affecting catastrophe.”

Now, how may a working man or small tradesman provide for his family in case of death? I will explain. Take the case of a workman aged thirty. By paying thirteen shillings and fourpence quarterly, or one pound, five shillings, and seven pence half yearly, or two pounds, eight shillings, and ten pence annually, he may secure one hundred pounds to his wife and family, or to any one else, at his death. And every right-feeling man will gladly do this, or something like it.

How shall we get the money? is the reply of many.

I have before me two large written statements—the productions of a working man—and they contain a brief history of two men, both of whom are known to me, and perhaps their past

and present may furnish a clue to the money question. Here is a copy of the first card:—

What a Coal-heaver did with thirty shillings per week in
1840.

He expended on Intoxicating Liquors half his weekly
earnings.

What the same man did with thirty shillings per week in
1841.

He then became a Teetotaller. He maintained his family
with his weekly earnings, and put four shillings per week in
the Savings' Bank.

What that man did in
1851,

With his Teetotal Savings.

He then had upwards of One Hundred Pounds.
He commenced Business for himself, and is now a
Prosperous Man.

And here is a copy of the second card:—

What a Working Man, aged 40, did in
1851,

With Fourpence Halfpenny per day.

He was then a Moderate Drinker.

He purchased two pints and one half pint of beer—and
drank it.

What the same Working Man did in
1852,

With Fourpence Halfpenny per day.

He was then a Teetotaller.

Insured his life, for his family's sake, for 120 Pounds.

Insured his goods, against loss by fire, for 115 Pounds.

Insured, in case of sickness, twenty-six shillings per week.

Which was the better course?

I need not offer any comment on these facts, but leave them to produce their own salutary impression. They show how much may be done with a little, and how easy it is to make a safe and wise provision for the future.

THE RANSOMED CHILD.—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

The Bechuanas of South Africa are divided into many different tribes, such as the Bahurutsi, the Batlapis, the Barolongs, and others. They

are all savages, being clothed in skins, living in dirt and poverty, and almost always at war with one another.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago there lived among the Bahurusti tribe, a poor man and his wife, of whom I am going to tell you a story. The wealth of the savages is in their cattle; but this poor man had no cattle, so that he was very poor indeed. How he and his wife lived I do not know. Perhaps it was by killing game, and coming in for a share of beasts that were taken in hunting. Poor as he was, however, he had two great treasures! These were two little boys, one about eight, and the other ten years old. But he was not to have these long. One day, as the little boys were playing in a glen a little way from their home, a party of Matabele warriors came by surprise, and seized the poor boys, and carried them far away.

These Matabele were a very fierce and powerful tribe. Moselekatse was the name of their king, but he had many titles, such as the Elephant, the Lion's Paw, the King of Kings, and the King of Heaven. He was a great warrior, and his chiefs used to rush out upon the peaceful tribes around, and burn, and kill, and lay waste all that came in their way, and return home rich in cattle and slaves.

The poor father and mother heard of what had befallen their boys; but what could they do against such a man as the tyrant Moselekatse or his warriors? They knew not with whom their poor boys were to be found, or whether they were even living; though they thought they were not dead, as the Matabele had not killed them at the time. Day after day they mourned for their sons, and thought how they might be suffering under their cruel masters. Very dull and desolate their home seemed to be now that they no longer heard the voices of their boys, and they felt as if they had nothing worth living for when their boys were lost. Thus one long year passed away.

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, did not live far from the Bahurutsi. He had protected the lives of two of Moselekatse's warriors, and he had a warm invitation to pay Moselekatse a visit. Mokatla, the chief of the Bahurutsi, was very much afraid of Moselekatse, and he thought he would go with Mr. Moffat, and try to make friends with him.

Mr. Moffat looked at Mokatla's people. They seemed well-fed and well-dressed, and in good spirits, all but one poor man. He looked so poor and so unhappy, that Mr. Moffat pitied him, and tried to find out the reason. It was the father of the boys. He had taken all he had, and followed in Mokatla's train to see if he could redeem his boys. He had no money nor cattle. He had only some beads and rings such as savages like to wear. He walked two hundred miles, and reached Moselekatse's court.

When Mr. Moffat arrived, he found that Moselekatse had made great preparations to welcome him. Several days were spent in feasting, and dancing, and merry-making with his warriors and people, in honour of Mr. Moffat's visit. The father knew that this was not the time for him to speak, and he waited till the days of merry-making were over. He took no part in the fun. His heart was heavy and sad. How he longed

to see his dear boys I cannot tell. I daresay he slept very little at night, and that he thought these days the longest he had ever spent.

When the days of feasting were over he sent in his humble petition to the king, to be allowed to buy back his two sons. He waited some time, and then the chief who had the boys came out, and seated himself near Mr. Moffat's waggon. He was Moselekatse's brother. Mr. Moffat drew near, and looked on. The poor father spread his ragged mantle on the ground, and laid on it a few strings of beads and native ornaments. The proud chief would scarcely look upon these. The father sighed, and drew from his dirty skins a small bag of borrowed beads. The chief looked on them with scorn. The father took off two copper rings from his arms, and two others from his ears, and looked anxiously at the chief; but he only frowned, and angrily shook his head. The poor man took from his neck the only ornament he had left, and added that and an old knife to what he had offered for his two sons. The haughty chief would not so much as speak to the father. He went on talking carelessly to those around him, and at last he got up to go away. Mr. Moffat came near, and begged him to have pity on the unhappy father. The chief answered with a sneer, that one of the boys had died of cold the winter before, and that, what the father offered was not worth looking at. "I want oxen," he said. "I have not even a goat," replied the father. The chief walked off, and the poor father sat with his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the ground, and sighed heavily. He had not known till now that one of his boys was dead. Perhaps the poor little fellow had died from cruelty or neglect. His other dear son he was not allowed so much as to see. At length, with a heavy heart, he took up his mantle to go. His last hope was gone.

He did not know that there was one eye which had been looking on him with pity all the time, and that one friend was near to help him. That friend was the missionary. As he was getting up to go Mr. Moffat spoke to him, and said, "I will try to get back your son." Ah! how he started at the voice of kindness! He threw his mantle and beads at the feet of the missionary, and said, "Take these, my father, and pity me." Mr. Moffat told him to keep them for himself. He kissed the hand of his kind friend, and departed, saying, "I shall have slumber," or "peace of mind."

Next day, Mr. Moffat took an opportunity to speak on behalf of the poor man. Moselekatse listened to his request, and his brother agreed to sell the boy to Mr. Moffat. Mr. Moffat took the little boy in his waggon, and was returning to the town. I wonder what the little boy talked about: whether it was about seeing his mother. They came to the foot of a hill, and Mr. Moffat saw some one rushing down the steep at such a rate as to be in danger of falling headlong. Some said, "It is the alarm of war." The waggon-driver said, "It is a woman, either running from a lion, or to save a child." Whom do you think it could be? It was the mother of the little boy. How she too had come all that long and dangerous journey I do not know, but what will not a mother's love do? She could not wait till the father came back. Her heart was too

anxious, and the time seemed too long. She heard from some one the news that her son was in Mr. Moffat's waggon. She went to the top of the hill, and watched till she saw the waggon coming, and then she rushed down the steep. Mr. Moffat was afraid she would come against the waggon, and he sprang to the ground to stop her in time. She could not speak, but she seized his hands, and bathed them with her tears, and wept aloud for joy. Her boy drew near, and she rushed forward, and clasped him in her arms.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, on Wednesday evening, December 17th, at Shirley's Hotel, 37, Queen Square, under the presidency of John Capell, Esq., and afterwards of George Cruikshank, Esq., to enjoy the pleasures of a social intercourse, and confer together on the operations of the Band of Hope Union. Among the company present we observed Messrs. Haynes, Shirley, M. W. Dunn, Fusedale, J. A. Horner, J. Caudwell, Wills, Oakes, R. B. Starr, Wood, Udall, G. Blaby, C. Starling, R. Nichol, Eaton, Harvey, W. Robson, Newell; and Mr. Jackson, of the United States. There were also present the Rev. Messrs. Rowe, D. Burns, and, G. W. McCree. After tea the chairman delivered an interesting address, and then called upon the Rev. G. W. McCree, who gave a second account of the present position of the Union, from which it appeared that five agents are constantly employed in London and the provinces, and that every department is in a healthy and prosperous state. Two topics for conversation were then introduced, by Mr. Wills and Mr. Oakes respectively, namely, "What defects are observable in the existing Bands of Hope?" and "How may the Band of Hope Union further assist Bands of Hope?" Most valuable suggestions were made by the various speakers, and the conference closed at ten o'clock, amid the hearty congratulations of all present. We are requested to state that the names of the Agents are Messrs. Affleck, Bell, Blaby, F. Smith, and C. Starling, and that none others are the recognised representatives of the Union.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AUXILIARY.

During the month our Agent, Mr. W. B. Affleck, has been fully engaged. He has delivered two lectures at Hartlepool, two at Kirkoswald, and one each at Great Salkeld, Ainstable, Lazonby, Seaton Carew, Ellingstring, Tanfield, and Fearbyland, held four Band of Hope meetings at Bishop Auckland, three at Hurworth, and one each at Masham and West Hartlepool. He has also preached six sermons during the month in aid of benevolent objects. The public meetings have, without exception, been crowded, and in one week, in Cumberland, Mr. Affleck took upwards of 100 signatures. The secretary of the Temperance Society at Lazonby, in a letter to Mr. Joseph Carr, says, "We rejoice to congratulate you on Mr. Affleck's successful advocacy of teetotalism, and urgently request you to let us have his services again. Much good has resulted

from his labours in this district, but especially at Lazonby, when we enrolled fifty additional members after his able lecture. But what is still better, some very good impressions have been made on many minds concerning the salvation of their souls. We believe another visit from Mr. Affleck would be a great blessing to this place." The Rev. J. G. Rowe, M.A., Incumbent of West Hartlepool, writes a similar encouraging and congratulatory letter.

LABOURS OF MR. W. BELL.

Sunday, Nov. 30th. I met the united Sunday school children in the Temperance Hall, Cirencester, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and gave them an address, urging them to seek the Saviour while they were young. It was a pleasing sight to see so many dear children and their teachers listening to the simple truths of the Gospel of peace. In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, I preached in the same place, which was crowded. The Master was with us; we had a precious time, while I tried to point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

Monday Dec. 1st. I spent the day in visiting from house to house, and in the evening went to Ashton Rayars, and lectured in the Independent Chapel, to a large and attentive audience; H. Alexander, Esq. in the chair. The Rev. T. Edwards gave us a short speech. At the close of the meeting 34 signed the pledge.

Tuesday, Dec. 2nd. Visiting at Cirencester, and in the evening I went to Fairford, lectured in the Town Hall, which was very much crowded. Rev. Mr. Reynolds in the chair. Mr. Cole gave us a very good speech. At the close, 17 signed the pledge. I urged them to form a Band of Hope here, as they have not got one.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd. I met the Band of Hope in the Temperance Hall, Cirencester, and lectured to them at six o'clock in the evening, and gave a lecture to adults in the same place at half-past seven; H. Alexander, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Cowley and Mr. Bird took part in the meeting. At the close of the two meetings they took 30 names to the pledge.

Dec. 4th and 5th. Not well. *Saturday, Dec. 6th.* Spent the day in visiting. *Sunday, Dec. 7th.* I again met the Sunday school children in the Temperance Hall, and preached in the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, to a large and attentive congregation; there were many poor people who never enter a place of worship. I hope the word of truth will bring forth in them the fruits of good living. It was pleasing to see tears roll down the cheeks of many stout men, while we talked to them of the love of God in sending his Son to die for a guilty world.

Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8th & 9th. Visiting. *Wednesday,* visiting again, and in the evening went to Siddington; we had not a large meeting here, on account of there being a lecture in the church at the same hour. But at the close of the meeting 10 signed the pledge.

Thursday, Dec. 11th. Visiting during the day, and met the Band of Hope in the Temperance Hall in the evening; we had a very large gathering, and took 70 fresh names to the pledge. At half-past seven, gave a lecture to parents in the same place; eight signed the pledge at the close.

Friday, Dec. 12th. Visiting during the day, and in the evening gave a lecture in the Temperance Hall; at the close 10 signed the pledge.

Saturday, Dec. 13th. Visiting. *Sunday, Dec. 14th.* Preached again in the hall to a crowded audience. During the fortnight in Cirencester I have canvassed three parts of the town, and taken 14 names to the pledge while visiting, held two Sunday school gatherings, preached three times, met the Band of Hope twice, given six lectures, and taken 184 names to the pledge.

Monday, Dec. 15th. Went to Gloucester, met the Band of Hope in the Working Men's Institute, at six o'clock, and gave a lecture to the adults at eight; we had a good meeting; J. Sessions, Esq. in the chair. At the close six signed the pledge.

Tuesday, Dec. 16th. Gave a lecture in St. James school-room, to a large audience; Rev. T. Emireras in the chair; six signed the pledge at the close of the meeting.

Wednesday, Dec. 17th. I again met the Band of Hope; there was a large number present; at the close we took 72 fresh names to the pledge. Gave a lecture in the same place at eight o'clock, to a very large audience. Rev. T. Emireras in the chair. At the close, six signed the pledge. Total 90 pledges in Gloucester.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended meetings as follows:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Barnsbury Independent Chapel; Denmark Street; Deverell Street; Mission Hall, Moor Street, twice; Little Denmark Street; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Star of Temperance, King Street, Long Acre; Tottenham Baptist Chapel; Weir's Passage; Caledonian Road; Croydon; Whitfield Chapel; One Tun, Westminster. He has also taken part in five Adult Meetings, and preached seven Sermons.

During the past month Mr. F. SMITH has lectured, and addressed meetings as under:—Orange Street Chapel, Leicester Square; Seven-oaks; Petworth; Malvern; Newent; Shadwell; Weir's Passage; Long Acre; Earl Street; London Road; Coventry; Gloster; Bristol; Bath; Red Hill; Wandsworth; Neckinger Road; and Bedford.

Mr. C STARLING has attended meetings as follows:—Shadwell, three times; Stepney Meeting; Bermondsey; King's Court, Suffolk Street; Earl Street Chapel; five times; East Lane, Walworth; Asylum Road; Weir's Passage; Windsor Street; Britannia Fields; Limehouse; Seven Oaks.

KENT STREET.—The first annual tea and public meeting took place on Wednesday evening, December 10th, in the Sunday School, Amicable row, Kent street, which was handsomely decorated with mottoes, evergreens, &c. After tea (of which a goodly number partook) had been comfortably disposed of, the Rev. W. A. Essery, of Marlborough Chapel, took the chair, at seven o'clock, and the children commenced singing, "To us a Child of Hope is born;" and from that time till nearly half-past nine, the children and friends present were entertained with a pleasant and uninterrupted succession of short addresses, lively singing, and

exceedingly amusing recitations. The Rev. G. W. McCree, Mr. G. M. Murphy, and other gentlemen, contributed materially to the evening's instruction, by their pleasant and easy way of interesting their auditors, while several of the recitations, choruses, &c., from their novel character, highly delighted all present; especially one, a public meeting, amongst five or six of the boys, with one acting as chairman; it lasted about a quarter of an hour, and as the little chairman said at the close, "they had had argument, opposition, facts, and a signature;" and the energy displayed in the short pithy speeches, produced bursts of laughter from all parts of the well-filled school-room. During this, the first year of Kent Street Band of Hope, upwards of 300 pledges have been taken.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.—On Monday evening, December 1st, a grand demonstration was held in the new large Hall, under the auspices of the Bishop Auckland Band of Hope, and the Northern Auxiliary to the Band of Hope Union. The meeting may truly be deemed a marked success. The immense building was crowded in every part, and many were obliged to stand on the stairs leading into the edifice. The meeting was honored with the presence of Handel Cossham, Esq., of Bristol, G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth, and Mr. Wm. Mart, of Derby, who severally delivered eloquent and impressive addresses, which were rapturously cheered by an admiring audience. A selection of appropriate melodies and hymns were sung at intervals by children belonging to the Bishop Auckland Band of Hope. This meeting may really be termed an epoch in the history of the temperance cause in the north of England.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Many of our children, especially our little choristers, have done nobly. We hope our friends will continue to help us to alleviate the hunger and sorrow of the dear children in Lancashire.

SUMS RECEIVED.

Master McCree	£0	2	6	Mr. John Dodshan	£0	5	0
Master E. McCree	0	2	6	Tenbury Band of Hope..	0	7	0
A.B.	0	1	6	Allesley Village, per Miss			
Mr. F. Baring	0	2	6	Shaw	0	12	0
Aberdeen Band of Hope.	0	2	0	Children of the Choir,			
Mrs. Harvey's Children.	0	5	0	who sung at Mr. Spur-			
Fountain Band of Hope.	0	2	6	geon's, Nov. 25th.	5	0	0
Maggy, Mary, & Georgy.	0	0	7	Ledbury Band of Hope .	0	0	9
Miss Mary Frances Sink-				M. A. Baines, Brighton..	0	5	0
inson	0	2	6	Whitfield Chapel Band of			
				Hope.....	0	5	6½

LITERATURE.

Several New Works, &c., will be noticed next month.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE INTRODUCTION OF TEETOTALISM INTO LONDON.

By SAMUEL COULING.

Some little doubt appears to exist as to who had the honour of holding the first teetotal meeting in the great metropolis. Mr. Dearden says, "in June, 1834, the doctrine of total abstinence was advocated for the first time in London, by Mr. Livesey, of Preston, who delivered his popular lecture on malt liquor, in the meeting-house of the Rev. J. Campbell, Providence row, Finsbury square, and much good resulted from it." Mr. Hart also says, "It appears from memorandums in my possession, that Mr. Livesey, of Preston, was the first person who publicly brought the principles of teetotalism before the people of London, in the month of June, 1834." Mr. Freeman, in his *History of the Pledge Controversy*, says, "It is undoubtedly believed that John Giles, of Cambridge road, Mile End, was the first in the great total abstinence movement in London. I find by a document dated February 7th, 1833, that John Giles had adopted and advocated total abstinence previous to that date. He also, at his own expense, got up the first public meeting, and at that meeting read a pledge which he had prepared, as follows :—

"We agree to abstain from ardent spirits, ale, wine, or porter, and all other intoxicating liquors, except for medical purposes or in a religious ordinance."

On the other hand, however, Mr. James Silk Buckingham, claims to have held the first meeting in London, he himself stating as follows :—

"The first public meeting held in London, for the advocacy of teetotal societies was in 1834, at the Mariners' Church, Wellclose square. It was my privilege to preside at this meeting." Mr. Buckingham, refers to this meeting as taking place in 1834, but his memory was certainly treacherous as to the year. A Soldier's and Seamen's Temperance Union had been formed in the Mariners' Church, Wellclose square, of which Mr. Theophilus Smith and Mr. Fry of Houndsditch, were secretaries; and the meeting alluded to by Mr. Buckingham, was one of which the advertisement has been preserved. As a relic, and in some sense a model, we give it entire:—"Water! *versus* Poison!! Which is to be the drink of this country? Water?"

giving health, strength, and vigour; or Poison? in the shape of brandy, rum, gin, whisky, ale, &c., with poverty, disgrace, ruin, and death in their train? On Thursday evening, August 13th, 1835, a meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Temperance Union will be held in the Mariners' Church, Wellclose square, when the above question will be fairly considered, and the important subject of *total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks will be advocated*. J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M.P., has engaged to preside."

We shall not further inquire whether Mr. Livesey, or Mr. Giles, had the honour of holding the first meeting in London; but in reference to the meeting in Wellclose square, Mr. Buckingham remarks:—"During the discourse, I had observed a group of respectably attired and sober working men, in their ordinary artizan's apparel, who had planted themselves near the platform, as if with the intention of taking some part in the proceedings of the meeting; and, as I was about to leave the chair, the spokesman of the party asked permission to make a few remarks, which was, of course, readily conceded. He began, therefore, by saying, that he and his fellow-workmen, having seen by the announcement of the meeting that I intended to advocate the disuse even of beer, thought that this was such an invasion of the rights and privileges of the working classes, such an ungenerous attempt to deprive them of the beverage so necessary to their comfort and support, that they determined to come to the meeting and oppose it, because they regarded me as an enemy to the working men of the kingdom. He stated, however, that having now listened to all I had said, he was convinced that I was, in reality, well disposed towards their body, and had none but friendly feeling towards the labouring classes. He agreed with me in all I had said about the deleterious nature of ardent spirits, and believed it was a delusion to think they imparted strength, or were in any degree necessary to the preservation of health. But as to beer, he regarded it, not only as the wholesome national beverage, but one of the necessaries of life; and he, therefore, in order that there might be no mistake on the subject, declared his entire conviction—and his fellow-workmen agreed with him in this respect—that no working man could get through such heavy labours as they had daily to perform without it. He, therefore, wished to ask one question only, in the face of the whole meeting, and hoped I would answer it frankly in the same open manner. The question was this: 'Do you assert that beer is unnecessary

even for hard-working men like us ; and do you seriously advocate and recommend that all working men should give it up, and believe that they would be able to get through their work better without it ?”

“ To this question, I replied in the affirmative, and cited some remarkable proofs of its truth, in the testimonies borne by working men themselves, such as coalheavers, furnace men, steel melters, stokers of steam engines, anchor smiths, and some of the severest kinds of labour known, to the benefits they had derived from abandoning the use of beer, and substituting for it soup, oatmeal porridge, milk, coffee, tea, and even simple water. I added many cases to show that, under every variety of temperature—in heat, cold, dryness, or moisture—the effect was the same ; of the facts of all which they were previously ignorant.

“ I then asked permission to put to this group of workmen through their speaker, a single question of my own, and expressed a hope that this would be answered as frankly as I had done myself. The question was simply this, ‘ You assert your belief that it is impossible for artizans like yourself to go through their daily labour without the use of beer. Now, did you ever try ?’

“ There was a short pause, after which they replied, ‘ We never did.’

“ I then added, that they were, therefore, not in a condition to say it was impossible, and if they were really in earnest in the matter, they ought to be willing to make the experiment, since, if they tried and failed, they might then cite their personal experience as proof ; but till then it was mere opinion, which might be true or might be false.

“ I proposed, therefore, that if they would make the experiment for a month—with full liberty to abandon it at any period of the course if they found it disagreeable or disadvantageous, but honestly proceeding with it as long as it agreed with them—we would all meet here again in the same building, that day month, to hear their report, when I would attend in my place as chairman, and willingly abide the result. The proposition was accepted, and the meeting was adjourned in peace.

“ On the day fixed for the second meeting, the Church was crowded for two hours before the time fixed for taking the chair ; and on my arrival, at seven o’clock, the whole of Wellclose square, in the centre of which the Church stands, was filled with so dense a mass, that it was more than half-an-hour before I could reach the door, and then only by a party of persons

going before me to clear the way. During the month that had elapsed since the first meeting, the excitement among the publicans and their customers in the neighbourhood had gone on increasing day by day, and heavy bets, it was said, had been laid—first, as to whether the workmen would appear or not, and and next, what would be the nature of their answer if they did. This will account for the immense crowds drawn together on this occasion.

“On reaching the interior of the Church, and taking my place on the platform, I was glad to find the group of workmen already in their place, waiting patiently for the opening of the meeting; and as soon as the rush and murmur occasioned by every one desiring to be near enough to see and hear them was subsided, I called on the workmen to ascend the platform, and give to the meeting, through their spokesman, the result of the experiment which they had undertaken to make, of abstaining entirely for a month from the use of beer and every other kind of stimulating drink.

“A profound silence ensued, during which all eyes and ears were open, and directed towards the men. They ranged themselves along the front of the platform, and the foreman, addressing himself to the audience, stated in substance as follows:—

““We have faithfully kept the promise we made since the last meeting held here a month ago, and from that time to this, not one of us has tasted any intoxicating drink. For the first few days of the experiment, we found the use of water as our ordinary beverage, instead of beer, to be extremely flat and insipid, and were glad of the relief of coffee at breakfast and tea in the afternoon. But we confess that on the first Saturday night we felt ourselves less wearied and exhausted by our ordinary week's labour, than on any previous Saturday that we could remember; and on the Sabbath morning, instead of being drowsy and lying in bed an hour or two longer than on working days, which is a common custom, extending with some workmen even towards noon, we were as fresh as on any previous day of the week, arose as early, and had the forenoon for church or meeting, and the afternoon for a country walk, and a cheerful evening with our families and friends at home. During the second week, the flatness and insipidity of the water as drink was considerably abated; and we found ourselves so much less thirsty than usual, that we took very little liquid except at our meals. We found the next Saturday and Sunday an improvement even on the former ones; and remarked that

our appetites were stronger, our digestion better, our tempers less liable to irritation, and our vigour and cheerfulness greatly increased. We were therefore so satisfied with the experiment, that we rejoiced at having made it, and continued it to the end, improving sensibly as we proceeded; and as we had not been a single day, or even an hour, absent from work during the usual periods, there were no deductions from our wages for lost time; so that, besides being stronger, healthier, and happier than before we commenced this substitution of water-drinking for beer, we had each of us, at the end of the fourth week, from thirty to forty shillings more in our pockets than we were formerly accustomed to have for the same period. We rejoice, therefore, that we attended the first Teetotal Meeting held in London, though we came to oppose it; and we mean to persevere as we have begun, and recommend all working-men to follow our example.'

"The effect of such a statement as this on such an excited crowd may be easily imagined. Some cheered, others hissed, and some showed their rage and disappointment by more violent modes of expression. But as we received it all with patience and good humour, the disapprovers began to retire; the approvers chiefly remained, and after an address of about an hour, on the general question, the meeting dispersed in perfect order and tranquillity.

"I may add, that the chief of this group of working men, who acted as their spokesman, was Mr. T. A. Smith, who subsequently employed his leisure in the study of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, and who has now, for many years past (for the meeting took place twenty years ago), been one of the most able and successful lecturers, in the metropolis and the provinces, on the evils of intemperance, illustrated with anatomical and physiological diagrams, to show its deleterious effects on the human frame, and by chemical experiments to prove the existence of alcohol in all fermented drinks, and exhibit its injurious properties in the effects produced by it on the human organs.

"In June, 1834, Mr. Livesey, of Preston, came to London, and proceeded to the office of the 'Moderation Society,' where he offered his services upon the temperance question, but, as that gentleman's labours were directed against every kind of intoxicating liquor, he met with no encouragement from such a quarter. So little, indeed, does Mr. Livesey seem to have been indebted to the then friends of temperance for assistance, that

he hired, upon his own responsibility, a place in which to deliver his celebrated 'Malt Lecture;' and in order to make the time and place of its delivery known, took a bell, and rang it himself as he went through the streets of Finsbury, announcing the meeting in the fashion of a town crier. This lecture, the first delivered in the metropolis, involving the principle of entire abstinence, though given to an audience of not more than thirty people, will continue to exist, by the weight and solidity of its information, when more elaborate treatises shall have glided on to forgetfulness."

THE FALLEN STAR.

Not many years ago a beautiful girl made her *debut* in a Royal Theatre, and soon became a popular vocalist. She used to appear on the stage dressed in white, and sing—

Old times, old times, the gay old times,
 When I was young and free,
 And heard the merry Easter chimes,
 Under the greenwood tree!
 My Sunday palm beside me plac'd,
 My cross upon my hand,
 A heart at rest within my breast,
 And sunshine on the land.

Old times, old times, &c.

I've liv'd to know my share of joy,
 To feel my share of pain,—
 To learn that friendship's self can cloy—
 To love and love in vain,—
 To feel a pang, and wear a smile,—
 To tire of other climes,—
 To like my own unhappy isle,
 And sing the gay old times.

Old times, old times, &c.

Oh! come again, ye merry times,
 Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm,—
 And let me hear those Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm.
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain;
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'd never come again.

Old times, old times, &c.

Alas! strong drink became her bane, and she has now the degradation of a drunkard's notoriety. Not long since, a

London newspaper contained a report of her appearance in a police court, when the following conversation took place:—

Magistrate. Here you are again! How have you come by these frightful black eyes?

Prisoner. I think that a friend who was in my company must have struck me.

Magistrate. A drunken friend, I suppose.

Prisoner. The fact is, I got into a penny gaff.

Magistrate. This horrid gin has brought you down lower and lower.

Gaoler. She gets drunk and loses her property.

Prisoner. I have burst a blood-vessel, and I thought I should have died in the station last night. I wish to go to prison, sir, and I wish you would send me there.

Magistrate. When a person feels grateful for being sent to prison, it bespeaks the last stage of misery; and, as it is your wish, I shall send you there for twenty-one days.

Prisoner. Thank you, sir.

And so she went to prison, and perhaps thought of her young and happy days, and wept forth her once-popular song:—

If I could cry away mine eyes,

My tears would flow in vain,—

If I could waste my heart in sighs,

They'd never come again.

Old times, old times, &c.

AIDS TO CONDUCTING BANDS OF HOPE.

No. 1.

Rules for the Members

OF THE

HAVERSTOCK BAND OF HOPE,

ASSEMBLING AT THE

HAVERSTOCK SCHOOL-ROOM, HAVERSTOCK HILL, N.W.

This Society is formed for the aid and encouragement of Children who are desiring in early life of abstaining from the use of alcoholic drinks, and who thus, by practice and example, determine to raise a standard against the fearful evil of our nation.

RULE 1.—That children of both sexes and all classes, between the ages of five and sixteen years, be eligible as members, *but only with the full consent of their parents.*

2. That any child wishing to become a member must obtain a printed application on pink paper, which can be had from members, or at a Band of Hope meeting. The name, age, and *full address* of the child should be filled in, and the paper given to the superintendent.

3. That when the application has been received, the superintendent will take an early opportunity of visiting the child and its parent. Should

the former thoroughly comprehend the nature of the society, and the latter be willing, the following resolution will then be signed by the child :—" By the grace of God I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same."

4. That at the ensuing meeting the "scroll" will be signed by the new member, in presence of all the children. The sum of one penny is expected for a card of membership, which card should be carefully preserved, and, if possible, framed.

5. That meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month for girls only, and on the fourth Wednesday of each month for boys only, from six to eight o'clock in the evening.

6. That each member should endeavour to attend punctually, with hair brushed, clean hands and faces, and to enter and leave the room without unnecessary noise or confusion,—taking care to give their *correct number* as they enter.

7. That medals are not allowed to be purchased, but one is awarded to any member through whose influence their first new member is obtained for the Band of Hope.

8. That prizes are offered, first for answers to Scripture questions, second to boys for recitations. In the summer months prizes will occasionally be given for the best nosegays or wreaths of wild flowers.

9. That members who have attended *over* two-thirds of a year's meetings, and whose behaviour has been in every respect satisfactory, will be taken for an excursion into the country some time during the summer.

10. That all members should endeavour to take in regularly either the "*Band of Hope Review*," "*The Adviser*," or the "*British Workman*." The two former are one half-penny per month, and the latter one penny. They can be obtained on meeting nights by those who have previously given in their names as wishing to have them.

Boys and girls, let it be your determination, by the grace of God, to leave the world somewhat better than you found it.

Set not only an example of temperance, but of truthfulness, honesty, courtesy, perseverance, and firm trust in God.

In your warfare against evil, take the Holy Scriptures for your guide, and Jesus Christ for your Helper, Friend and Saviour, and then you need not fear derision.

Aspire to the crown that is laid up for you in the realms of light, and let this be your motto :—

Onwards to the glory,
Upwards to the prize,
Homewards to the mansions
Far above the skies!

And that God will bless you is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

H. T. STANES, *Superintendent.*

N.B. These Rules should be placed in some conspicuous place; if in a frame, so much the better.

A NOBLE BOY.

The spirit that is steadfast amidst trial in devotion to principle always commands the esteem of good men.

The person who is willing to be made the butt of ridicule rather than yield to that which he believes to be wrong is worthy of all praise.

A little drummer-boy in one of our regiments, who had become a great favourite with many of the officers by his unremitting good nature, happened on one occasion to be in the officers' tent when the bane of the soldier's life was passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fellow, but he refused it, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our mess to-day, and cannot refuse."

Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said, "H—— is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major, playfully; and then assuming another tone, added—"I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero raised his form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said:

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother, on my bended knees, that by the help of God, I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir, but I would rather suffer than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

The major and his associates are still in the army, but the little drummer-boy is a wounded sufferer in the hospital at West Philadelphia.—*S. S. Times.*

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 12.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

Of all the subjects for a practical paper, perhaps that of funds stands pre-eminent. It is easy to theorize, and if excellence of theory could produce wealth, Temperance Societies would have been rich long ago. What comprehensive plans have been propounded, hailed with delight, confirmed by resolutions, received with loud acclaim by public assemblies, and ratified even with a flourish of trumpets by the press; and yet, after all, the massive mountain has brought forth a mouse only.

The temperance reform, like other social movements, cannot proceed without pounds, shillings, and pence. The abstinence movement has, however, this advantage, that it presents a readier return for the money expended than any other philanthropic outlay. Of every moral reform it is the cheapest and the best. There are Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies in London, and, doubtless, in other parts of the kingdom, whose only certain source of income is the small subscriptions of the children, and the hard-earned pence of the working members. To such societies a subscriber of half-a-guinea a-year would seem a Croesus or a Rothschild, and the enthusiastic members would elect such a donor to all the distinguished offices of their society, and make new posts in his honour. Yet, thanks be to God, such societies are a power and influence for good to which no merely money power is an equivalent; to say nothing of evils prevented, they can show more "value received" for their expenditure in the shape of happy homes, reclaimed men and women, and benefited children, than many a society whose average of patrons and promoters looks like a small edition of "Dodd's Peerage," or a mitigated "Mogg's Court Guide."

England does not know what she owes to many unheard-of sons and daughters of toil, who, without fee or reward, are labouring for God and man in the obscure parts of the land, whose only recognition is the blessing of the saved ones, and the smile of angels, and whose only star of knighthood is not *on*, but *within* the breast. God blesses and cheers them, but it would be an additional source of joy, if those who can afford it in their respective localities would sometimes inquire of such whether, while they did the work they love, it would not help them and lighten their toil to let others bear a share of the necessary expense.

"The best way of helping a man is to help him to help himself," and it is in this respect that the temperance cause is the best, as well as the cheapest, moral reform. Put a dissipated family into a palace, and in a month it would be a filthy hovel. Many years ago, the writer of this article investigated the state of Wild court, Drury lane. He entered nearly every room in that, then, notorious locality. He has since, and very recently, visited some abodes in model lodging-houses, so called, equaling, if not transcending in filth, anything he then saw. A child might stand upon the top of *The Times* printing-office, in the city of London, and throw pebbles in every direction into

centres of fever and dirt, as foul and diseased as though the words "sanitary reform" had never been heard. Why is this? Because it is the character and disposition of the people that stamp the features of a locality, and not the locality or the buildings that moulds the people. God's ancient nation had a complete code of sanitary regulations, and the same laws obtain now; but a visitor to any city of the world may trace the Jews' quarter in the distinctest possible manner, by the uncleanness which will meet him at every turn. Man makes the neighbourhood, not the neighbourhood the man. Here the temperance reformer does noble work. He grapples with the individual, man, woman, or child. The husband or wife abstains from drink, thoughtfulness and cleanliness begin, and after wiping off old scores, personal and home comforts are collected. The low neighbourhood must be changed for a better, the one room for two, the two for a house with a bit of garden, and then—Oh! how frequently—the rented house for a freehold, with comparative affluence. Not one alone, but tens of thousands, of such cases, are to be found in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and it may safely be affirmed, that all the societies in connection with the Social Science Association put together, cannot show such a result as this; and yet their incomes, if placed beside that of the Band of Hope Union, the National Temperance League, Alliance, and other teetotal societies, would mass up into such magnificent proportions, and the money raised for temperance purposes dwarf into such sheer insignificance, that, as Mrs. Partington would say, the comparison would indeed be "odourous." But what volumes are thus spoken for the intrinsic value of the teetotal movement, and how have fools (in the estimation of many) put to utter shame the wisdom of the wise!

With more means, abstainers could do much more; with augmented exchequers, every society could cover more ground, the results being proportionately great. How then can we raise the means? How obtain the sinews of war? With Aladdin's lamp, or a magician's wand, the thing were easily done; but these are out of date. Fairies do not visit the world to give people three wishes now-a-days, or Temperance Societies might sometimes obtain inexhaustible wealth. The brood of geese and hens which laid golden eggs have died out. Giants, single or double-headed, cannot now be had, to be killed for their gold; extraordinary means are only suited for emergencies;

and we are therefore shut up to what is practical, and likely to lead to success.

(To be continued.)

. For the completion of this paper, Mr. Murphy would be obliged to conductors secretaries, or treasurers, if they have found any means in their locality specially successful in obtaining funds, if they will forward particulars to him before the 10th of February, to his address, 55, Finchley road, London, S.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE NAVVIES IN KENT.

By WILLIAM STONE.

In the endeavour to give a brief sketch of my work and operations among the men employed on the Kent Coast Works, I may remark, that I have found many characteristics among the Railway Workman which obtain among the Sons of Neptune. With very many, unfortunately, the language of Scripture is, alas! too true, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we die." With the majority, it seems quite superfluous to enforce upon them provident habits; they treat the notion as being quite ridiculous. Their general habit of spending their money as fast as earned, seems to bind them as it were with an adamant chain. In this respect they remind me very much of sailors, who formerly, upon being "paid off," were wont to destroy the "mess" utensils, and act in the most insensible and ludicrous manner. I am now describing that which I have been eyewitness of in years by-gone. I am however glad to know, this state of things is becoming now obsolete in the Navy. I was exceedingly gratified quite recently in cursorily glancing over the columns of the *Weekly Record*, to find that a teetotal meeting had been held on board H.M.S. "Neptune," lying in the Bay of Naples. Perhaps the pleasure was more enhanced because I had myself lain there in the "Hasting," 74, in the year 1839. The navvies have in a modified degree, the same roving habits and restless dispositions so prominent in the "Tar," with this difference, their roving is mainly confined to *terra firma*. To their credit let it be said, however, that with all their failings, they are ever mindful of a poor "mate" or "butty," who is on the road and "hard up." They truly sympathise with each other in this respect, because most have at some time or other known that hunger is a sharp thorn. If the poor man's boots are very bad, giving ingress and egress to the clay and mud, one will ask another if he has an old pair of boots, and every corner is ransacked to see if there is an old pair that will fit their "butty." Then perhaps an old "slop,"

or jacket, is thrown across the shoulders of the man in an off-handed manner, without any ceremony whatever; they thus exhibiting true charity towards those who are for the time pinched with poverty. These acts are done sometimes without a word being spoken by the generous donors. The recipient, however, generally utters a hearty "thank you." But notwithstanding all this genuine philanthropy manifested towards their mates when "hard up," they are as a general rule very forgetful of themselves when in full work. Of course there are exceptions.

Unfortunately, I am compelled to say, although not having had a very extensive experience among the navvies, that intemperance is most emphatically their besetting sin, the great evil and bane among railway workmen. It is far from being confined to the young and middle aged, but men whose hairs are frosted over with age, and who are getting far down the hill of life, indulge very much in gratifying their vitiated appetite for alcoholic drinks. My heart has been sorely grieved on several occasions in looking upon the battered features, and swollen, disfigured, and contused faces of this very useful, and now invaluable class of the community. Having seen many of them after a drinking bout, I have been reminded of some lines in the "Plague of our Isle":—

"A canker is found in the bud, flower, and fruit,
Of human progression,—a worm 'at the root;
Of social improvement, a fiery simoon,
That sweeps o'er the masses to burn and consume."
"Tis found on the heaven-hallowed day of repose,
Sweet haven of rest from our toils, and our woes;
That voice of the drunkard, the oath, curse, and brawl,
Are sounds of such frequency they cease to appal."

With such sights as I have witnessed of drink's doings, I feel more intensely the public-house is not the working man's friend, but that it impedes his physical, mental, moral, and religious progress. It is the synagogue of Satan, and its fruit the vintage of death. It is promotive of domestic discord, conjugal infelicity, makes wives wretched and unhappy, and causes children to be neglected. The influence of the public-house transforms the kind husband and affectionate father into the morose, cruel and violent man. With a saddened heart I often ponder upon the wise man's words:—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" Again I have often thought, while pursuing my vocation, upon the words of the "Bard of

Avon":—Oh that men will put into their mouths, an enemy that steals away their brains." Seeing then that alcoholic drinks work such direful and multifarious evils among the Navvies, I feel more than ever disposed to wage an incessant warfare against this bane of our glorious Old England. It is without doubt drink that perpetuates fights, brawls, and disagreement among the railway workmen. In short, it is the great blot upon our national escutcheon. How truly has that good servant of Christ, Miss Marsh, plainly shown, that, drink is their besetting sin, over and above every other vice to which they may be addicted. Notwithstanding we can say:—

"The darkest night that shades the sky
Of beauty hath a share ;
The blackest heart hath sign to tell
That good still lingers there."

"Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert ;
Softens, subdue, and melt, and break
The adamantine heart."

Blessed be God, the writer can drink in deep of the sentiments contained in these lines ; he was formerly steeped chin-deep in inebriation and profligacy, but he heard the magic sound of teetotalism, and sobriety was the handmaid to piety. Therefore he can say:—

"Man of lofty virtue look up
To heaven, so calm, and pure, and beautiful,
And mirrors his own soul as in a glass.
He looks below, but not contemptuously ;
For there he sees reflections of himself,
As a poor child of nature ; and he feels
A touch of kindred brotherhood, and pants
To lead the weak and erring into heights
Which he so joyously treads ; nay, more, descends
Into the smoky turmoil and the roar
Of the rude world, his hands at work on earth,
His soul beyond the clouds, dwelling with God,
And drinking of His spirit."

A writer has said:—"That prejudice is the spider of the mind, poisoning everything with which it comes in contact." Although most of the men know others in the same occupation who have abstained, some for a long series of years, still the men adhere with unflinching tenacity to the old antiquated notion, grey with age, and hoary with years, that beer is essentially necessary to them in the performance of their arduous work. In order to disabuse their minds in this respect, I have

circulated freely among them "Livesey's Malt Lecture Delusion," which I hold is unanswerable, and worth its weight in gold. Several have read it, and say, "its very good sir," and yet drink on forgetting what Shakespeare has written:—

"As in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

Such men pander to appetite, and take these drinks to tickle the palate, and produce that pleasing sensation in the throat caused by their introduction. Verily, we are greatly in love with our stomachs and throats, forgetful of what Dr. Armstrong teaches us in his poem on health. He thus describes the crystal element:—

"The chief ingredient in Heavens various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source of nutriment,
And life to all that vegetate and live."

I have spoken to them of men employed in all sorts of works; puddling iron in hot furnaces, enduring great physical prostration; working in gas works, and in glass blowing, enduring a very high temperature and a great fatigue. These men testified to the fact they could do better without intoxicating drinks than with them. Some will admit they could very well do without, if they like; others quite repudiate such a notion, notwithstanding there are men working around them who are abstainers. Some of the more intelligent will shirk the question, by telling me some extraordinary speech they have heard by a "teetotal spouter." Many say,—“Well, what are we to do? We must lodge at the public house, and it looks so shabby not to drink.” Others will say,—“We are not like some men, our work exposing us to many temptations which other men know nothing about.”

Another bad habit is fearfully prevalent among them, viz., that of swearing and using bad language. I have been pleased on one or two occasions with such remarks as the following: “I was just going to swear, sir, but seeing you stopped me.” I endeavour then to show them that I am myself a poor sinner saved by grace, and that they should rather fear God, who is able to banish them from his presence for ever. Many acknowledge swearing to be a very bad habit, and yet continue to indulge in it. Sometimes I tell them I once used to swear, and

was in the habit of uttering imprecations, but when God converted my soul, I became a new creature, old things passed away and all things became new. I then prayed continually, "Set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I sin not against Thee with my tongue." I find in speaking of my own experience, however painful and humiliating it may be to myself, a greater interest is manifested by the men under my care.

During the dinner hour my invariable practice is to sit down in the midst of the men, be quite familiar with them, yet gently rebuking any who may indulge in sinful conduct, or evidence undue levity of manner. Previous to commencing reading, I usually make a few remarks relative to the subject by way of preface. Sometimes they crack a few jokes in a good humoured manner, but now that I am known to them, and they to me, their conduct is very respectful, polite, and courteous. At times some of the more sedate and serious navvies have thanked me very heartily. After making some remarks one day upon the words, "There is no difference: we have all sinned;" one man quaintly said, "you dished that up, sir, in a plain and simple manner, making yourself intelligible to all." Tracts written in a pleasing and popular style seem to interest the men very much. *Happy Jack* is an especial favourite. They are quite delighted with dialogues. The *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, *Leisure Hour*, and *Sunday at Home*, are intensely popular with them. Many have refused tracts, but received these latter, and thanked me very kindly for them. Anything written by "Lady Mash," as they call her, is very popular among the navvies. Her name often produces a smile upon the countenance of some of the old rough weather-beaten men. Thus we find the memory of the just is blessed. Her name is justly revered, and by some ardent, enthusiastic spirits, highly eulogized. The story of *Thomas Ward and Robert Blake* is very much appreciated.

And now by way of conclusion, I might add, they are very attentive listeners at our religious services; far more so than some congregations I have seen in Belgravia and Tyburnia. Finally, looking at the great benefits these men have conferred upon the community, I might say, the most generous sympathy should be evoked on their behalf by all classes of the community. Many of them are compelled to lodge at beer shops, and consequently exposed to very great temptations to drink. Some days, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, they are

prevented from working; then, if their minds are not fortified by truly sober and religious principles, they fall into great excesses; and too often the climax is a drunken brawl, similar to that which took place in the Crooked Billet, Penge.

I believe, if those who have it in their power would erect halls, similar to those at Notting Hill, and Shrewsbury, exclusively for navvies, a vast amount of moral, social, physical, and religious good would result. Then, doubtless, the blessings of those ready to perish would rest upon such. I hope, God helping me, to "labour on at His command, and offer all my works to Him." I have faith in God, and hope in man.

"Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail."

BALLADS.

By the Rev. D. BURNS.

I.—THE GOOD FATHER MATHEW.

[Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in Ireland, October 10th, 1790, and was brought up by some wealthy relations. He was stationed in Cork, in 1814, and laboured as a Friar of the order of St. Francis. There his kind and self-denying spirit made him generally beloved, and he was rich in good works. In 1838 a member of the Society of Friends, William Martin, drew his attention to the cause of Temperance, in the April of which year he signed the pledge, and before long many thousands of the poor of Cork had taken the pledge from his hands. At length urgent calls to visit other places were received, and, in 1839, his work as the Apostle of Temperance in Ireland began; this continued for several years, till it was calculated that between four and five million persons had received the pledge. Father Mathew visited England in 1843, and America in 1851. He died December 8, 1856. He had a pleasant countenance, charming manners, and a soul full of love to God and man. Men of different nations and creeds admired him living, and lamented him when dead.]

Come, lads and lasses, list to me,
The subject of my story
Is one of God's great men whose names
Are writ in fadeless glory.

Ireland his native country's woes
Provoked his tenderest grief,
And with a patient diligence
He toiled for her relief.

And when convinced that first and most
 Vile whisky cursed the land,
 With heart and soul and strength he joined
 The struggling Temperance band.

And soon his name became a power,
 Till millions had resolved
 That, from this whisky influence,
 They would become absolved.

And so the land had joyful rest
 While from Intemperance free,
 And peace and plenty took the place
 Of crime and misery.

Good Father Mathew ! We will think
 With pleasure on his life,
 Thankful that one so pure was born
 To lead in such a strife.

His wondrous work was carried on
 By no mysterious spell,
 But by the magic of a mind
 Intent on doing well.

And long as this great globe shall last
 His memory shall be dear,
 And shine, bright as the perfect day,
 The friends of man to cheer.

Then, lads and lasses, let us help
 The Temperance Reformation,
 Till, spite of brewers and distillers,
 It rules the British nation !

X.—HANNIBAL OF CARTHAGE.

[The incident respecting Hannibal is related as true by ancient historians. It is hoped that the application of it here made will not be deemed out of place even by non-abstainers. That mind must be curiously disposed which is averse to the education of the young in habits of the strictest sobriety.]

Before a pagan altar stood
 A warrior of renown,
 Who in the pride of fatherhood
 Upon his boy looked down.

"My son," he said, "I bring you here
To take a solemn oath,
Whose power shall deepen every year,
And grow with all your growth.

"By all the gods of ancient name,
By all their power to curse,
By all your thoughts of manly fame,
By all the hopes you nurse—

"I bid you swear undying hate
To vile detested Rome,
Whate'er may be your future fate,
Abroad, or here at home."

Ha-mil-car said; and bowing low,
Young Han-ni-bal replied:
"I swear—I swear—my father's foe
Shall mine through life abide."

And as he up to manhood grew,
He burned his oath to keep;
The hosts of Rome he overthrew,
And slew her sons like sheep.

But we now call on British youth
No cruel oath to swear,
But in the cause of love and truth
A noble part to bear.

Our fatherland is forced to mourn
A dreadful deadly foe,
Which makes ten thousand homes forlorn,
And curses high and low.

Then come, dear children, one and all,
Against Strong Drink to fight;
You each can be a Hannibal,
And put this foe to flight.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF MR. W. BELL, IN ST. GILES'S, LONDON.

Sunday, Dec. 28th. I visited a number of poor people, with one of the District Visitors of Bloomsbury Chapel, and, gave away a number of books, tracts, &c., with which I had been supplied by the Rev. G. W.

McCree. I had conversations on religion and temperance, with many of the people. What poverty and sin was seen at every turn! I met a drunken man, who had been in the hospital for four weeks; he had been knocked down by a cab, while drunk, and very much lamed, but as soon as he was better he again commenced drinking. I advised him to become a teetotaler and he promised to do so.

Monday, Dec. 29th. Visited a number of families with Mrs. Symonds, the devoted and pious Bible woman of the district. My heart was sad at the scenes of wretchedness and misery caused chiefly by the great enemy of everything that is good—*drink*. When will our law-makers see into the evil as it is: and close those houses which are moral pests in this great city? We need bible women and city missionaries of the right sort multiplied twenty-fold. "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few." Lord! send faithful men into the field, and give them great success. I went to the *Mothers'* meeting, at the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, at half-past three o'clock. I sung them some melodies, and gave a temperance address. I wish Mothers' meetings like this were held in every town and village in the country; I believe they are doing much good in London. At five o'clock I went to a festival at Camden town, and gave an address; it was a good meeting. I then came back to the Mission Hall, and gave a lecture on temperance, at half-past eight; a large number were present.

Tuesday, 30th. Visiting with Rev. G. W. McCree. We met with four drunken women in the streets. O this drink! how it degrades the fairer sex, and makes them more like incarnate *fiends*, than help-mates for man. Gin is woman's great curse in London. What numbers of poor wretched creatures we meet, made so by the drink. When will the church of the living God set her face against the traffic? In the afternoon, I gave an address to the inmates of the Institution for Homeless Girls, Broad street; and in the evening lectured to the Band of Hope, Denmark street, at half-past six, and afterwards gave a short address to the Ragged School children in Little Denmark street. Mr. Williams and other gentlemen were giving the children an entertainment with the magic lantern. At half-past eight I lectured in the Mission Hall, when the Rev. G. W. McCree took the chair, and ably assisted at the meeting.

Wednesday, Dec. 31st. Visited a number of families, gave away a great number of papers, tracts, and books, comprising the *Alliance News*, *Temperance Advocate*, *Come to Jesus for Salvation*, &c. &c. I prayed with some of the families, and gave religious advice to all, and invited them to the meeting in the Mission Hall in the evening. I found one good woman who is eighty years of age happy in the Lord, and who in forty years has missed going to a place of worship only nine Sundays. May her example teach us to love the house of God! Met with one family, where the husband has been out of work for several weeks. They had one fine boy that they were forced to keep from school, because they had not money to pay for him. Made arrangements for him to go to the ragged school next Monday. The mother was very thankful, and promised to send him. Met several women under the influence of drink,

with *black eyes and bruised faces*. In the evening, at six o'clock, attended the Ragged school, Broad street, and, gave a short address and sung several melodies to the children. At half-past eight gave a lecture on the Moral Lighthouse of England, in the Mission Hall, to a large audience. At the close, eight signed the pledge. At ten o'clock, being the watch-night, I preached in the United Methodist Chapel, King street; we had a good season. The Lord was with us. While we talked of the plan of salvation many of the people were bathed in tears. O may they all come to Jesus, the sinners' friend, and find mercy. Went to the Mission Hall at eleven o'clock, and heard the Rev. G. W. McCree. The large hall was crowded. It was a most solemn time, while we asked God for pardon for the sins of the past year, and grace to keep us from evil in the new year. Thus closed the last day in the eventful year 1862.

Thursday, Jan. 1st, 1863. Visited many families with Mrs. Symonds, and saw much poverty and misery, brought on by intemperance. Some poor women had black eyes, the effect of blows from their husbands while drunk. In the evening went with Mr. S. Shirley, to the Vulcan Temperance society; had a very good meeting.

Friday, Jan. 2nd. Spent the day in visiting and inviting the people to the meeting in the evening, and one to be held on Sunday evening. Met with one poor woman who had just had to pawn the sheets from the bed, to get a little bread for her six children. In the evening I went to the Refuge for Homeless Boys, in Queen street, and spent a very happy evening with them; I delivered a temperance address to them, and then went to the Charles street Ragged School, where I spoke to the Band of Hope, and thence to Queen street, Seven Dials, where we had a very good meeting of adults, in the Mission Room. At the close, six persons signed the pledge.

Saturday Evening. Spent an hour at the Servants' Home, Parker street. Gave them a religious and temperance address, and after prayer bade them good-bye for a while. God bless them! I should like to meet them all in heaven. I shall always look back with pleasure to my visits there, and the other places named this week.

Sunday Evening. Preached to a large number of parents in the Ragged School, Little Denmark street. May the good Lord bless the seed sown this week in St. Giles's. It is our's to sow, but the increase is with the Lord.

During the past month Mr. S. SMITH has lectured and addressed meetings as follows:—Wapping; Vestry Hall, St. Pancras; Tottenham; Dalston; Milton, Oxfordshire; Stow-on-the-Wold; Malvern; Tewkesbury; Gloucester; Denmark street, Soho; Vauxhall Walk; Providence Hall, Bishopsgate; Camberwell; Milton street, Brunswick square; St. Peter's School, Regent square; Charles street, Drury Lane; King street, Long Acre.

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings, &c.:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark street, three times; Gee street, Goswell road; Spencer place, Goswell road; Star of Temperance, Stepney meeting; One Tun, Westminster; Work-

ing Men's Club, Duck lane ; Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico ; Milton street, Dorset square ; Prospect row, Walworth ; St. Matthew's, Westminster ; Whitecross place, Finsbury ; Kentish town ; Peckham ; Slough ; Wandsworth, and Wapping ; he has also taken part in three Adult Meetings preached seven Sermons, and addressed four Sunday Schools.

FAIRFORD.—Mr. W. Bell, of the Band of Hope Union, London, delivered a series of lectures on Total Abstinence, in Fairford and Quenington, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. The chair was taken on Monday and Tuesday by the Rev. W. Reynolds, and on Wednesday by the Rev. T. Morton. The meetings were well attended, and the audiences were highly gratified by the flowing eloquence and thrilling remarks of the lecturer. Mr. Bell quite carried the meeting away with the melodies he sung. A Band of Hope has been formed, and a committee chosen to carry on the movement in future. The meetings altogether have been of a most interesting character, and upwards of sixty persons have been added to the society.—*Local Paper.*

ANCHOR BAND OF HOPE.—The second quarterly tea meeting of this society was held at the school-room, in Waterloo street, Camberwell, on Tuesday, January 20th. The room was very prettily decorated, and in an elevated position was placed an enormous twelfth-cake. About 150 persons, three-fourths being juveniles, sat down to tea. Crackers were afterwards distributed among the children, and the ornaments of the cake given to some of those who had been for the longest time total abstainers. After many others had been admitted at a small charge, Mr. F. Smith proceeded to delight the meeting with the magic lantern exhibition, accompanied by an amusing descriptive lecture. A vote of thanks having been given to Mr. Smith, and all who had kindly assisted in the arrangements of the meeting, the company separated. Any society may have the use of the baking tin, which was made expressly for the cake above mentioned, and will hold 35 or 40lbs., for the small sum of ninepence, and it may be had by applying to Mr. J. Eaton, Waterloo street school, Camberwell. S.

EBENEZER BAPTIST CHURCH, Cambridge street, South Shields, TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and BAND OF HOPE.—This society was formed on the 3rd of December last, after a powerful lecture by the Rev. George Whitehead, of Sholley Bridge, "on the duty of the Church in relation to the temperance question." The Rev. J. Brooks, recognised as pastor of the church the previous evening, was elected president, and the society has adopted the following declaration as the basis of their operations, which every member signs, as well as the pledge, others signing the pledge who do not become members of the society:—"We, the undersigned members, and others connected with the Baptist Church, Cambridge street, South Shields, in view of appalling the evils, social, moral and religious, resulting from the drinking customs of society, and the public sale of intoxicating drinks, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a society, to be called the 'Ebenezer Baptist Church Temperance Society and Band of Hope,' in order that we may combine our influence more effectually, in seeking to reclaim the drunkards with whom we are

surrounded, and to commend the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks to all with whom we have influence, especially the young; and to give our moral support in seeking to obtain the prohibition of the public sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages, by the power of the public will, as set forth in the suggestions of the United Kingdom Alliance for a Permissive Bill. And these objects we will seek to obtain by the aid of the Holy Spirit, guided by the example of our divine Lord and Master, and with the aim glorifying our Father in Heaven for whose glory we profess to live." The society has held its meetings every Monday evening since its formation, the Adult and Band of Hope meetings being alternately held. In addition to many signatures to the pledge, we have enrolled a large number in the Band of Hope, under the conductorship of Mr. William Mould, and agreed to join the Band of Hope Union.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

SUMS RECEIVED.

Miss Nelly Coombe's					Children of Band of
Money Box	0	7	9½		Hope, belonging to
Master R. Hill	0	4	0		North of England
Collected in Pence	0	3	2½		Auxilliary 4 12 0

LITERATURE.

The Temperance Congress of 1862. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. Price 2s. 6d.—This interesting volume records the proceedings of the Congress held in August last, under the auspices of the National Temperance League, and contains all the valuable papers read at its various sittings. We would direct the special attention of our readers to the articles on "Temperance in its Relation to the Working Classes," by Joseph Livesey, Esq.; on the "Duties of Employers relative to the Temperance Question," by Handel Cossham, Esq.; "Parochial Temperance Association," by the Rev. Robert Maguire; "Alcoholism as a Cause of Mortality," by Mr. T. A. Smith; and the "Early Heroes of the Temperance Reformation," by Mr. William Logan. The speeches delivered in Exeter Hall and at the Crystal Palace are also included in the volume, and may be read with great profit.

Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, held in London, Sept. 2, 3, and 4, 1862. Edited by Rev. J. C. STREET, Dr. F. R. LEES, and Rev. D. BURNS. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand. Manchester: United Kingdom Alliance, 41, John Dalton-street. 1862.—We may safely pronounce this handsome and bulky volume as the most valuable ever published by Temperance reformers. Whether we regard it as a monument of their intelligence, patriotism, benevolence, or piety, it is unparalleled in the history of our movement. We would earnestly urge all secretaries and advocates to read and study its contents: they will thus become workmen who need not to be ashamed. The volume contains the papers read before the Convention, and are embraced under the following headings:—Historical and Biographical; Educational and Religious; Band of Hope Operations; Social and Sanitary; Scientific and Medical; Economical and Statistical; Political and Legislative. We have also the sermons and speeches delivered at public meetings, a number

of valuable supplementary papers, and an appendix, containing letters from Professor Newman, Rev. Dr. E. Nott, Rev. Dr. R. Steele, and others. Appended is a list of societies and delegates, and a list of members of the Convention. Such a volume deserves the widest possible circulation.

Tweedie's Temperance Almanack for 1863. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. Price 3d.—The contents of this almanack will prove of great value to active workers in the Temperance movement. Among its contents are the annual list of Alcoholic Beverages; Temperance Organizations in Great Britain and Ireland; Temperance Societies, and how they are Conducted; and Temperance Literature, which will greatly assist committees and secretaries, who wish to conduct their societies in an efficient manner.

The Teetotallers' Almanack for 1863. The Maine Law Almanack for 1863. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.—Both these almanacks have special features. In the Teetotallers' Almanack we have information on the various Temperance organizations, and a list of Temperance societies in the metropolitan districts; and a list of zealous total abstainers, who have lately passed away; combined with other information of a useful kind. The Maine Law Almanack will greatly delight members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and furnish them with useful information on anti-licensing proceedings, judicial decisions on the liquor traffic, and the Permissive Bill canvass.

Ballads for Young Teetotallers and Bands of Hope. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS. London: Job Caudwell.—Contents: 1. The Good Father Mathew; 2. A Tale of Ancient Greece; 3. Mortimer and his Father; 4. How Prince William perished at Sea; 5. The unwavering Young Teetotaller; 6. The Tempter and his Victim; 7. The Teetotal Prince: a Persian Story; 8. St. George and the Dragon; 9. The Repentant Father; 10. Hannibal of Carthage; 11. The Burning Ship; and 12. The Pitcairn Islanders. We thank the author for this pretty book, and strongly commend it to all conductors of Bands of Hope. Several of the ballads will be found in our pages, and they will enable our readers to judge of their value.

National Temperance Hymn and Song Book, with Recitations for Adults and Children. Compiled by the Rev. HENRY HAMMOND. London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand. This little work contains one hundred and fifty pieces, seventy of which are of a religious character, though in many cases with a direct Temperance bearing. This selection of hymns will be found useful for all kinds of occasions. The songs are well selected, whilst several of them, as well as the recitations, are quite new to us. The book is well arranged, and forms one of the most complete selections yet offered to the Temperance world. Some of the pieces are especially suited to children.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

A NEW PLEASURE.

By JOHN P. PARKER.

More than two thousand years ago a Grecian king, named Dionysius—stop—let me be accurate as to time. I have on my table a large volume, titled, “Beeton’s Dictionary of Universal Information on Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, Bible-History, and Chronology; and referring to page 414, I find that Dionysius, pronounced Di-o-nish’-e-us, was King, or Tyrant, of Syracuse, four hundred and four years before the birth of our Saviour. Turning the leaves to page 1231, I read that Syracuse, pronounced Si’-ra-kuse, was the birth-place of Plato, the philosopher; and Archimedes, the mathematician; and Cicero, the orator; that it is a city of Sicily, but that it was founded by a colony of Corinthians, 736 years before Christ; and that, in ancient times, it possessed a larger population than any of the Greek cities. King Dionysius offered a large sum of money to any one who should invent or discover for him a new pleasure. I have never read that the reward was claimed, and conclude that, like Solomon, he sought pleasure in sensuous enjoyments, and found “vanity and vexation of spirit.”

Pleasure may be sought in many ways; in the right road as well as in the wrong. He is in the right road who aims at getting, for the two-fold purpose of giving pleasure, as well as self-enjoyment. He is in the wrong road, who, like the Tyrant of Syracuse, living for himself alone, seeks only self-gratification. The wise man writes, “The full soul loatheth a honeycomb, but to the hungry soul a bitter thing is sweet.” Jonathan said, “See! I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey.” Professor Liebig remarks, “The acquisition of a new truth is equivalent to a new sense; enabling us now to perceive and recognise innumerable phenomena, which remain invisible or concealed to others, as they formerly were to ourselves.”

A few months ago I was sitting in a little coffee-room, at seven in the morning, alone, when there came in an Irish girl, who had on her arm a small basket, with a string network of very wide meshes, drawn over the top, to keep

strawberry pottles from falling down. She was "in growth a woman, but in mind a child," for, after innocently asking me a question, she very simply answered every enquiry I subsequently put to her. "She was just sixteen years old. Her mother had been dead seven years. Her father was such a good man—he wouldn't marry again, for her sake. She washed the clothes, and made things comfortable at home. He was a bricklayer's labourer, out all day long at work. Yes, he was a teetotaller, ever so long; he had got money in the Savings Bank. She went to market and bought a few things to sell. She gave all the money to father, and he gave her what he pleased to spend. Oh! he was such a good man! Yes, we are Catholics. I go to the School of Compassion of an evening. Ladies come there to teach us; and wouldn't it be a shame if we didn't learn, when they took that trouble? Yes, I have learnt a good deal. I can read all the names of the streets everywhere, now; and is not that a pleasure?"

My object in writing these facts is to put before you a new pleasure. I purchased two books recently—and you may do the same, for there are plenty to be had at the large book-stalls—one for myself, the other as a gift for a friend. So that I doubled my pleasure as the Saviour taught, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Those books together cost me seventeen shillings and ninepence. The title of the book you have at the commencement of this communication. To a person of limited education, whether young or old, and who is desirous of getting good in order to do good, such a book is most valuable; for not only are facts given on the topics named, but the correct pronounciation of every word is set forth plainly. Who would think that "Blucher" should be pronounced Blu'-ker; or "Kossuth," Kos-soot; or "Llangollen," Lan-goth-lan; or "Kotzebue," Kots'-boo; or "Dnieper," Ne'-per; or "Severus," Se-ve'-rus?

Thus by the expenditure of a sum of money equivalent to the cost of one pint of beer, or one cigar a-day, for a twelve-month, a book of reference, of the most useful kind, may be purchased, containing fifteen hundred closely-printed pages, in a strongly bound octavo volume, three inches and a quarter thick; having many maps, curious tables, and numerous engravings, printed on the pages, or bound up in the volume; and I have no doubt that those who profit by this information, and whom I may never see, will thank me in their hearts for having given to them a new pleasure.

HOW IT BEGAN AND GREW.

The Band of Hope movement in Bishop Auckland was originated by a good friend who is now reaping the reward of well-doing. The object contemplated, in first establishing the organization, was to make it a local auxiliary in connection with the various Sabbath schools, and as such, for a short time it worked well. Ultimately, it was discovered that there were vast numbers of children who never attended a Sabbath school, and that those were the children, more especially, that demanded attention and sympathy. A room was hired, independent of any denominational consideration, and a general invitation was issued. The movement was novel, and consequently attracted a large number of children; but the room being situated over a dwelling-house, made very much against its success. However, for a time, this, and also other inconveniences, were patiently borne, and the cause maintained a feeble existence. By and by, time and death worked a solemn and important change; the pillar of the infant cause, John Hedley, was suddenly called to his final rest. His unexpected death was deeply felt by all, but more especially by the children of the Band of Hope, who solemnly and mournfully followed their departed benefactor to the grave. His tomb was bedewed with sympathetic tears from many youthful, glassy eyes, some of which have since been sealed in death. But, though some of the early heroes of our movement have been called from the field, still the common enemy is yet amongst us, doing his murderous work.

“Then heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Bound together let us stand,
Storms are gathering o’er the land,
Many friends are gone.

“Still we never are alone,
Still the battle must be won.
Still we bravely march right on,
Right on, right on.”

For a long and painful season following Mr. Hedley’s death, it was thought the infant institution had perished in its own swaddling-clothes. But good principles never die. They are amongst the few things over which death hath no power. The little star of hope that had arisen in the moral heavens was destined to shine on, and be the means of lighting many an earth-wanderer to the feet of Jesus, and so on, and on, to immortality and bliss.

In this instance, the reformer’s mantle fell upon other shoulders. The children ought to be, and must be, cared for. The philanthropic spirit was imbreathed by a few heroines who have done, or caused to be done, the important work. The re-organization of the Band of Hope was under the auspices of the Ladies’ Temperance Society, who have ever since, through their late Missionary—W. B. Affleck—efficiently conducted it. The re-commencement was anything but encouraging; ten children only attended. But those ten were workers. They made it an every-day duty to endeavour to increase its numbers. By the time the

fourth meeting was held, the numbers had more than doubled. And since that time, like the ball of snow, they have increased as they moved. We have had to lament and mourn over some beautiful buds of promise that have been removed to blossom in the celestial country. And the promoters have been encouraged to prosecute their mission, from the assurance that the instruction imparted from time to time, has proved a source of hope and comfort on the bed of death. The last dying sentiments of some, have been words of confidence learned from our little hymns. One such, "who is not lost, but gone before," invariably delighted herself and her friends by singing, and desiring to be sung, in her agonising painful affliction—

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—

Thy will be done.

And when on earth, I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,

Thy will be done.

A regard to the feelings of bereaved friends prevents any further allusion to these solemn providences at this festive occasion and season. Our ranks have been thinned, and weakened too, by many who have gone into the active services of life as apprentices, servants, etc. But the promoters and friends have been cheered by the assurance (without exception), so far as we know, that every one has kept the pledge inviolate. Another source of gratification and encouragement is, that many who have been members from the first still take an active part in our welfare, and are also assisting in other important institutions. Modesty forbids the mention of names who have been blessed themselves, and who are now labouring to bless others. Their work is glorious, and their reward is sure.

We cannot close this brief history without stating how deeply grateful we feel to the committee of the Friends' British School, for the free use of their commodious and comfortable room; and also to the school-master, Mr. Ferguson, to whom we have frequently, though unintentionally, been a cause of annoyance, but who has with exemplary patience borne with our ill-manners without complaint. The conductor, with the children also, feel under a sensible obligation to Mr. Joseph Lingford, for his liberal and monthly supply of the *Band of Hope Review*, which, we hope, in many instances, will be read and prized in coming years as well as now.

Although the movement has, at times, had to struggle with opposition, yet it stands to-day in increased strength, and also resplendent with religious and moral beauty. The affection and attachment between the members and their teacher is mutual. No wind of opposition is sufficiently strong to sever the bond. No amount of cool contempt can chill the warmth. The truths of temperance are too deeply embedded in the hearts and bosoms of the little ones ever to be moved. They have stood

in the past, they stand now, and, I hope, by God's grace, they will stand to the end steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in good works.

"O may each heart and mind, be to Thy ways inclined,
From early youth.

May love inspire our lays, may virtue crown our days,
Ours be the pleasant ways, of peace and truth."

TEACHING.

The education of the young is the great problem on which depends the future welfare of the people. The existing defects in the moral condition of society—and these are neither few nor small—may be traced to a system of education based on false principles. The laws of health, and the culture of the heart, have been sadly neglected. It seems strange that those interested in the training of the young, should have overlooked, in their educational arrangements, points of such vital importance. The results of this overlooking are to be found in the habits and vices of the present generation. Ignorance of the exquisite mechanism of the human frame, and of the laws on which its existence depends, has subjected it to neglect, abuse, and destruction; while in the department of morals, the cultivation of the generous emotions has been equally set aside. Youth has attained to manhood, and entered upon the duties of life without any adequate conception of how that life was connected with the being of others, how it was destined to influence them, and of the solemn responsibility arising out of this state of things. Our defective educational system has doubtless had much to do with the perpetuation and extension of intemperance; false notions of the nature of alcoholic liquors, coupled with their seductive character, had led to their almost universal use; and accordingly the progress of the temperance movement has produced a corresponding change in the mode of juvenile tuition. Indeed, our Bands of Hope constitute a great educational institution. One of their principal objects is to inculcate those very branches of knowledge which have hitherto been neglected, and the extent to which this department of their efforts has been carried is truly marvellous. A most comprehensive series of school-books, sheets, and tracts, have been published, adapted for the instruction of children of all ages, and treating of every imaginable subject connected with the present and future well-being of the rising generation. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of these

associations in an educational aspect. The fact that hundreds of thousands of children are being week after week instructed by competent teachers, on such subjects as the formation of the human frame—the nature and uses of food—the value of water—the manufacture and effects of alcoholic liquors on the physical and moral well-being of those who use them—the duties we owe to ourselves, to others, and to God, cannot fail to produce the most happy results, not only on those being taught, but also upon their relations and friends. The influence of this educational reformation has not been confined to the Bands of Hope, but has greatly modified and improved the system of teaching in schools, which a comparison of the things taught thirty years ago with those taught now will abundantly evince. There is, however, still much to be done; our most popular school-books require to be revised. In proof of this we refer to the *First Collection of the Scottish School Book Association, New Series, No. 5*. At page 71 will be found the following paragraph:—"But we must not let these remarkable instances carry away our thoughts from the no less useful, though much more common blessings of Providence, in these respects. Let it never be forgotten that the *vine*, which furnishes the 'wine which maketh glad the heart of man;' the *apple* and the *pear trees*, which furnish such abundant supply of cider and perry; the *currant*, the *mulberry*, and the *elder*, whose juices are so often employed in our home made wines; and the *hop*, so much used in the process of brewing, are all most widely diffused in the garden of creation, and contribute each their quota towards supplying us with a nutritious, pleasant, and wholesome beverage." It is most discreditable to the "*Scottish School Book Association*," that, in the year 1862, such sentiments should be published by them for the use of our parochial schools. Instead of teaching others, they require to be taught the first principles of a most important branch of education. It will afford us much pleasure to see a new, *if* improved, edition of this book. But we sincerely trust that, for the credit of our schools and the welfare of those who attend them, it will never again pass through the printers' hands bearing the blemish to which we have adverted. The "*Scottish School Book Association*" may learn something from other and older books, written before the temperance reformation had a being. Take, for example, Dr. Faust's "*Catechism of Health*," which was largely circulated in Germany towards the end of last century, and, for aught we know to the contrary, is still in use there.

In the chapter "On Drink," we have the following questions and answers:—

"For what purpose is it necessary that man should drink?—To quench his thirst, but not to gratify his palate, or to strengthen his stomach, or with a view hence to derive nourishment; for all such notions are wrong and against nature."

"What kind of beverage, therefore, is the most proper?—Cold water."

"What advantage do we derive from drinking cold water?—Cold water cools, thins, and clears the blood! it keeps the stomach, bowels, head, and nerves in order, and makes man tranquil, serene, and cheerful."

"If water were the only drink of man, both his health and fortune would be improved. If what is spent on fluids that are hurtful to life were appropriated to the purchase of nourishing food and other necessities of life, the lot of mankind would be ameliorated, and we should live longer, and be healthier, stronger, and happier."

"Is wine wholesome, when drunk often, or as a common beverage?—No, it is not. Wine is very hurtful to the health, the intellect, and the happiness of man."

"Does it afford any real strength or nourishment to the healthy?—No, it only over-heats, without procuring real strength, for it cannot be converted into good blood, flesh, or bone."

"Does wine contribute to the digestion of our meals?—No, it does not. Those that drink water eat with a better appetite, and digest better than those that drink wine."

"What consequences ensue from drinking wine continually?—The tongue loses its delicacy of taste, and rejects water and mild simple food; the stomach grows cold, and loses its natural vigour, and man, under the false idea of giving warmth to his stomach, gains by degrees a passion for drinking, which leads him at last to habitual ebriety."

"May children drink wine, punch, or other spirituous, intoxicating liquors? No. Children and young persons ought not to drink wine or any other spirituous liquors; for they are hurtful to health, impede growth, obscure reason, and lay a foundation for wretchedness hereafter."

These are sound temperance truths, and prove Dr. Faust to have been a man of no ordinary intelligence, not only far a-head, on this question, of his own age, but also of ours. So popular was this book that, in the year 1793, the Prince Bishop of Wirzburgh ordered two thousand copies to be distributed gratis, amongst the schoolmasters of his dominions. The schoolmasters were requested to explain the sections to the children once a week, and each section was to be transcribed into their copy-books, that a more lasting impression might be made upon their minds. We commend this subject to the consideration of teachers everywhere, and trust that it will be dealt with in a manner worthy of its vast importance.—*The League Journal.*

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

The clock struck eleven. A woman sat by the fireside rocking her baby to sleep. The room was a small one; the floor was swept clean, the fire burned bright, and crackled in the chimney, and the few articles of furniture shone in the firelight, their clear polish reflecting the merry blaze of the flame.

Yet the woman seemed to be sad at heart, though the elements of comfort were about her. She sighed from time to time as she glanced at the cot in which her baby moaned uneasily in its sleep, for it was sick—ill. She stooped down. A hectic spot burned on either cheek, while its lips were parched and pale. The poor babe seemed all unconscious of the rocking of the cradle, which now ceased to lull it to its wonted slumber. The distressed mother wrung her hands, and wailed within herself.

Suddenly she started at the sound of a footstep without. She listened,—the step passed by; and she sank back in her chair again.

“Alas!” she sighed, “it is not he! When will he come?”

She listened again—approached the door—opened it, and looked out. All was still in the lonely street; though the hum of the city still reached her ears from the distant thoroughfares. Over and above all shone the clustering fields of stars, looking down on the turmoil, the sorrow, and the suffering of this lower world. The sight of those calm watchers was full of sadness and melancholy to this lone woman, and sadly she turned back, closed the door, and sat down again by the cradle.

All was hushed, and she listened to another distant step. Again she stood by the door. The clocks of the city were booming the hour of twelve far and near. The step was unsteady! She knew that step; and her heart quailed at its sound. She knew its meaning. Ah! how bright she once looked at hearing the elastic tread of her lover, and, after that, of her husband,—for it was he! But now it brought with it only sadness, and a grim foreboding of sorrow. Yet she received him as of old—kissed him as he entered, and welcomed him home again, as she had always done.

“It is very late, William,” she said.

“Well! what of that?”

“It’s lonely sitting up.”

“And who told you to sit up? Nobody asked you. What business have you to sit up?” and he hiccupped.

The poor woman burst into tears.

“Crying again, woman! well, what good will that do? You don’t think I care for your crying.”

“I’m afraid not, William. But go to bed; and we shall talk things over in the morning.”

“Talk things over! What have you got to say, that you can’t say it now? You’re going to scold me, I suppose.”

“No William; you know well enough I am no scold. I have never spoken an angry word to you, and I will not. If a husband cannot be got to love his wife and have a regard for her comfort without scolding, it were better to give him up at once,” she said seriously.

"Why, Kate? What do you mean? I know you have been a good wife; but can't a man stay out when he likes without his wife setting a crying when he comes home? But come—let's to bed."

"No, William, I must nurse our child. He's very ill."

"What! Ill? and I did 'nt know of it! What's the matter?"

"I can't tell; but he's feverish and restless, and I must watch by him for the night. Go to bed now, like a good kind fellow. I hope it will be all well in the morning."

"Well, be it so. But I must have a kiss of the baby before I go." And he approached the cradle.

Intoxicated though he was, he could see how much the child suffered; it moaned and tossed about as if in pain. He would have lifted the child up, but the mother dissuaded him,—it was too ill for that. "But he would have one kiss of the darling." He stooped down, and, staggering, almost fell over the cradle, but she held him back.

"Oh William," she cried, "leave the child alone! You are not fit to touch him. See! you frighten him! Go, now."

He staggered back, confused and ashamed. "Well," said he, "I am sorry for this, but I'll e'en go. Poor dear little Willie."

He was about to retire, when, turning back, he said hastily, as if the thought had for the moment sobered him,—

"But if the child should die!"

"Then God's will be done," said the mother, sobbing.

"Oh, let me fetch a doctor?" he cried, with a look of alarm, "I'll bring one in a few minutes; let me go!"

"I have seen to that, William; the doctor has been, and done what he could. Now, go!"

And he went, staggering to his chamber. Shortly, the drunken snoring of the husband, the wailing moan of the sick child, and the occasional deep sighs of the watching wife and mother, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night in that sad little household.

The morning's light found the mother still by the child's cradle. She watched by her first-born, calling to mind its sweet winning ways, its prattle, and its bright looks. But now, alas! there were but the quivering, clammy lips, through which the child's soul seemed fluttering. Senseless and helpless, never had that child been more dear to the mother's heart than now; yet love could not save it; sorrow could not ransom it. There was a long breath, a sigh, a gurgling sound in the throat,—and then quiet: the quiet of death. Still the mother watched for him that could not hear her weeping.

It was broad daylight when the husband rose from his couch, with red eyes and heated brain. His step was unsteady as he entered the apartment where still sat the mother by her dead child.

"It's late," said the husband, advancing; "I shall not be in time for work. Why did you let me sleep so long?"

"Poor little Willie!" was all she could sob out in reply.

"What's the matter?" he asked; and then, pausing a moment, he seemed suddenly to recollect the events of the past night. "I think you said the child was ill."

"He's dead!"

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be."

He looked down into the cradle, and there lay the child, with the hue of death upon its cheek. He groaned, and sunk into a chair unable to speak.

But suddenly there passed through his mind the visions of the past; and he thought of the sweet prattle of his child, his growing intelligence, his arch wiles, and playfulness—and then of the patient love and care of his wife, now bowed in silent grief beside him.

"Oh, Kate, this is a sad sight! Our poor, dear child!" and the strong man hid his face in his hands, and sobbed.

She took his hand; he looked up through his tears, and said, "I have been very cruel and selfish towards you. Do you not hate me?"

"No, no!" said the weeping wife; "no, William; but here, by the dead body of this our first-born, let me speak to you of the past."

"Not now, not now!"

"William, I must; I have thought of it during the night, while I waited for you, and watched by your child and mine; and now I feel it to be right to speak to you, though it is in sorrow as your wife, whom you promised to love and cherish till death."

"I did! I did!"

"You took me, a girl, from my father's house and home, where I was happy. You loved me."

"True! and I love you now."

"I believe you, William. Well, I was young, with little knowledge of the world. But I tried to make your home as happy as mine had been before. I laboured to make it cheerful, to attract you to my side, and keep you at home with me and the dear child there, after your hours of daily labour were over."

"You did, Kate. No wife could have been more kind and good."

"William, I prayed for you; I thought but of you; I lived but for you."

"Oh spare me! I know, I feel, how cruel I have been."

"No, only thoughtlessness. When sober you have always been kind and loving; but when you have spent your evenings away from us, and come in late——"

"I have been harsh and cruel—I know it now."

"Dear William, one other word, and I have done. Let me have some of your evening leisure. I will try to make you happy. Sit beside me while I work; and, if I do not know so much as your companions, teach me and I will learn."

"Oh Kate," said William, sobbing, "I never felt your love so dear to me as now. Here, by the body of this dear child, I solemnly promise that it shall be as you say. I will forsake those haunts of dissipation in which my soul has well-nigh been lost, and seek peace, and pardon, and happiness, again by your side."

And it was so. The dark shadow passed away from the household. Time, which heals all, gradually assuaged this first great grief of both; and it was converted by Providence into a blessing. The husband was

restored to his home again, and to the earnest love of his wife. Other infant treasures replaced that which had been lost; but the memory of the dead infant was guarded as a precious treasure; for its death had been sanctified to both. The promise made by its cradle-coffin was kept, and peace and blessings descended in rich abundance upon the happy cottage home.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

By ROBERT NICHOL.

My object in this short paper is to describe something of what is occurring in the East of London, by the river side, through the operation of the Liquor Traffic. The two classes most visibly affected thereby are women and the seafaring men.

The former swarm in hundreds; and when we see daily how completely these demoralising pursuits are connected with the facilities for getting strong drink, it seems to me very plain that nothing short of Prohibition will prevent a large amount of this awful depravity.

It has been stated that none but Teetotallers want the Permissive Bill. If this were true it would be so much to the credit of the Temperance Reformers, who are labouring for the immediate prohibition of the drink that is cursing our land. But the truth is, there are many others who wish the drink and drinking houses were done away with. If our opponents will go into Shadwell early in the morning, and inquire about this from their poor unfortunate sisters, what answer will they get? I know what some of them said to me when they attended two midnight meetings held in the Sailors' Institute. In conversing with them, I found that most of them had been brought up in a Sabbath School. Seven were under twenty years of years of age, and two of them had been teachers in the Sabbath School; and the language of all was, "take away the drink and drinking houses, and we shall have to go home to our parents. I wish that there was no more drink made." These poor girls were sober at the time they gave utterance to these expressions. Scenes of horror succeed one another in this region of London with startling rapidity. One unfortunate hastens to the bridge, where she takes a leap into the river, and before the splash of the waters has died away screams in another quarter are heard. The knife of the assassin has been plunged into the bosom of another victim, followed by the report of a pistol. The policemen force their way into the room, where they see two human beings drenched in blood.

The Sunday after the above occurrence, as the servants of God are preparing for the morning prayer-meeting, the cry is heard in the street, "Police! police!" and a man is seen, between two policemen, who had stabbed a poor girl, and left the knife in her body; and before the sound of these horrible crimes are out of our ears, we see another poor unfortunate girl making her way to the river side—

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery:
Swift to be hurled.
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.

These are facts that have all occurred within a fortnight of the writing of this paper. In the month of July there were seventeen attempts to commit suicide from the London Dock bridges. Mr. Selfe, the Thames Police Court magistrate, said these repeated attempts at suicide were quite shocking to humanity.

Then, again, there are the sailors, who the moment they land find the landsharks and crimps waiting for them to take them to these drinking dens, where they are robbed of their money and clothes.

In passing along Ratcliffe Highway, some time ago, I met three sailors, and induced them to go to the Sailors' Institute, Mercers-street, to take a cup of coffee, when one of them told me that they had arrived from Shields the day before, and that each seaman had received £2. 10s. for the run up. Two of them went into a public house to have a glass of ale; they drank about half of it, and fell asleep, and when they awoke, their jackets, watches, and money had disappeared.

In coming from the London Docks down Ratcliffe Highway, a crowd of women was standing round a sailor. He had two stones in his hand, and was going to throw at the windows of a public house. I asked him what he was doing that for. He said he had been away from home over five years, and that he had a widowed mother in the country. The last time he came to London he was robbed of his money and clothes by the crimps and boarding-house keepers; this time he made up his mind not to go to a boarding-house, so he slept at a coffee-house until he was paid off this morning. He received his wages, which was over £20. He went into that public-house to keep away from his shipmates, to save his money for his poor widowed mother. He called for a glass of rum. Two men

came in, and before he had drank the rum he fell asleep, and when he awoke all his money was gone. He would have to go to sea again without seeing his poor mother. Many more cases have come under my notice, if time would permit. One more case. In passing along Ratcliffe Highway I met a sailor without a jacket on his back. I asked him from whence he came. He said he was paid off from a ship lying in the London Docks, after being away from home over three years. He had lost between thirty and forty pounds in two public-houses. He was detitute, and in the last stage of consumption. A letter for the Victoria Park Hospital was got for him, but they could do nothing for him. Through the kindness of W. Janson, Esq., he was sent to his home in Scotland. I received a letter soon after to say that he was dead. On facts like these I ground my plea for Prohibition; and if it is asked, are all parishes to be treated alike, because two or three parishes in the East End of London are so bad? I answer that this great evil is not confined to two or three, but to hundreds of parishes; and I conclude by asking, Did Lord Palmerston mean two or three parishes when in the House of Commons, in 1853, he made the following remark:—"Profligacy, vice, and immorality, were not thundering at our gates like a besieging army, but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand."

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays,
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
 The best of Queens, and best of herbs we owe
 To that bold nation which the way did show
 To the fair region where the sun does rise,
 Whose rich productions we do justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, Tea does our fancy aid,
 Repress those vapors which the head invade,
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

When in the quiet seclusion of a country parsonage, I suffer my thoughts to expatiate on the advantages which, under God's blessing, may be expected to result from the universal adoption of the Band of Hope system, I confess I see no human institution for the moral and

religious training of the rising generation, which can be compared to it. If well conducted and vigorously supported, I recognize it as one of the most efficient remedies for the demoralising evils with which society is afflicted.

I need not dilate on the advantages which the Band of Hope is calculated to bring to the Temperance cause. These are patent to all; so much so, that it may be regarded almost as the sheet anchor of our cause. I look beyond the direct advantages which it may be expected to yield, and I see in it a wonderful capability for its being used as an instrument for introducing amongst us quite a new phase in society.

Various expedients for the punishment or reformation of criminals have been adopted and acted upon, at an immense expenditure, and have proved failures. The Band of Hope goes beyond all these, and strikes at the root of the evil. It seeks to destroy or rather prevent the insidious habit of drinking strong drink,—a habit which is acknowledged by the best authorities among writers on social questions to be the fertile source of evil in almost every form. And, what is more especially worthy of remark, the Band of Hope is calculated to accomplish this blessed result by a process peculiarly its own—by the *voluntary agency* of its own members.

All who belong to this brotherhood do so of their own accord. All who attend its gatherings do so of their own free choice. They are free to go and free to stay away. There are no imposed tasks to learn. They attend because they have pleasure in attending. In this respect it differs from all elementary schools, whether common day schools, or ragged schools, or sunday schools.

A parent is in the habit of sending his children to other schools without their consent. I hope this will never be the case with regard to Band of Hope meetings; that there will be no coercion and no amount of task work exacted,—nothing in fact required except an orderly attention,—but that the instruction communicated, primarily on the temperance question, but collaterally and incidentally upon kindred subjects, social, moral and religious, may find its admission into the minds of the youthful attendants through the skilful tact of the teacher, so that “learning in play, may be philosophy in earnest.”

If these observations are correct, I may be permitted to offer a word of caution with regard to forcing the temperance question into the sabbath school, so that it should form in some measure the test of admission. This would, in my opinion, be to rob the Band of Hope of its charm amongst the young—that of its being the child of their own adoption.

Neither would it be wise by so doing to excite the jealousy of the friends of such excellent institutions, who are not yet generally prepared to see with us on the temperance question. It will be our wisdom to allay such a feeling, by shewing that our Bands of Hope are neither intermeddling nor antagonistic; but on the contrary, that they are supplementary and auxilliary to their own great work, the well-training of the young,—supplementary, inasmuch as they undertake to teach in detail, and with more effect than can possibly be done in the sunday

school, a virtue of undeniable importance;—auxiliary, in that Bands of Hope, when properly conducted, are admirably calculated to strengthen and carry out into practice the lessons of a more general nature, which are inculcated in Sunday schools.

I would therefore entreat our friends to use a wise discretion and forbearance, if needful, upon this point. The less our system clashes with the benevolent operations of existing institutions, the more likely will it be to make its way, and take with the philanthropic public the position to which it is legitimately entitled.

Having now I fear occupied more space than you can well spare, I will with your permission reserve any further observations, which may occur to me, to a future opportunity.

T. HOLME.

The Vicarage, East Cowton.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Sir,—Among those of our fellow-countrymen in Lancashire who are now in distressed circumstances there are none more worthy of sympathy and assistance than the men who in years gone by were the pioneers of the great Temperance reformation. The National Temperance Relief Committee has been formed for the purpose of affording relief to suffering teetotallers, and the need which existed for such exertions has been shown in a pamphlet entitled "Who will not Help?" (London, Cauldwell, 335, Strand), in which a member of the committee has given the results of a visit paid by him to the cotton districts; and if any additional proof were needed, the following extracts received from persons to whom grants of money have been made will be sufficiently conclusive. The Rev. Charles Garrett, a well-known and highly-respected Wesleyan minister at Preston, says:—

"Accept my best thanks for the contribution from the National Temperance Relief Committee. It is needed far more than the donors imagine. Many of our total abstainers have stood out bravely, and by the aid of their former savings and by rigid economy have done without relief, but their little stores are now exhausted."

Mr. S. Yates, hon. sec. of the Bury Temperance Society:—

"Amongst the cases named to you are some of the oldest veterans in the Temperance cause—men who saved money against such calamities as this which is now afflicting them, but who have had to succumb, so long and arduous has been the trial."

It would be easy to multiply proofs of the necessity for the existence of the National Temperance Relief Committee; but I hope that what I have stated will arouse the sympathies of some of your readers on behalf of an exemplary class of people, who in their days of prosperity long and earnestly laboured to promote the social well-being of their fellow-countrymen. The subscriptions already received are quite inadequate to the circumstances of the case.

Permit me to add, that several of those who have been asked to aid the

National Temperance Relief Fund have remarked, that they could have rendered more assistance if the committee had commenced their work earlier. The simple explanation is, that the fund was not required until all the savings of the teetotallers had been exhausted, they having too much self-respect to appeal for help until absolutely compelled.

I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

HARPER TWELVETREES, *Treasurer.*

Bromley, Middlesex, *Feb. 13, 1863.*

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 13.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

The fool, in the fable, who sold wisdom, gave to each of his customers two fathoms of thread and a hearty box on the ears in exchange for their gold: advising those who grumbled at the bargain to keep the length of the string from folly, or, as they passed through life, the symbol of the slopt face would be more than realized. The money was not all lost if the advice were but followed, and if in writing about £. s. d. our counsel could equal in soundness that of the sensible zany, it would be well.

There are two ways of getting money for the furtherance of our cause,—the roundabout and the direct. The former usually uncertain and unsatisfactory, the latter, if slow, generally sure. Among the roundabout methods may be enumerated bazaars, concerts, festivals, exhibitions, orations, railway trips, sale of publications, &c. &c. Every bill posted on the wall announcing a bazaar for a Temperance or other benevolent object, may be taken as representing a score of persons at least in a state of perpetual disquietude and anxiety until it is concluded; and sometimes even then is added the unpleasantness of disappointment and loss, with an additional item of annoyance, which, however unintentional or unlooked for, will be felt by some even if the affair “answers expectations.”

What crotchets and quavers, bars, and stops, are sometimes encountered by the promoters of a concert for the benefit of the cause. The room is hired, the vocal and instrumental performers engaged, the tickets and bills printed and circulated, the night comes, and all things are ready, but,—and oh! what a *but* it is—the audience! It has rained, or looked like rain, or is stinging cold, or unpleasantly warm weather, or the programme is too sacred for the worldly, or too secular for the religious, or too low for the refined, or too refined for the vulgar crowd, and so, too frequently disappointment and loss ensue,

while no impetus is given to the cause. The same may be said of many orations, exhibitions, festivals, and railway trips. How often does the mere accident of weather, the clashing of other meetings, or amusements, or even a little personal pique, leave an institution, after all the committee's trouble, worry and expense, with more of debt, and less of hope, than it had before.

The sale of publications require judicious management and great care, or it will be a drag upon, rather than a help to the funds. A general canvass of towns of ordinary size, or given districts, in great cities, by the elder members of Bands of Hope, fitted and willing for the work, would, while extending the sale of Temperance literature, also greatly advance the cause. Orders, when obtained, should be promptly and correctly executed. A printed list might be provided, embracing according to circumstances, not only Temperance books and periodicals, but those of the Tract Society and Sunday School Unions. This work, however, should be undertaken as a matter of duty, and not merely as a speculation, whether it increased the funds or not. Every Christian, and every total abstainer, should be ready to undertake the work of amateur colporteur, that the sale of pure literature may increase, and the principles of truth and sobriety be extended.

The direct methods of obtaining funds may be linked together under the heads of periodical contributions, friendly donations, members' collecting cards, collections after sermons and meetings, and by boxes at the doors of the hall, or meeting-place. Of these, perhaps, the last is the least efficient. It is not, however, unimportant. Whether people give or not, the opportunity for giving should be constantly presented. Sometimes, when such boxes are placed, the chairman or conductor forgets or neglects to mention the fact, whereas an occasional pleasant allusion to this unobtrusive receptacle for the smallest donations would assuredly meet with some response, and

"Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger."

Collections after sermons or meetings depend sometimes more upon the earnestness and tact of the preacher or speaker, than upon the intrinsic value of the cause. Good pulpit beggars are a peculiar people. Many an orator who can easily bring a tear to the eye, would find it hard work to wring a guinea from the purse; happily we are not taxed for tears, and yet it would be well, if some, who are very ready to weep over depicted woe,

would follow up their feeling by paying for a plaister for social wounds. A stroke of wit will sometimes win more than flowers of rhetoric. It is recorded of Rowland Hill, that just before he died, he attended a missionary meeting in a metropolitan sanctuary, the object being to raise a large sum for a special purpose; the old gentleman rose, when called upon to speak, and said a good many good things, but nothing about the money. This made the officials somewhat nervous, as scarcely anything had been said about the funds by any of the previous speakers, and they therefore plucked the speaker's coat gently, and told him "not to forget the collection;" there was a nod of recognition, and again "Old Rowland" went on, but made no more allusion to money than if such a thing as current coin were utterly unknown: another reminder was therefore given, this time more emphatic than before, the hint was duly acknowledged and the speaker went on, urging his subject home in every point but the one for which he had been specially reserved. The officials were quite chopfallen until just before the advocate sat down, when a smile of satisfaction lit up their faces as he concluded in some such words as these: "My friends behind me, by their pulls and tugs, are evidently very anxious that I should not forget the collection. I hadn't forgotten it, neither will you forget it when the cause is so worthy and good; there is only one stipulation I have to make in reference to it, and that is, that as the plates go round from pew to pew, *no person will contribute whose tradesmen's bills are unpaid; and those who are out of debt must make up for their less fortunate neighbours, lest the cause of God should suffer.*" There was a big collection that night. Who would have liked to have been marked for being in debt, by not giving, or for being so stingy as to let a good cause suffer from a neighbour's misfortune?

Collections in places of worship for Temperance purposes are, at present, very few and desultory; we hope the day is fast advancing when they will take their place among the established institutions which demand the liberality of the church, and be recognised and assisted by the annual, half-yearly, or even quarterly appeals from the pulpits of our land. If the *work* of reclaiming the dissolute and intemperate, and the forwarding of special efforts for the prevention of drunkenness, and its concomitant evils is left pretty much to teetotallers themselves, there is no good and sufficient reason why they should do all the *paying* as well. Atlas may carry the world on his shoulders,

but if some herculean back would bear up one of the hemispheres it would lighten his load vastly.

(To be continued.)

AN ADDRESS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF BOLTON.

Fellow-Labourers,—The injunction to “Train up a child in the way he should go,” is justly regarded by the various classes of the community as a duty owing to the individual and to society generally. It is a duty we owe to each child to develop its faculties, to instruct it in its duties as a citizen, and by moral and religious training fit it for a glorious immortality. It is also a duty in which the welfare of society is involved, for on the training of the young depends whether they shall grow up to be useful and honourable members of civil and religious society, or whether they shall go to swell the ranks of the idle, the vicious, and the criminal classes.

Recognising this duty, the various sections of the Christian Church have established and sustained Sunday Schools in connection with their various places of worship, for the purpose of securing for the young the requisite training.

These schools have done, and are still doing, a great amount of good, yet the question is often asked, “What becomes of our elder scholars?” The published reports of our schools, and the almost stationary character of many of our congregations, show that the great bulk of our scholars, and those who have been scholars, are not to be found in connection with our congregations, or in connection with the church. Our last report shows only one member of the church for every thirteen scholars, and only about one-fourth attend service on the Sunday evening. Looking at the actual results, it is plain that to a great proportion of our scholars our labours are lost. No husbandman, tradesman, or merchant would be satisfied with so much waste effort in his calling. No doubt there are various causes in operation to prevent success, but the chief removable cause is to be found in the seductions of the 361 public-houses and beer-shops of the borough. To these nurseries of vice and crime many of our scholars are drawn by their music and other attractions. They are not merely taken away from us, but their training is now the reverse of what it was while in the school. Instead of seeking intellectual and moral improvement, in many cases they lose all self-respect; instead of becoming useful members of civil and religious society, they often become a burden to their friends and a pest to society. Seduced by drink and surrounded by evil influences, they go on from bad to worse, disappointing the hopes of their teachers, and become a curse where we hoped they would prove a blessing. *The Chaplain of the Leeds Borough Jail says, of 232 prisoners, 230 had been scholars in Sunday Schools.*

It is plainly our duty to prevent our scholars from becoming the victims of strong drink. To this end we urgently recommend that every Sunday School shall have its Band of Hope, for the purpose of warning

young persons of the dangers arising from the use of intoxicating drink, and persuading them totally to abstain from its use.

Various advantages will be secured by each School having its own Band of Hope:—

1. Each School will have more control over the teaching in its own place, than it could have in a general movement.
2. Bands of Hope can be more efficiently and economically worked in connection with their respective Schools.

Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools are not now an experiment that may or may not succeed. They have been in successful operation in several of our best Schools for many years, and are found to answer admirably. In dangerous places of the sea-coast we have not only a life-boat, to be ready in case of shipwreck, but we also put up lighthouses to prevent shipwreck. Let us exhibit to our scholars the dangers of the drinking system, and shew them the light of true Temperance, that they may not become moral wrecks, but avoid the evils arising from strong drink. Thus they may become blessings to the church and to the world.

To do all we can to preserve our scholars from the great public vice of the country is our plain duty. To encourage and confirm in Temperance one young man or woman who might otherwise have become a drunkard, would repay any amount of effort. To permit one to be ruined whom we could by any available means have saved, would be a sin and a sorrow. The means we have suggested are simple, easily worked, and proved to be efficacious. We therefore urge upon you their speedy and energetic adoption. Let us be—

“ In duty prompt, obey its every call,
And watch, and weep, and pray, and feel, for all ;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,—
Still try each art, reprove each dull delay,
Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.”

Commending this important subject to your devout and careful consideration, and praying for the smile of Heaven upon your useful and arduous labours,

We are,

On behalf of the Committee of the Sunday School Union,

Yours respectfully,

HINDSON FELL, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM MILLER BUCKLEY, *Secretary.*

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

The Eighth Annual Members' Meeting of the Band of Hope Union was held on Wednesday Evening, February 18th, 1863, at Shirley's Temperance Hotel, Queen-square, Bloomsbury. At six o'clock tea and coffee were served, after which the chair

was taken by W. J. Haynes, Esq. the Treasurer; after devotional exercises, the chairman called upon the

Rev. G. W. M'Cree, one of the Honorary Secretaries, to read the Report, from which it appeared that the Band of Hope movement was making rapid progress. Six agents are now engaged by the Union. During the year the agents have addressed 850 meetings, and the honorary deputations 870, making a total of 1720 meetings addressed by the representatives of the Union, a large number of these being in the provinces, towns in twenty-four different counties having been visited; great success had attended the various meetings which had been undertaken by the Union. The Dissolving Views of the Union had been in increased demand, 160 popular entertainments having been given during the year. The Report stated that an auxiliary to the Union had been formed in the north of England, which now employs two agents. The continued large sale of the publications evinced their popularity. The Committee in the Report expressed their gratitude to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for his Lecture on behalf of the funds.

The Balance Sheet was read by the Treasurer, and showed an increased income of £211. 4s. 8d.

The Rev. Dawson Burns moved, Mr. G. M. Murphy seconded, and William West, Esq. supported the first resolution:—

“That the Report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated under the direction of the Committee.”

Mr. W. Oakes moved, and Mr. E. F. Storr seconded the second resolution:—

“That the gentlemen now named (*See List of Officers*) act as the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year.”

Mr. S. Shirley responded on behalf of the Committee.

Mr. W. Ludbrook moved, and Mr. J. Sharpe seconded the third resolution:—

“That the cordial thanks of the meeting be given to the gentlemen who have so ably acted as the honorary deputations during the year.”

Mr. M. W. Dunn moved, Mr. W. Parkes seconded, and Mr. James Eaton supported the following resolution:—

“That the cordial thanks of the Members be presented to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for his kindness in delivering two able lectures on behalf of the funds of the Union, and that a splendidly-lithographed copy of this vote of thanks, suitably framed, be presented to the reverend gentlemen.”

After the usual votes of thanks, the meeting was closed with praise and prayer.

LABOURS OF OUR AGENTS.

We are very sorry to have to inform our readers, that Mr. W. B. Affleck has for a considerable portion of the past month been so severely indisposed, as to be unable to fulfil his engagements. His illness, it is thought, was brought on by over-exertion. He is now better, and has addressed a few meetings since his recovery.

Mr. W. BELL, during the past month, has been fully engaged at the following places:—In Cornwall at Hayle, Truro, Penryn, Liskeard; and also at Devonport, Plymouth, Abbotsbury, Christchurch, Moor-downs, Ringwood, Romsey, and Reigate. Few temperance agents perform more arduous duties than Mr. Bell. He frequently addresses numerous schools in the day, and in the evening a meeting of children, and subsequently one of adults. He is engaged in Surrey till March 16th, after which time the Secretary will be glad to make engagements in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, or the neighbouring counties.

Mr. G. BLABY, during the month, has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge; Denmark Street, twice; Calthorpe Street; Hill Street, Peckham; Kentish Town; Liverpool Road, Barnsbury; Plaistow; Shadwell; Southville; Stepney Meeting; St. Clement's Danes; Providence Hall; Pond Place, Chelsea; Kinnerton Street, Belgrave Square; Albany Chapel; St. James, Holloway; Whitfield Chapel; Broadway, Westminster; Kensal New Town; and Working Men's Club, Westminster. He has also taken part in three adult meetings, addressed three Sunday schools, and preached seven sermons.

The Rev. — KEELEY has been engaged as a Sixth Agent, and is at present addressing meetings in connection with the Northern Auxilliary.

Mr F. SMITH has addressed meetings as under:—Albany Chapel, Regent's Park; Flint Street, Walworth; Orchard House Sunday School, Barking road; Lambeth Wesleyan Chapel; St. James School, Holloway; Clapham Road; Asylum Road, Old Kent Road; Shadwell; Milton Street, Dorset Square; Russell Street, Bermondsey; Upper George Street, Bryanston Square; Haverstock Hill; and Pell Street, Whitechapel.

Mr. C. Starling has been very busily engaged nearly every evening during the month, sometimes having to speak at three meetings in one day.

HAYLE, CORNWALL.—This town can boast of one of the most thriving Bands of Hope in the far-west, having in connection several branches in the country. In addition to our usual means in operation, we have had the valuable services of Mr. Wm. Bell, from the London Band of Hope Union, during the past week. This was indeed a treat as is not generally met with in these parts. Crowded audiences at Hayle, Foundry, Lelant, Leedstown, St. Erth, and Connor-downs, listened attentively to his eloquent appeals, telling arguments, thrilling incidents, and great and important truths. After a week's labour Mr. Bell has left us, with the prayers of the people resting on his head; but we hope we shall again

have the pleasure of his excellent services amongst us. May God bless him and make him a blessing to many!

TEMPERANCE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—Mr. S. Insull was engaged on Friday, January 31st, in entertaining the inmates of the Mile end Old town Workhouse, with his dissolving views. The lecture upon ‘Scrub, the Workhouse Boy,’ was attentively listened to, and the views and lecturer were frequently applauded. The evening’s entertainment was enlivened by Mr. Insull singing several temperance melodies. Selections of sacred music were played upon the piano and organ.

LITERATURE.

Who will not Help? By J. A. HORNER. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand.—This admirable pamphlet is intended to induce the total abstainers of England to assist their starving brother abstainers in Lancashire. Mr. Horner says:—Whilst I was in the Cotton Districts I met with many heart-rending cases of destitution, which, for fear of offending the individuals concerned, I forbear to make publicly known. One or two instances will suffice as examples of the rest. The first is that of a man who is the head of a family of eight persons, and who previous to the Cotton Famine worked in a factory, whilst his wife and family carried on a provision shop. His affairs were such that he was indulging the hope of retiring from the mill, and leading an easier life in a year or two, as he was advancing in years. But being overtaken with the bad times he lost his situation; the operatives, who were the customers at his shop, could not meet their payments, and consequently he was forced to sell off his stock to provide the means of subsistence; and now he is in the greatest distress. Another case which was brought under my notice I must give you, as I cannot resist the inclination to express my admiration for a noble-hearted fellow, who had borne his sufferings in secret for many months, until at last they were discovered to his minister, who thereupon pressed him to accept the sum of five shillings to relieve his immediate necessities. For a long time the man refused to accept the proffered aid, stating that he had never sought charity and never would, but at length the urgent entreaties of the clergyman induced him to take the money. Next morning, however, the worthy minister was waited upon at an early hour by the man’s wife, who stated that she and her husband had passed a sleepless night, and that they could not bear to retain the money *unless they were allowed to earn it in some way*. This high principle and delicacy of feeling which we must all admire, prevails amongst the teetotallers generally, and it has induced them to conceal their troubles as long as possible, and to remain proudly silent whilst others are clamorous for aid. The teetotallers of England may well feel proud of the heroic bearing of their brethren in Lancashire during this season, and whilst we honour their nobility of spirit, let it be our strenuous endeavour to sympathise with and encourage them, whilst we carefully avoid offence to that sturdy independence and manliness of character, the foundation of noble deeds, which will illumine one of the brightest pages in the history of our glorious cause.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Amounts collected by the Hurworth, Croft, and Neasham Band of Hope children, for the sufferers in the "Cotton Districts."

Charles Gascoigne	£0	5	10
Sarah Gascoigne.....	0	7	3
Elizabeth Eden	0	5	0
Elizabeth Bone	0	5	0
Mary Elizabeth Morton..	0	6	0
Mary Elizabeth Lapworth	0	4	0
John Winn	0	4	0
Jane Hardy	0	3	8
Margaret Morton	0	3	0
John Gascoigne	0	2	6
Alice Jane Whitfield	0	3	2
Esther Thomas	0	3	9
Mary Thomas.....	0	1	6
Henry Kirby	0	1	2
Margaret Corps	0	4	0
Ellen Hartburn	0	2	0
John Wilkinson	£0	1	0
Isabella Wilkinson	0	1	4
Simion Corps	0	1	2
Martha Gains	0	2	6
William Richardson ..	0	2	0
Lousia Lapworth	0	2	0
John W. Handson	0	1	1
Robert Hopper	0	1	0
Leonard Stokes	0	1	3
George Dobson	0	1	0
Robert Farmer.....	0	1	1½
Margaret Handson	0	1	0
Sundry Amounts under 1s.....	0	13	7½
	£4	12	0

SUFFERING TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Preston, Feb. 19th, 1863.

My dear Friend,—Your remittance for the relief of those members of our Band of Hope who are suffering from the Cotton Famine, was most seasonable and welcome. Preston occupies a sad pre-eminence in this terrible trial. It was the first place to suffer, and will be the last to be relieved. Nearly all our mills have been using American cotton, and most of our trade was with the East. And thus we are suffering both from the scarcity of the raw material, and the drug in the Indian market. Goods can be purchased in India at twenty per cent less than they can be produced here. Hence while we hear of brightening prospects—of mills opening, and a decrease in the number of applicants to the Relief Fund in other places, we have the distress increasing daily, and every week adds to the number of smokeless chimneys. We have this week nearly a thousand more out of employ than in the week before. What the end will be is known only to God; but in the meantime, those of us who are trying to alleviate the sorrow which surrounds us, are most anxious that we should be sustained by a continuation of the generous gifts of those who are in a better position.

We have in connection with our own branch of the Church about 1600 members, 4000 Sunday scholars, and nearly 1000 members of the Band of Hope, so that the demands upon my resources are constant and extensive. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and it would be most ungrateful in us to fear for the future. Thanking you and your readers for your generous aid,

I am, yours truly,

CHARLES GARRETT.

Rev. G. W. McCree.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

MINISTERIAL DEGRADATION.

By Rev. G. W. McCREE.

The office of a Christian pastor is the highest, most solemn, and morally dignified that can be sustained by any man. Statesmen and merchants, peers and kings, occupy a lower place. Riches, titles, castles, sceptres, and crowns may fade before the men who can say—"We are ambassadors for Christ." They are successors of the companions of the Great Teacher, and may claim alliance with the prophets of the olden time. No worldly patronage can adorn them with higher grandeur, or lift them to a loftier position. Legates of heaven, consecrated to the service of the Divine temple, intercessors for men, "a royal priesthood," preachers of doctrines which surpass all others in truth, power, and beauty, and the presumed heirs of a magnificent and immortal reward; they stand in the midst of men like the purple mountains of eastern lands.

The functions of the pastor invest him with peculiar interest and social influence. He visits from house to house, and is a conspicuous guest at all christenings, weddings, funerals, and family banquets. He visits both rich and poor, is the friend of the widow and orphan, is entrusted with painful histories, and easily gains the ear of all; for all that is difficult to other men is easy to the Christian pastor—his sacred office opening all doors and hearts.

Who can over-estimate the influence of such men? When wise, faithful, and devout, they are a well-spring of life, golden lamps shining in dark places, guides of the erring, comforters of the distressed, liberators of the oppressed, enemies of vice, a terror to evil doers, and the fearless champions of peace and virtue the world over. Can any one tell what good was done by John Wesley, Thomas Chalmers, Edward Bickersteth, John Angel James, Benjamin Parsons, Theobald Matthew, and Bishop Stanley? Their deeds will never die. The centuries which are to come will know their names. The sweet odour of their lives will live for ever. Their destinies are sublime. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever."

But, alas, it is known unto all men that the fair fame of the Christian pastor is often obscured. Strong drink spares no

man because he is invested with a sacred office, any more than fever spares a young maiden that is beautiful. Indeed, some of the worst cases of drunkenness and concomitant profligacy which have shocked the public gaze have been those of fallen ministers. When a palm tree falls there is a gap in the landscape which all men can see. When a standard bearer is treacherous the whole army knows it. When a star rushes from its sphere all the nations turn pale. Fallen ministers shock all our conceptions of sanctity, and heroism and blessedness. They resemble bright angels under a curse; trees of rare beauty blasted by cruel storms; harps of solemn sound with every string made discordant; manna from heaven turned into the poison of asps. "These are spots in your feasts of charity: clouds are they without water, carried about of winds, trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame: wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

We have known many intemperate pastors, and deplored their fall. Let us write of a few. We knew a fine, tall, fearless, eloquent man—a hero in debate on behalf of the slave. One morning we went into his study, and were surprised to detect the aroma of ardent spirits. An empty glass which stood on the table told the sad tale of the morning dram. Not many years passed away before an awful disclosure made us aware of his ruin. We knew an aged, able man, who had once stood before mighty men as a preacher, but who was then "under a cloud." He came to see us—we were young in the work then—and endeavoured to convince us that the millenium was still far—far away. When he left we said to a friend—"Was he sober?" "No; poor man, he often takes a glass." He died a drunkard. We knew a young pastor, and heard him preach a sermon which was "published by request." "When he comes to B. and puts up his horse," said a friend, "he gets a cigar and a glass of brandy." We trembled for his future reputation, and were not surprised to hear that he had become a drunkard. Disgrace followed exposure, and he, his wife and children, were covered with shame. His cruelty compelled his wife to leave him, his children were stolen from him by their friends lest his foul life should pollute them, and if living, he is a beggar and vagabond.

Such examples of moral weakness and degradation might be multiplied to any extent. The pulpit is not an impregnable

fortress where Satan cannot enter, nor can it be affirmed that the office of a pastor renders him infallible. Wine may overcome and enslave and destroy him as it does painted women and vile men, and make him a horror and reproach. It may assault him "as a thief in the night," and cast its fatal spell over him, and drag him down to misery and death. It has done so a thousand times, and its enmity to goodness continues the same. It heeds not learning, reputation, eloquence, high birth, and bright prospects. It can blight them all, and cast deep shadows over all the future of life, and therefore, the only wise and safe plan is to abstain from wine and strong drink. There is high sanction for such a course. "The Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die : it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations." Another great religious teacher was prohibited the use of intoxicating beverages. Concerning John the Baptist it was said—"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink." Precedents for total abstinence may therefore be easily established, and made to mould and justify modern practice.

But we would plead another argument in addition to that suggested. What should be the prime aim of the Christian pastor? *Usefulness*. Here, then, is the foundation of our plea. We do most conscientiously believe that the adoption of the temperance pledge is an additional faculty for good. After twenty-five years' experience we simply dare not cast away *this* means of usefulness. It is a "talent" we could not bury in the cold ground of moderate drinking. Other pastors entertain the same convictions as ourselves. The Rev. John Kirk, of Edinburgh, says :—"I once visited 'a jail,' along with some other friends ; and when we entered a cell where four or five criminals were confined, one of our party observed one of them much more simple, and not so hardened in appearance as the rest. We spoke to him, and learned that he had been a servant with a minister whom we knew. Spirits were regularly used in the house ; and this servant had acquired the habit of using them when there. His appetite for liquor became so strong, that he stole to appease it, and was in prison for the theft—a ruined young man. O, what has that minister to answer for?"

Here, the instrument of evil was ardent spirit, but wine and beer work the same mischief in various localities, and alcohol is everywhere the foe of pure religion. Every Christian pastor

should therefore cease to sanction the drinking customs of his country, and lead forward his people in the "good fight" against intemperance.

THE BEER BARRELS.

Often, in passing through the street,
The brewer's ponderous dray I meet.
And, as I trudge my way along,
Sing, mentally, this truthful song:—

Within each barrel doth repose
The cause of crime; for murderous blows,
Blasphemous words, domestic quarrels,
All come from those stout ten-hooped barrels.
An evil spirit lurks within,
Ready to prompt to every sin.
Untapped, the atmosphere is quiet :
But, tapped, the elements of riot
Are then let loose, to plague the nation
With discord, strife, and desolation.

And Wisdom cries,
"Do not despise
My good advice, young son and daughter.
Those evils shun,
And, every one,
Prefer to drink of honest water."

JOHN P. PARKER.

A GLIMPSE OF 1821.

The marriage festivities of the Prince and Princess of Wales were celebrated with great splendour by the nation. How much more sober and refined we are than our forefathers, let a writer in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* tell us :—

"Thursday, July 19, 1821, the day on which the last of the Four Georges was crowned, was 'auspiciously fine;' and great preparations had been made for the celebration of the event in Newcastle; some of which, so admirably calculated to 'create disorder,' were worthy of a suppressive 'blue lantern.' There was a wine-pant on the Sandhill. There were beer-pants at the Spital, the Old Fleshmarket, and the Milk-market. Double furnaces were erected at the Old Fleshmarket and the Spital, between which to roast two oxen (for Mr. Soyer had not taught mankind, in 1821, to roast a whole ox in a fire-encircled cylinder); and the fires were kindled at two o'clock in the morning. At six, a royal salute was fired from the castle, and the bells of the churches broke silence.

There was a meeting of the Council in the forenoon, at which a congratulatory address to the King was adopted. There was a military display on the Moor. There was boat-racing on the river, which did not come to an end till the 1st of August. The four mail coaches, 'followed by the Shields mail-gig,' all gaily decorated, made the tour of the principal streets. The Mayor, Magistrates, &c., after returning from service in the church of St. Nicholas, were to have drunk the health of his Majesty at the wine-pant on the Sandhill; but it was in possession of the populace, and all approach was impracticable. So they repaired to the Guildhall, and the ceremony took place at an open window, with the accompaniment of the castle guns and church-bells. 'At the same moment the pant began to flow with wine! when instantly a scene of noisy confusion commenced; hats, caps, and pots of every description were put in requisition to obtain a part of the invigorating stream; and though much was wasted, yet the parties were generally successful.' One man, who had taken possession of the spout, was torn almost naked. 'After running upwards of an hour, the wine ceased to flow; when, having nothing to attract their attention, the mob began to throw about the pots, soaked hats, caps, &c.; but, on the whole, were as peaceable as could be expected. The top of the court was crowded with spectators, as was every window on the Sandhill. Many houses had a kind of gallery erected on their tops, with seats for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen. The pant was totally torn down, and part of it carried away by the mob, during the afternoon and evening.' At the Old Fleshmarket, after Divine service, the ox was to be carved and dispensed. The two animals, ere they were slain, had been exhibited at the Spital, browsing round the furnaces gaily decked with ribbons; and 'as if humanity had not been sufficiently outraged by such an exhibition,' the *Chronicle* indignantly remarked at the time, 'their dead carcasses, with their heads, horns, and legs left on, were paraded in carts through the streets from the slaughter-house to the places where they were to be roasted, with a degree of pomp and exultation which might have been allowable, perhaps, in an uncivilized barbarian, but was certainly disreputable to any making the least pretence to decency. Altogether, this procession, and the exhibition of the animals on the spits, were as disgusting a sight as we ever witnessed.' The ox roasted at the Old Fleshmarket, transferred from the fires to a platform, was to be carved by four butchers. 'After cutting the pieces, they attempted to give them out with large poles; but the people pressed so strongly that they at last threw them among the crowd, together with the potatoes with which the animal was stuffed. Both the meat, (much of which was still raw) and potatoes were quickly returned to the butchers, who were pelted with them until obliged to fly. The remains of the ox were dragged down to the Sandhill. The furnace was then partly pulled to pieces, and fragments of meat and brick-bats began to fly about in all directions. Many persons received bruises; and the mail-coaches passing at the time were shamefully pelted, and one of the guards much hurt.' When 'the beer had begun to flow from the pant,' it 'was the object of keen contention, creating many attempts at boxing matches. Before the

beer was done running, the pant was effectually demolished. It having been found impracticable to knock down the crowns of the bullock, which had been placed on the top of the crane (used to swing the roasted carcase from the fires to the butchers' scaffold for carving), 'a youth climbed up and pulled it down, substituting in its place two printed papers of 'The Queen that Jack loves,' and 'Queen, Queen, Queen.' At the Spital there was a little better management. 'A considerable portion of the ox was actually distributed amongst the applicants; and it was not till the bones were conspicuous that it was dragged off like that in the Old Fleshmarket. The immense dripping-pau, with the appropriate Brobdingnagian ladle, was escorted about the streets in the same way as the carcases. The ale kept running till near three o'clock; and as there were not so many candidates for it as at the Old Fleshmarket, not so much was wasted. There was a pant also ran beer at the Milkmarket, Sandgate, which was chiefly occupied by women and children.' The inmates of the hospitals and workhouses, the children of the schools, and the prisoners of the town, were thought of in the arrangements of the day. At three o'clock there was to be a race on the Moor. The concourse was immense. 'But from their employment in the morning, the good cheer of the tents was more inviting to them than the race. We always considered it as a fortunate circumstance,' (our chronicler records,) 'that there was to be a race this day: as, if there had not been some object of attraction after the festivity was at an end in the town, it is most probable peace would not have been so soon restored. On their return from the Moor, the mob assailed and soon destroyed the stage, furnaces, &c., at the Spital and the Old Fleshmarket. All the planks and iron that it was possible to carry were taken away by the mob. At ten o'clock further demolition was stopped by the constables.'"

PASSING TOPICS.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Some of the students in the Metropolitan College, under the presidency of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, have signed the following:—"We, the undersigned, being students for the ministry of Christ at the above institution, do totally abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and discountenance their use, manufacture, or sale on the part of others, and desire, by these signatures, to enter our most solemn protest against the drinking customs of society, which have, as we believe, a most pernicious influence upon the morals of our fellow-creatures, and tend to foster and induce the accursed vice of intemperance, and thus to ruin precious souls, for whom we watch as those who must give an account. Whilst determining to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, we believe by being avowed abstainers, our ministry which we have received of Him will be made more efficient, and by our example, influence and precept, we shall the better advance the cause of our Lord and Master, and this we do for the Gospel's sake, that we might by all means save some." [Here follow 28 signatures.]

A LECTURER ENCORED.—Crowded audiences assembled at Sudbury

on Feb. 25th and 26th, to hear the Rev. G. W. McCree lecture on "Day and Night in St. Giles," and "Studies from Life." So great was the excitement that people were sent away from the doors because of the crush within. At the close of the lecture on "Studies from Life," the rev. gentleman sat down, and then ensued a curious scene. The chairman rose, and said, "Sir, I hope you are not done?" "Yes, I am; I have spoken an hour." "We hope, Sir, you will begin again." Up rose another gentleman, and exclaimed, "Sir, we hope you will begin again." Before the lecturer had time to reply a man roared out, "Go on again, Sir." "Ah!" said Mr. M., "I have to go on—you have not." He then rose, and continued speaking for some time; after which he said he trusted they would not be like Oliver Twist, and ask for "more." Whereupon the people cheered and laughed, and went their way. [We think the audience were wrong. An hour is the proper time for a lecture. Long speeches and endless lectures are becoming the bane of our platform. "Short and sweet" is a good motto for our speeches.—EDITOR.]

A GLIMPSE OF PETTICOAT LANE.—All classes of bad society are represented—the Jewish element predominating. There is a good deal of quarrelling going on, though less than might be expected. Shriill women, mournfully unsexed by sin and gin, shake their fists in each other's withered faces, and yell forth blasphemies and execrations. Sometimes the abuse, hot and fierce, gives way to blows, and the poor creatures strike out, many of them with the skill of gladiators, until some rough fellow, in velveteen jacket, thrusts them asunder and cursingly bids them hold their peace. Meanwhile, the "upper classes" of the "Lane" sit placidly at their open doors—gaudily dressed most of them—and listen to the uproar with much serenity of aspect. The pedestrian may turn aside and enter a public house; if he calls for a glass of beer, it will be of just the quality that might have been expected—namely, execrably bad. If he looks around he will see yonder, on a bench in the corner, the genuine ticket-of-leave man. He is a very bad specimen of the class perhaps. Assuredly he is one whom it would be decidedly unpleasant to meet in a country lane or a lonely street. Beetle-browed, with a rough mat of coarse black hair coming over his low forehead and shading his *dour*, cruel eyes, he is a ruffian every inch. Gazing at him with an eye of interest—much as a theatrical manager might scrutinise a country actor—stands one of a class without which the "Tickets" might often stand a chance of real reformation. Burly and somewhat bloated as to his figure—careless as to his dress—keen and sharp as to his eyes, this man, whom you would pass in the street without any suspicion—whom, if you speculated at all with regard to his condition, you might set down as a butcher not particularly well-to-do—could command to-night a thousand pounds. He is the capitalist of thieves. When the swindler or the burglar stands in need of money to enable him to perpetrate a great *coup*, he has only to approach this individual; and the financier, if he has had dealings with his applicant, and knows him to be a really bad character, is ready and willing enough to provide him with any sum that may be required. Often the amount is not a small one,

but whatever it may be, it is forthcoming; and so, with his pockets full of coin that has been obtained by former robberies, the thief sets forth to commit fresh depredations—sure of a market for their proceeds. It is, we presume, a fact that there is honour amongst thieves, or the capitalist, one would think, might fare but badly. A bargain may be struck to-night, for he eyes the “Ticket” with evident interest and even with satisfaction; he is bent upon business. In another room a select circle of criminals are devoting their evening hours to enjoyment. One is dancing, and dancing very cleverly, to the music of a fiddler, upon whose face, when the jig grows wild and fast, and his bow goes swiftly over the strings, there is at times a look of what may be called blackguard inspiration. Chuckling with enjoyment, a third is having his boots blacked by a little lad, whose sharp face and restless eyes plainly indicate that the blacking of boots is by no means his only occupation. He is, indeed, as your experienced companion will tell you, one of the cleverest little pickpockets in London—and he looks it. Somewhat bemused with beer are other members of this goodly company; but still the fiddler scrapes away at his catgut, and still the man dances hornpipes and jigs. As you suddenly fling open another door, you catch a momentary glimpse of a scene which would be worthy the pencil of a modern Rembrandt or Jacques Callot. In a low-roofed room, which seems to have great depths of darkness, sit a motley company playing cards—and flaring candles never lit up more depraved faces.

THE RICH MEN AND LAZARUS.—A well-known publican has just left the world, and gone to the invisible state, but he has bequeathed to heirs the sum of £60,000 in hard cash! how much vice and misery must have been caused by the drink which the man sold in his life time. What has become of his customers? How many of them will have to bless the day they ever knew him? “A respectable man, sir.” Was he?

HE TOLD US NOTHING.—“Well, Harry, have you been to school?” “Yes, father.” “And what did your teacher say to you?” “Nothing.” “O Harry! and that clever gentlemen, who knows almost everything, has been teaching you.” “He told us nothing, father.” “Now that was just Harry’s opinion. The clever gentleman had been elaborating a good deal. He had talked long and loud about things that would have been very interesting to a class of adults. His language was beautiful and well modulated. There was only one defect. He was too high for his children. He shot completely over their heads. It might as well have been Latin and Greek for all they understood. And so it was that Harry said, ‘He had told them nothing.’ Such was literally the case. They heard nothing that they could take hold of and deposit in the casket of their memory. Not a single fact that could be of use to them in the life they would soon enter. It was a golden opportunity thrown away.

“BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES!”

By JOHN W. KIRTON.

It was about three o’clock on a scorching hot Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis the carpenter laid down his hammer, and putting

his hand in his pocket drew out a few coppers, "Just the price of a pint," as he said to himself, and resolved thereupon to step across to the "Golden Eagle," and have some ale to allay his thirst. Just as he opened the door which led to the "Bar," what should he see, on the polished counter, but a plate of beautiful ripe cherries, the sight of which made John's mouth water so freely that ere he exactly knew what he was doing—his hand was stretched out to take a few, when the shrill voice of the landlady from behind called out,

"You touch them if you dare, sir!"

John was startled, but before he could reply, the landlady added,

"The idea of your taking such a liberty! I should like to know what you are thinking about?"

"Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to whet my whistle."

"You had better not try it on," she said with warmth.

"Why, you won't mind my having a few. I was so thirsty and they look so tempting," said John, thinking she was joking.

No sir, not one; I have just bought them as a treat for my children; they are a peculiar sort and very expensive."

"Well, just let me try one."

"No," she answered, with determination in every look, "not one, if you want any, buy your own cherries!"

"Well," replied John, "I was going to have a pint of your best, but I think I'll take your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead," and turning round, he walked out of the shop.

The landlady saw in a moment that she had committed a mistake, and called loudly for John to come back, but this only made him quicken his steps and get away as fast as possible.

"Well, I've done it," she said, as taking up her plate of cherries she passed into the bar parlour; "what a stupid I was not to let him have one or two, he is too good a customer to lose. I must look out however when he comes to pay his score, and coax him; he must be won over again if possible." And with such reflections she tried to calm down her disturbed feelings.

Meantime John hastened down the street looking out for the first shop where fruit was displayed; and as soon as he caught sight of the things he wanted, he called out,—

"Here, master, let me have threepen'orth of those cherries, will you?"

"Yes sir," said the man, and quickly placed in his hands a small bag containing the cherries, which when John received he returned again to the workshop. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events had crowded so quickly one upon the other, that when he laid the bag of cherries on the bench and put one in his mouth, its sweetness aroused vividly within him the treatment of the landlady even with additional force, and her words seemed so to "stick in his throat," that as he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to give birth to the landlady's words, "Buy your own cherries."

"Yes, said John, "and this is the way you serve a fellow, is it, after

spending many a pound with you? and now to begrudge even a paltry cherry!" and striking his hammer on the nail as he muttered the words, its echo seemed to answer back to him, yes, "Buy your own cherries."

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him, and do what he would even the saw and the plane echoed the same advice, and at times he appeared to grow desperate, and from his lips would rush the words "Buy your own cherries." "Ah, yes," said he, his wounded conscience galling him, "I have bought them too long for her and her children; I will take care of number one for the future, and soon can have not only cherries, but many other sweet things besides."

At length the bell rang for leaving work, and John walked to the counting-house and received his wages, which amounted generally to about thirty shillings; for although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house, yet he was not by any means what the people would call a drunkard; indeed, he would have felt insulted if any one had dared to apply such a term to him, and no doubt would have been prepared in *his way* to prove that he only took what he considered did him good, and if he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the score, while the friendly glass went round more freely than usual, and the cheerful song caused the time to fly fast, so that when he went home later than usual, it was simply because he was a good fellow, who must do as others do; but if, at such times, the wife complained that the money left was barely sufficient to purchase the needful things for the coming week, he was apt to tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would be the result. But alas! such scenes are too well known to need description, and Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining; but nevertheless she determined to do her best to keep the house as comfortable as her limited means would allow, and by kind words and looks to make the home as attractive as possible, feeling assured that by such means she was more likely to draw him from the public-house, the opposite course would most likely *drive* and keep him there.

However, our friend John is standing at yonder gate, with his wages in his hand, evidently hesitating what he shall do. Let us draw near, and by doing so we shall hear what he has to say.

"Well, what shall I do? I must go and pay my score; I don't wish to be dishonest; if I knew how much it was I would send it. But never mind, I'll go and pay her, and have done with her." And away he went.

The moment the landlady caught sight of John, she put on her best smiles, and without giving him time to utter a word, she said, "I am so glad to see you, John; we have just tapped a fresh barrel of our best," so drawing a glass and holding it to him she said, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No thank you, I don't wish any," said John; "I want to pay you what I owe you: how much is it?"

"Come," said Mrs. Boniface, "it's all stuff; take a glass, man! what's your hurry!"

"No, not a drop," said John, "I want to be off."

"Well, will you have a glass of something short?" said the landlady.

"No, nor long either," said John.

"But," said the landlady, "Tom Smith is in the parlour, and Dick Bates will be here directly; you won't go just yet."

"Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I shall go without settling."

"Ah!" I see now," said the landlady, "that I put my foot in it this afternoon and offended you; but I hope you won't mind a few words spoken in haste: come, let us be friends once more."

"Not a dram will I take here or anywhere else," if I know it, said John, "and as to offending me, that don't matter that I see, so long as you get your money."

"But," said the landlady, while she was looking after the P's and Q's, (pints and quarts) "I don't like to quarrel with anyone—especially with you; now do let us make it up; and as for the cherries, I have kept them for you; see, (fetching them out of the bar parlour) here they are."

"No thank you," said John, "I took your advice, and went and bought some, which are very delicious; and now take what I owe you out of this sovereign: I want to be off."

"I don't like," said the landlady, "really to change this without your tasting something; what *will* you take?" (Throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel, by-the-by!)

"Nothing, I say, again," said John, speaking impatiently, and taking up his change, he walked out and soon found his way home.

"Well, I have made a nice mess this time!" thought the landlady, "and if ever I get caught again losing my temper, I'll be bound it shall not be over such a good customer. If it had been one of those noisy fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit, but a nice quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses so regularly and pays up every week: however, I'll look out, and the first chance I get to set him going again I will. He is not going to slip in this way, I can assure him: he is too good to lose without an effort, and when once again I have him right, I'll keep him, I warrant."

While she was thus scheming John's future capture, he was hurrying home, and reached it much to the surprise of his wife, long before his usual time; she however, had only to put the kettle on, and while preparing the tea-things, the water boiled.

John sat almost in silence, and took his tea. Mary was on the point of asking him how it was that he was home so soon, when all at once he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out some money, threw it into her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary."

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, and I shall be glad to go soon; but she had learnt by past experience, that she must not say too much on Saturday night; so taking up the money she went into the bed-room to get her bonnet and shawl; and looking to see how much he had given her, was surprised to find some three or four more shillings more than she usually received.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me," said Mary,

but fearing if she returned to ask, he might want it back, she quickly passed down stairs, and out into the street, afraid every moment he would be after her for the extra shillings. She had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, and in a moment looked round thinking it was him, but it was only a little boy playing; so on she went, and quickly visited the different shops, and being a thrifty body spent her money as wise as possible, and the extra amount enabled her to add to the comforts of the family during the next week. When she returned laden from market, she found from what the children told her, that father had been out almost all the time, and feared least after all, he had gone in search of her. However, when he came in soon after, nothing was said on either side, and thus the night was ended. (It is strange how the drink chills the intercourse between man and wife; is it not?)

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner; in the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner stayed at home to read the paper; when the shades of evening gathered around, he strolled out and did not return until after ten o'clock. (How many thus waste God's holy day through the cursed drink!) This being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it, yet Mary thought John quiet and dull, and once asked him whether he was well, but he said he was all right, so she did not venture to question him again. All the next week passed off at home without any perceptible change; but John, not liking to return home sooner than usual, went on the Monday night to a Temperance Meeting, and was so much interested that when another meeting was announced to be held not far from there next evening, he decided to go, and from what the speakers said of the good it had done them, he signed the pledge.

On the Saturday, when the bell rung and John went to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him, and after receiving them, retired to a quiet corner of the workshop, and looking at the sovereign and a half which lay in his hand, said, "It is many a long day since I could say that ye both belonged to me; and now I have got ye. I'll take good care I don't part with ye unless I get plenty out of ye," and clasping his hand, and putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say, "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will."

Mary was much pleased to see him return even sooner than the week before (for reasons known to our reader), and soon placed the tea before him, and while bustling about the room, and doing her best to keep the children quiet, she felt almost inclined to say how pleased she was, but checked herself, lest he might when giving her the money stop some for the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said, "Here, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose; there's the money," throwing it into her lap.

Her heart was ready to sink when she felt the money fall into her hand. "Ah," she thought, "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week;" but, thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window (for it was a narrow court in which they lived, where the daylight never fairly entered the room except by accident, or when a

streak of sunlight shot its ray down among them.) "Can it be possible?" she thought; "a sovereign and a half!" and an utterance of surprise escaped from her, and she said in a whisper, "Is all this for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you'll spend it well."

"I hope," said Mary, trembling, "you haven't done anything wrong to get so much, John."

"No, my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion; "I have done wrong long enough, and I am going to do right for the future."

"But," said Mary,—

"Never mind, now," said John; "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need a second order to get ready, all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for; resolving, however, whilst she was tying her strings, that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation; and after bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the other children and the house, they went on their way. John then briefly told her the decision he had come to, and hoped she would forgive him for the past, and help him to do better for the time to come; to all of which Mary listened with trembling yet joyful interest. Their conversation was soon interrupted by their approaching the first place that they should call at, which was the butcher's; who, when he saw them coming together, ceased crying "What will you buy?" for thought he, they won't want much, a small joint that everybody else leaves, or some pieces in yonder corner at 4d. a lb.; so he continued looking at his stock of meat, with his back towards John and Mary.

He was aroused from his reverie by hearing John's voice—"I say, gvnor, what's this leg of mutton a pound?" and looking round he saw John in the act of handling a piece of meat of that description.

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher; but in a moment he said "Eight-pence?"

"Take it down and see what it weighs," said John.

"Yes," said the butcher, thinking to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will be enough for you, I know."

"It weighs just eight pounds, and comes to five shillings and four-pence." Now you are done, he thinks.

"I'll have it," says John.

"Yes," thinks the butcher, "when you've paid for it."

"Here, Mary," said John, "give him the money."

And Mary pushed her finger inside her old glove, brought out the sovereign, and laid it on the butcher's block so carefully, as if she was afraid of rubbing the gold dust off.

The butcher watched every movement, and thought that all this care was to be regarded as a sign of deception, and that the money was bad; so taking it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its quality, but when its ring assured him that all was right, in a moment his face changed its expression and his voice its tone, while he said with great politeness—

"Can I send it home for you, sir? and is there any other article—beef, pork, &c.," while the change rested between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir—let me see, you live at No. 20, Broad Street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John; and upon Mary taking up the change, they passed out from the shop.

It is not necessary for us to follow them round to the other places; it is only right to say that each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and as a matter of course showed an extra amount of politeness.

Meanwhile the children at home had their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together."

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether anybody that father knows has died and left him some money." And with similar childlike talk they were engaged when a sharp rap at the door disturbed them.

Sally went to the door, and there stood a butcher boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mister Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there is no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange," said the boy; "I was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes," said Sally, "this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.

"My father, and mother, and us," said Sally.

"And what's *your* father's name?" said the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis," said Sally.

"Well, that's the same man; Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy; "and here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally; "we never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "and it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for, I'll take it in, but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," said Sally.

"Oh, it will be all right," said the boy, and away he went.

"My word," said Tommy, "isn't it a wopper? Only fancy if this was our'n, wouldn't we have a tuck-in for dinner?" And the little fellow danced about the room for joy—and while he was cutting his capers (not for the mutton sauce) in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. But on opening the door a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, "My father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right, here's these loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" said Sally,

"Yes," said the boy, "come, make haste."

"Well, I'll take them in, being as how they are paid for; but we never have such big loaves as them, and I'm sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again, there's a mistake somewhere."

"There, that's all fudge," said the boy, and off he went.

"My word," said Tommy, "aint them busters? See, sister, they are new, and well baked, too, aint they? Only fancy if they was ours, wouldn't we make a hole in them soon?"

And again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," he said; "I'll bring them to the door."

But upon the door being opened, there was a lad with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee, &c.—and the same question was asked. But Sally by this time had decided to take all in that was paid for, at the same time telling each one, "They musn't be surprised if they had to fetch them back again."

The greengrocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the butter man eggs, bacon, and butter; and a few other articles from different shops arrived, until the table began to be quite full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally; "suppose a policeman was to come and find all these things here, what could we do?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether father's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly, Tommy. It would make you still, I know, if we were all to go to prison," said Sally.

In the midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of the children, father and mother returned, and soon told them that the things on the table were for the coming week, and that all of them would have a share if they were good; and giving them a piece each of the new loaf and a bit of cheese, off they were sent to bed and told to be very quiet. But quietness was out of the question; no sooner were they upstairs than they began to talk of the morrow's feasting, and their tongues made such a noise that it awoke the other children, and then Tommy had to tell them that down stairs there was a such wopping leg of mutton, and such big loaves, and lots of other things; and they soon set up a shout which brought the mother to the foot of the stairs, and she said—

"If you children don't be quiet, you shan't have any pudding to-morrow."

"Pudden, pudden," said the little ones, "what's that?" And again the voice of Tommy was heard telling the others that downstairs there was flour and currants, and that on the morrow mother had promised to make them a plum pudding. Of course with this additional piece of news, was it any wonder that their eyes were not much troubled with sleepiness, and that long before the time for getting up had arrived, Tommy was showing them by the aid of the pillows how big the loaves were, and how mother would make the pudding, and then they wished

for the time to arrive when they might be able to experience in reality that the "proof of the pudding is in the eating."

However the day was at length fairly ushered in; and to the astonished eyes of the children, the whole of the articles displayed. And it is more easily to be imagined than described how the day passed away with so much to talk about and so many things to enjoy. And when in the afternoon, while all were seated around the table, mother brought out a plate of nice rosy ripe cherries, was it any wonder that when the children set up a shout of joy, that Mary's heart was too full to contain its emotion? and while the children were making earrings of the cherries, she drew close to John, and kissing him quietly, the tears trickling down her cheeks the meanwhile, she whispered in his ear, "We may be happy yet."

And so it was, for in a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, and then for himself and wife; and somehow it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better neighbourhood, where he only had to pay about the same rent nevertheless. And soon after he began to put by his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to build a house for himself. Meantime the master finding him more than ever attentive to his work, appointed him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages: and somehow John used to say, that "He found it vastly more pleasant to receive £2 10s. a week for looking after men doing the work, than 30s. for doing it." And step by step he rose, until he became master himself; and instead of working he had men to look after it and do it for him. He has built a nice row of houses, from which he can receive sufficient to keep him without work the remainder of his days. His son Tommy is now practising as a physician, with a good connection; and the rest of the children are being well educated, with all the modern advantages of music, etc., and added to all this, he and his wife have, by the blessing of God, become consistent members of a Christian church; and as far as practicable, hearty supporters of the "Grand Alliance," and the Temperance cause.

Working men, the moral is soon told,—It is not how much money a week you earn, but what you do with it when you get it. How many a home comfort in the shape of carpets, sofas, chairs, books, etc., are lost, by the simple fact that the money goes in the wrong way. If you learn nothing else by this sketch, you may learn this, that if you would have a "Home, sweet home," you must "Buy your own cherries."

THE BLESSINGS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By WILLIAM STONE, Railway Missionary.

Emily. Good morning, Jane. It's quite a novelty to see you with a smiling face; you look so altered for the the better, one would hardly recognize you as the little girl of yesterday. You have doubtless heard some very good news.

Jane. Good news indeed! yes, this morning after breakfast mother whispered in my ear, "My child! brighter days are yet in store—a happy day yet will dawn; your father last night.

signed the pledge. Some years ago we both were happy when your father signed, 'Teetotal.' He resolved never to take the drunkard's drink, but alas! he took the drink again."

Emily. My father too I have heard say was a drinker. Some years since he met John Parker, who took him to a teetotal meeting. The speakers dwelt forcibly upon the folly of drinking, urging upon working-men to do as they had done, abstain from all intoxicants, and nobly sign the pledge. And oh! what a change was soon visible in our home; I can just remember although very young. Father grew so very kind, in fact, quite altered. I was caressed and petted, mother smiled and was cheerful; our home began to present a different appearance, some articles of furniture were now and then added, and then a book-shelf graced our walls. Father thought on the wise man's words, "That the soul be without knowledge it is not good." I know the tree must be good that bears such lovely fruit.

Jane. The temperance tree is growing fast, and I sincerely wish the efforts of the Band of Hope Union amongst the children may under God be made a very great blessing. May its branches be buds of hope, whose influence shall be for the healing of our nation's *peculiar* sin. Oh, yes, dear Emily, I must now tell you, on Wednesday nights, in the Mission hall some little children there assemble. They are taught the path of *true sobriety*, to shun the drunkard's evil ways, and slippery paths of moderation. We listen to kind words, pray, sing, and then recite, and afterwards bid each other good-night.

Emily. I hope ere long to accompany you, and receive such instruction, but then my clothes (looking down at them) are so bad. Oh yes! strong drink makes rags, and many tattered garments.

Jane. Never mind your clothes, but wash your face, and if father but proves faithful, you will soon be tidy and happy.

Emily. I am sure you're kind.

Jane. Then let us try from this time forth what good we can accomplish, and we shall see the temperance tree enlarge and flourish. Happy homes and cheerful hearts, and many other blessings will then be found; the hymn of praise and prayer devout shall ascend from many a dwelling.

"Then, let us try as best we may,

To herald in a brighter day,

When children and their parents too

Shall both alike be sober."

May God bless the Band of Hope!

HOW MANY SHALL BECOME DRUNKARDS ?

"I am astonished when I set myself to consider the large proportion children form of the whole population of the earth. The census of Great Britain in 1851 tells me that on the 31st of March in that year, of the 21,000,000 peopling Great Britain and the islands of the British seas, there were above 2,700,000 children under five years of age, above 2,440,000 aged five and under ten years, and above 2,245,000 aged ten and under fifteen years."—*Chambers's Journal*.

We read the foregoing paragraph with profound interest. We have a population of children. They swarm in every hamlet, village, town, and city, and in London they are to be counted by hundreds of thousands. At present they are not drunkards. How many of them shall become so? Let us institute more Bands of Hope. There should be one in every village, several in every city parish, and a thousand in the metropolis. Who will establish a new Band of Hope?

GEORGE W. MCCREE.

A PREACHER'S TESTIMONY.

Before I was married, I used frequently to take a tumbler of weak spirits and water, and on Sunday evening I took it a little stronger, in order to compose me to sleep, yet, strange to tell, it had the contrary effect; it kept me tossing about, restless through the night; and in the morning I was as unfit for study as for active labours, and I frequently exclaimed, "This preaching will kill me!" After I had been married a short time, my wife advised me to leave off this tumbler on Sunday night, and I did so, and found myself the better for it. This induced me to leave it off on week nights, and I found myself the better for that also. Still I took a glass or two of wine,

especially on Sundays; and we had a bottle in store in the vestry, to take a drop when I came out of the pulpit if I needed it. I thought this must be a good thing, for almost every minister and deacon recommended it. At last, I began to suspect that it was not so needful as was supposed, and I gradually left it off. But when I was engaged in preaching eight or ten, and even fourteen times a-week, I found that the large congregations, and heated chapels produced great exhaustion; and in order to recruit wasted strength, I sometimes took beer, or porter, or wine, at supper. Then in the morning I had a little headache, or felt nervous, or had a white tongue; yea, so white, that I spoke of it to a kind friend in Yorkshire, and he actually brought me a tongue-scraper, but never advised me to abstain from wine and strong drink. I mentioned this to another friend in Norfolk, who assured me that my incessant labours kept up such excitement, that I should have a white tongue as long as I lived. But now the secret is come out. I preach oftener than most men, yet sleep well, have no headache, no white tongue, and very little exhaustion. The secret is this—I never drink wine, or spirits, or porter, or beer, or cider, or any other fermented or intoxicating liquor; the pure water from the spring is my beverage, and I never was so well since I became a preacher.—*Richard Knill.*

GATHERINGS.

THE DRUNKARD'S SON.—"Mother, this bread is very hard; why don't we have cake and nice things, as we used to, when we lived in the great house? Oh, that was such a pretty house, mamma, and such a pleasant garden, all filled with flowers; and you made such sweet music with your fingers, and 'pa would sing. 'Pa used to laugh then, and tell me pretty stories, and take me on his knee, and say I was his own dear boy. Mamma, what makes 'pa so sick, and look so bad? It makes me afraid, when he stamps on the floor and says 'Silence,'—'George, go off to bed!—Oh! Mamma, will he get well again, and sing me sweet songs, and love me as he used to do? Mamma, what makes you cry? It makes me sorry to see you so sad and unhappy. Won't you wipe away your tears and smile again?" "My son—oh, my George—my child! your father is a drunkard!"

DID HE?—The Teetotalist lecturer used to get speechless drunk in order to afford his audience a "shocking example" of the effects of inebriety. By portraying his own degradation he promoted the cause of temperance.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A THIEVES' CONFERENCE.—At a meeting of thieves held in Edinburgh, the question was put—"How do you lay plans for each day?" One of

them replied, 'Oh, we'll tell you that. We often meet each other, and go away to some public-house, and sit and drink for a while.' 'You will drink pretty freely of course.' 'Oh, yes, we can't do without drinking.'

THE SAD OLD STORY.—A man has been committed for trial from Salford, for a very brutal act of manslaughter. He had been drinking with his mother, afterwards he quarrelled with her, and beat her so violently that she died from the blows she received.

BLASPHEMY.—In a report of the Rochdale Temperance Society, an account is given of a man who was brought before the magistrates on a charge of keeping his public-house open late on a Sunday evening. He said with a sneer, that, on the night in question they were very appropriately closing the day by singing the Doxology.

DEATH IN THE SOCIAL GLASS.—Dr. Sherman of London, says,—Holland gin has been poisoned by lead; I detected an extensive adulteration of smuggled gin, which had been sold by an excise officer, and dispersed over an extensive tract of country, and which committed great ravages among the inhabitants.

JUVENILE CRIME IN LIVERPOOL.

By R. MARTIN, Esq. M.D.

Whilst crime has been diminished in nearly every other town in Lancashire, during the past year, it has been enormously increased in Liverpool. How is this to be accounted for? The cotton famine, which has diminished crime elsewhere, has been felt there as well as in the rest of the county. Why should Liverpool present so unenviable an exception? I believe there is only one way to account for it. During the last twelve or eighteen months there has been an unparalleled increase in the number of public-houses, and behold some of the results.

Drunken cases—1861	9,832
" " 1862	12,076
Assaults on police—1861	1,162
" " 1862	1,288
Assaults on individuals—1861	1,733
" " 1862	1,942

But observe what a terrible effect an increase of drunkenness amongst the adult population has upon the young. The debauched parent is not likely to check the pilfering habits of the child. Alas, on the contrary, the besotted wretches too often directly as well as indirectly drive their offspring into crime. The following figures shew the number of juvenile offenders brought before the Liverpool magistrates, during the last two years:—

Juveniles under 10 years—1861	51
" " 1862	112

Juveniles from 10 to 12 years—	1861	146
" " " " "	1862	252
" 12 14 " "	1861	267
" " " " "	1862	323
" 14 16 " "	1861	359
" " " " "	1862	472

Such are the terrible fruits of virtual free trade in licensing, during twelve months or a little more.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

MEETINGS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Two large and influential meetings of Sunday School Teachers have been held during the month. The first was held on Friday evening, March 13th, in the spacious school-room of Stepney Meeting, Stepney, when M. W. Dunn, Esq., presided, and the addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Okes, Mr. R. Nicol, and the Revs. R. Maguire, J. Clifford, and G. W. McCree. About 500 persons attended. At the close, an exhibition of dissolving views took place, and excited great applause. The second meeting took place on Tuesday evening, March 24th, in Albany Chapel, Camberwell, when W. R. Selway, Esq. presided, and addresses were given by the chairman, Mr. A. Hawkins, jun., Joseph Payne, Esq. Deputy-Judge, Mr. G. M. Murphy, and the Revs. F. White and G. W. McCree. The audience was large and respectable.

The addresses at those meetings were of singular force and appropriateness, and brought out the most christian arguments in favor of personal abstinence and Bands of Hope. The teachers present listened with profound attention to the speakers, and must have been profoundly impressed with the arguments they advanced. Other meetings of a similar character are in contemplation.

After his excellent speech at Albany Chapel, Mr. Judge Payne read the following lines—his 1830th tail-piece:—

AN APPEAL TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Ye Sunday School Teachers of every degree,
Come listen, come listen, come listen to me;
While seeking to win your approving applause,
I speak in your ears of the *Temperance* cause.

The Temperance cause is a beautiful thing,
And might be made more, could it have its full fling;
But hamper'd and cramp't, by the want of your aid,
It is *not* the blessing it *ought* to be made!

I ask for the sake of the mothers who sigh,
As a brutaliz'd husband at midnight draws nigh;
I ask for the sake of the children he scares,
When the sound of his footsteps is heard on the stairs.

Think deeply, think prayerfully, think with desire
 To feed, and not slacken, the Temperance fire ;
 But keep up a warmth which for life will endure,
 To brighten the homes and the hearts of the poor !

Give in your adhesion, both woman and man,
 Your classes to rule by the **BAND OF HOPE** plan ;
 It needs no long argument plainly to shew,
 That what *the School* makes them the children will grow.

Then bid them drink water, and they will grow up
 To shun the strong spirit that poisons the cup ;
 Cool-headed, free-handed, warm-hearted, and strong ;
Resolved to live well, and ordain'd to live long.

So shall ye *rejoice* when your teaching is o'er,
 And summon'd from earth, ye to Paradise soar :
 To drink of the *river*, and taste the *fruit* fair,
 Which *runs*, and which *ripens*, eternally there.

JOSEPH PAYNE.

Mr W. BELL, during the past month, has lectured to large audiences of children and adults, as follows :—Reigate; Romsey; Dorking; Ashford; Hythe; and Herne Bay. Not a single evening during the whole month has he been disengaged.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended meetings as under :—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark Street, St. Gile's, twice; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Windsor Street, Islington; Bell Street, St. George's-in-the-East; Ogle Mews, Tottenham Court Road; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Broadway, Westminster; Westmoreland Street, Pimlico; Plough Yard, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; One Tun, Westminster; Fox and Knott Court; Amicable Row, Kent Street; Vauxhall Walk Working Men's Club; Westminster; St. Peter's School, Gray's-inn-Road; Stepney; Plaistow; and Edmonton.

The Rev. J. KEELEY has addressed numerous meetings in the North.

Mr. F. SMITH has addressed meetings at the following places :—West Green, Tottenham; Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell; Tottenham; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; East Street, Walworth; Moor Street, Five Dials; Portugal Street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Whitecross Place, Finsbury; Chelsea; Bloomsbury Refuge; Darby street, Mint; One Tun, Westminster; and Edmonton.

PIMLICO.—ECCLESTON-SQUARE CHAPEL.—On Monday, the 23rd ult., a large meeting of the Band of Hope was held, which was well sustained by several members reciting special pieces on Temperance, and delivering dialogues, interspersed with melodies, under the superintendence of Mrs. Esterbrooke. During the evening the Rev. W. W. Robinson addressed the juvenile auditory in an effective manner. At the close the honorary secretary, John H. Esterbrooke, presented a medal and ribbon, accompanied with suitable remarks, to Master F. Farndell, for his zeal in trying to make converts, and for faithful adhesion to his pledge, after two years' experience. Master Farndell thanked the secretary for the reward, and "hoped to live and die a useful teetotaler" which was followed by en-

thusiastic applause by the youthful assembly. At eight o'clock the spacious place was re-occupied by parents, members of the chapel, and respectable residents, when the Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall presided. After imploring the Divine blessing upon the local movement, he delivered an impressive address in defence of total abstinence as an auxiliary to the Church, and every other movement aiming to elevate the condition of the masses. The Rev. W. W. Robinson followed, in a speech glowing with Christian sentiment. Mr. G. M. Murphy gave a brief address, with his usual intelligence, humour, and earnestness. The proceedings closed with singing the Doxology. Several pledges were received.

SHADWELL.—The annual tea meeting, Feb. 9, was very numerously attended, and the public meeting which was very large, was opened with singing and prayer, when J. Hawkins, Esq., M.R.C.S., took the chair. The secretary read the report for the past year, which was of a very encouraging nature, when it appeared that during that period about 729 pledges had been taken; a goodly number of which were those of seamen, some of whom had sent testimonials of the benefit they had received through faithfully keeping the same. The adoption of the report was very ably moved by the Rev. Dawson Burns, and seconded by Mr. Lonsdale. During the evening several melodies were sung by the Band of Hope Choir, and the meeting was ably addressed by Messrs. Raines, Captain Custard, Judge Payne, and Mr. G. C. Campbell. A vote of thanks to the chairman, also to the ladies, for their valuable services in furnishing an excellent tea, was moved by Mr. Robert Nichol, and seconded by Mr. Boase. The society have engaged Mr. Thomas White as their temperance missionary.

PLUMSTEAD PRIMITIVE METHODIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—We are now just twelve months old, and have one hundred and seven names duly enrolled, and one hundred and sixty-seven children in our Band of Hope, who attend our meetings regularly, and listen with great attention to the addresses which are delivered. It fills our hearts with gratitude to the Giver of all Good, when we hear those who have been reclaimed from drunkenness, and are now sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in their right mind, bearing their humble testimony to the beneficial effects of the total abstinence cause.

NORTHERN AUXILIARY.—Mr. W. B. Affleck, since his recovery, has lectured at Bishop Auckland (four times); Reethe, Marske, Grinton, Hurworth (six times); Neasham (twice); Castle Bolton, Carperby, Skipton, Keighley (three times); Bingley, Bradford (twice); Cononly, Eastburn, Kildwick, Airton, Kettlewell, and East Cowton. The audiences have been large, and the meetings successful. At four meetings in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 2,300 persons attended, and 119 signatures were taken. Mr. A. also preached temperance sermons at Bradford and Keighley.

HEATON.—TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—On Friday evening last, a temperance lecture was delivered in the Baptist Chapel, at the above place, by Mr. W. B. Affleck, of Darlington, agent of the Band of Hope Union: subject, "The House that Jack Built." Mr. G. D. Allott, of Great

Horton, in the chair. The lecturer rivetted the attention of a good audience for an hour and a half, while he showed the sad effects of intemperance, the benefits of teetotalism, and the power the people had in their own hands at the present time, for the suppression of intemperance. He eloquently urged his hearers to become abstainers, to help forward the Band of Hope movement, and to do all that lay in their power to further the Permissive Bill of the Alliance.—*Bradford Observer*.

ROMSEY.—Mr. BELL's labours commenced among us on Monday, 16th of Feb., and ended on the following Sunday, the 22nd, and truly can we say that never do we remember having enjoyed such a week's meeting before. We commenced the week by holding a public tea in our Temperance Hall, and a capital meeting afterwards. It will be impossible for me to give you an account of the whole week's meetings. I will only say then—their interest increased, and that we had larger audiences every night. I would also not forget to state that Mr. Bell preached twice on the Sabbath in the Temperance Hall, to large and attentive congregations. We are looking forward to the time when we hope to have him to spend a longer time with us.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOL, LITTLEMORE.—The usual monthly meeting of the Band of Hope in connection with the above school was held on Friday evening, the 6th instant, when some very able and telling addresses were delivered by Messrs. James Howard, John Newton, and Joseph Youel. The meeting was also enlivened by several pieces from the tonic sol-fa class, numbering about 50 children, under their tutor and conductor, Mr. John Entwistle. The "Swiss Toy Girl" was loudly applauded. The meeting terminated about nine o'clock, when a goodly number of names were added to the already numerous list of members, by the secretary, Mr. John Jones.—*Glossop Record*.

HYTHE.—The half-yearly juvenile festival of the Band of Hope was held on Thursday, March 12th, and demonstrated the popularity of the cause in Hythe, in a manner altogether unexpected by the committee. In spite of the heavy rain (which entirely prevented the usual procession) the full number for whom tea had been provided were present, while at the succeeding entertainment the temperance hall was filled to overflowing. This occasion was the first public appearance of several young people connected with the Band of Hope. The report, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. Adkins, shows a creditable past, and every room to hope for an increasingly prosperous and glorious future.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST BANDS OF HOPE.

(From the *British Controversialist*.)

ARE BANDS OF HOPE, AS AT PRESENT CONSTITUTED & CONDUCTED,
GENERALLY BENEFICIAL ?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

The Band of Hope movement, which during the last few years has gradually risen in our midst, has now attained a place among the established institutions of this land, and from its nature and aims is justly attracting the attention of all thoughtful and philanthropic men. This cause, that should commend itself to all the friends of youth, I regret to own has not been without its detractors, both from amongst the systematic opposers of all that is elevating, and from those who are ever willing to aid the cause of human progress. But there are others, who, viewing with interest the progress of the movement from afar, and being unable to discern the good results, ask the question, Are these societies beneficial to the public at large? and the present writer, disclaiming all other motives than an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, would attempt a reply to this query.

The manner in which the question is presented induces me to deal with it in its apparent natural division, viz., first, to glance at the constitution and mode of conducting Bands of Hope; and secondly, to endeavour to point out wherein they are beneficial to the public generally.

By the term constitution, I presume, is meant the law or form of government considered binding upon all those connected with the society to which such law refers. It would occupy too much space to insert *verbatim* the code of laws for Bands of Hope; suffice it, therefore, to say, that therein the name of the society is fixed, and its object set forth, as being, "to train the young in habits of total abstinence from all intoxicants," conditions of membership, &c., including adherence to the following declaration:—"I promise, with Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and in every way to discountenance intemperance."

The mode of conducting the meetings of Bands of Hope is various; in most cases the following order is observed:—the

meeting is opened by singing a temperance hymn, prayer is offered, short addresses are delivered upon the temperance question; between these, music or recitations are introduced, a hymn is sung, prayer again offered, and an opportunity given to any who may wish to sign the declaration. Some may object to recitations; indeed, I am convinced that these require very judicious management, combined with a wise and careful choice of the subjects, as well as the juveniles who recite them. But when thus directed, good results may be produced. Some twelve months ago, a soldier belonging to the "Buffs" was passing the door of a ragged school in Dover, when a little fellow, taking him unceremoniously by the hand, said, "Soldier, will you come to our Band of Hope?" The persuasive tone in which the request was made induced him to consent, and in company with the lad he entered the room: one of the young persons was reciting a piece called "The Drunkard's Daughter:" the touching eloquence with which it was delivered completely overcame the man, and caused him to resolve from that night to leave off the use of intoxicating drinks for ever; a short time afterwards he signed the pledge; he is now a Christian man, declaring that "he shall praise God as long as he lives for that lad's invitation to go to the Band of Hope meeting." This is part of a letter of his, dated from the Tower of London; as he does not object, I may mention his name; it is Henry Wells. Here is a man reclaimed from the vices of the world, and another added to that illustrious band in which Havelock fought and Hedley Vicars laboured.

No doubt, much improvement may be made in the method of conducting Bands of Hope, and the promoters of the movement would thankfully receive any suggestion tending to a better system of management. But I must leave this part of the subject, and consider in what way the Bands of Hope are beneficial to the public at large.

This brings us face to face with the enemy which these cold water armies are, I trust, destined to destroy. It is a self-evident fact, that intemperance is the great curse of our land, the vile thing which has blighted the fair fame of the British nation, and made us a byword to our foreign neighbours. An author who has recently travelled through the East says, that on rising one morning, they saw at a distance signs that others had been encamping in the locality, and, being anxious to know who was about, despatched one of the natives who accompanied them, to ascertain; when presently the man returned, flourishing a

bottle over his head, and exclaiming, "Oh, they are English. You may know them by this anywhere." But, unhappily, this vice cannot be said to be confined to any age or class. Many young persons, having acquired the unnatural appetite for intoxicating stimulants (fostered frequently by the mistaken kindness of a loving parent or friend), are induced by the persuasion of others to enter the public-house, many of which are little better than traps for thoughtless youth. It is well known that in our large towns there are houses of this kind to which mere youngsters resort, to drink and smoke, or listen to the senseless, and often immoral, effusions of the painted simpletons who figure at such places. It is here that habits are formed which ultimately lead to the moral overthrow or utter ruin of the young. Visits to such places continue, not because they are considered right, or from ignorance of their evil tendencies, but because habit enslaves them, in spite of their better judgment. Another evil resulting from this, is the crime which so frequently attends it; for it should be remembered, that while alcohol casts over all the nobler attributes of our nature the mire of sensuality and sin, it excites the baser passions to ungovernable fury, as criminal reports will amply prove. We have the authority of a high official for stating, that seventeen out of every twenty, or more than four-fifths, of the prisoners in the jail he governs, came there through drink; while that eminent man, Mr. Justice Talfourd, declared with his latest breath, that drunkenness was the immediate cause of nearly all the crimes that came before him: thus leaving a solemn protest against the drinking customs of our country, and bearing irresistible testimony to the fact that drink is the fruitful source of crime. The tree that yields such fruits as those enumerated must be essentially bad, and ought to be exposed that it may be avoided. Nothing, perhaps, causes such lamentable degradation as the indulgence in these stimulants. How many parents can bear woful testimony to the total perversion of youth! Their fondest hopes have been blighted; and those to whom they had looked for comfort in their old age, have presented nothing but a compound of the demon and the brute. Some may object to this as strong language, but any one who knows the world will acknowledge that we are justified in using it. With these things in view, we ask, What could be more beneficial to the public at large than a well-conducted movement, seeking to prevent these dire results by training the young to avoid the cause from which they spring? In *Saltaire* (the property of

Titus Salt, Esq.) there is not a single public-house allowed ; the result is, that only three cases of crime have occupied the attention of the magistrates from that town of 5,000 inhabitants. The churches and chapels are well attended, and every good work is in full bloom. The movement is beneficial also in increasing the number of prohibitionists, who are trying to destroy the drink trade, and aid other towns in obtaining the same blessings that Saltaire at present enjoys. The Band of Hope seeks to occupy the youthful mind before Satan gets possession of it ; takes him untainted and uninitiated, and forms in his very heart the conviction that drink, and the traffic in the same, is an evil, a curse, and a snare ; and as the young are more susceptible of impressions than when, in after years, they are harassed by the deceitfulness of the world, the promoters of the cause embrace the opportunity to speak "a word in season" to the inexperienced ones, urging them to restrain all improper desires, and encourage all virtuous sentiments. Let Bands of Hope multiply and flourish, and then, in the next generation, ragged schools, clothing clubs, and similar societies could be easily dispensed with. But while the great lesson taught is total abstinence, it is by no means the only one. Industry perseverance, obedience to parents, love to the Bible, &c., are among the topics of discourse at the meetings.

Again, Bands of Hope are beneficial as auxiliary to the Sabbath school. The Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, says he regards its operations with devout thankfulness to God for the good that has been wrought by its agency, and the most ardent assurance that it will yield results in the next generation that are now little thought of. It brings young persons together on the week-night for engagements more cheerful than would be otherwise furnished ; and if they cannot get cheerfulness amidst *pure* associations, they will probably be led to seek it in impure. Another good result is, that it saves the young from the temptations through which others have fallen, and preserves to the community those who otherwise might have been lost. Intemperate parents are sometimes reclaimed by their children becoming abstainers. A little fellow came one evening to the house of the secretary of a local Band of Hope in company with his father, whom he had induced to come for the purpose of signing the pledge ; and nothing apparently could exceed the joy of the lad as he saw his parent affix his name to the declaration, and leaving the place, I trust, a wiser, and ultimately to become a better man.

The beneficial effects of these institutions are being now generally recognized and seen in the fact that the press, which once ridiculed, now begins to commend them; the Church, which looked upon them with suspicion, as introducing something in the place of the Gospel, now regards them as in harmony with the teachings of that Gospel, and her ministers are continually coming over to aid them by their eloquence and zeal. Nor should we forget to name with honour those who have bravely and consistently advocated the cause, among whom were good Joseph Sturge, John Angell James, and many other well-known persons. As the fruit of their labours, we may expect the dawn of a better era, when the moral impurities which have ever marked the track of the drinker throughout our world shall be cleared away, and crime and poverty be reduced to a minimum. Righteousness alone can truly exalt a nation, and the aim of the Band of Hope movement is to remove the great obstacle which has for ages hindered the progress of righteousness.

I have now endeavoured to show that intoxicating drinks are the bane of the community, a hindrance to all moral, social, and religious advancement; that the object of the Band of Hope movement is to save the young from the withering influence of these destroyers. A few years hence, and the youth of to-day will be filling responsible positions in the world, and wielding a power that must tell largely, either for evil or good. And if, by the instrumentality of Bands of Hope, the young are preserved from surrounding temptation, and trained to love virtue and truth, the societies producing such results must be a national blessing.

Imperfect as this article is, I sincerely trust it has placed the conclusion beyond doubt, that Bands of Hope, as at present constituted and conducted, are generally beneficial. E. T.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

To every careful student of history it must be apparent that there are many theories and doctrines which, viewed in the abstract, appear worthy of general adoption, and yet, whenever reduced to practice, they have invariably failed to accomplish the desired end; and if we mistake not, the writers of our own social history will be compelled to include in this category the theories which led to the formation of Bands of Hope, unless, indeed, these associations are enabled to show that they have ac-

complished a much larger amount of good than we as yet can give them credit for. It was certainly a grand chimera of our temperance friends when they imagined that in this matter, "as the twig is bent, the tree will grow," and indulged in some illusory hopes of reforming the world by inaugurating this new crusade against their old enemy, King Alcohol.

It appears that, despite the strenuous exertions of our friends to stem the tide of intemperance by means of paid lecturers, sensation orators, and highly coloured novels, they discovered that the consumption of alcoholic beverages continued to increase in a larger ratio than the population; and almost hopeless of the reformation of the adults of the community, they began to devote more time and attention to the juveniles, with a view, we presume, of converting them *en masse* to their peculiar creed; and, under the influence of this brilliant idea, originated those juvenile temperance societies now known as Bands of Hope. We are asked to consider whether the influence of these institutions has been, on the whole, beneficial; and while we readily admit that much may be said in their favour, we shall endeavour to show that the evils connected with them, as at present constituted and conducted, more than counterbalance any good results they may have effected. We find that Bands of Hope, usually exist in connection with Sabbath schools, and are formed somewhat after this fashion:—Some few of the teachers become converted to teetotal principles; and naturally anxious to extend their benefits to all with whom they have any influence, they convene a meeting of the juveniles, at which the most eloquent of the converts endeavour to impress upon their auditory the advantages of total abstinence, the evils of drunkenness, &c., *ad lib.*; and finally wind up with an earnest exhortation to the juveniles to sign the pledge, and thereby protect themselves from all the evils which flesh is heir to. The youngsters are, of course, captivated by the novelty of the proposal, and join almost without exception; whereupon a Band of Hope is forthwith formed, and hold its fortnightly or monthly meetings, as the case may be.

For the edification of those of our readers who have not had the privilege of attending these meetings, we will endeavour to describe one, and to ascertain the amount of instruction and amusement the "men and women of the future" are likely to derive from such a source.

Towards eight o'clock on a wintry evening, we approach the large and well-lighted school-room in which the members of the *aqua pura* Band of Hope hold their monthly meetings. As we

ascend the stairs, we are jostled and pushed about in a style which shows that the young hopefuls have not been taught to regard courtesy as a cardinal virtue, but at length we effect an entrance, and find ourselves in the presence of some hundred juveniles of both sexes, varying in ages from seven to seventeen, some of whom, to judge from their personal appearance, only cultivate an external acquaintance with *aqua pura* on very special occasions.

The meeting has not yet commenced, so, in the interim, the audience are amusing themselves in various ways. Some of the elder boys are grimacing at the girls opposite; others are whistling, singing, or hooting, as their fancy dictates; while the more favoured portion are discussing the merits of oranges, tarts, and other refreshments. As we near the desk or rostrum, we perceive the conductors are about to open the meeting, having secured partial silence by giving out a temperance hymn, which is sung with much spirit to some such tune as "Wait for the Waggon," or "I wish I was with Nancy." A prayer is then offered up, and the business of the evening is fairly afloat. Some of the members oblige with recitations, others sing, and another portion, having formed a "drum and fife," or "brass band," perform a little instrumental music. Addresses are also delivered on temperance principles, but owing to their monotonous verbosity and wearying prosiness, the infliction is usually accompanied by a continuous shuffling of feet, and other signs of impatience, and often comes to a premature conclusion amid general disorder; but if all goes on well, the proceedings terminate about ten o'clock, with the singing of another temperance hymn—this time an outrageous parody, almost amounting to a blasphemous burlesque upon some popular psalm or hymn; and the juvenile abstainers are dismissed until their next meeting, but will probably continue to roam the streets for an hour or so, to the great discomfort of the neighbours, and the imminent peril of their knockers and bell-ropes; and we have heard of some complaints in which it was proved that the conduct of an inebriated tavern rabble was orderly in comparison with that of some members of Bands of Hope.

We shall be glad to learn what good even the most sanguine of our friends expect will result from such meetings as the one described above; and will now proceed to point out one or two of the evils which impress us as most important.

First. We are of opinion that the promoters of this movement ought not to induce the juveniles to pledge themselves to

abstain for an unlimited period, seeing that they do not fully comprehend the importance of the matter.

Secondly. We believe that the meetings are productive of more evil than good, and that the nonsensical twaddle with which the children are bored will decidedly prejudice them against the cause when they arrive at more mature years.

Thirdly. We hold that a large portion of their literature, and more especially their hymnology, is an outrage upon good taste, and does them infinite discredit.

Lastly. We find that it is the exception, and not the rule, for the juveniles to adhere to their principles in after years.

Did time and space permit, we might offer many other reasons for our scepticism in this matter; but for the present, these must stand as our apology for daring to doubt the beneficial tendencies of Bands of Hope, as at present constituted and conducted.

THE.

WORDS FOR SPEAKERS.

A CABMAN'S NOTION OF CIVILISATION.—One of our missionaries, recently in London, was sitting on the outside of a cab, and told the driver that he had been in China. Cabby was much interested, and promptly asked, "Are they a civilised people about there, Sir? Do they take their gin of a morning?"

FIVE OUT OF SIX, AND MORE COMING.—I asked one of the officers (of Brixton prison) from what class most of the women came. He replied, "From a very low class; few who come here can either read or write. Five hundred, at least, out of the six hundred who are here, are sent for crimes committed through drink, and as far as we can find out, they are themselves mostly the children of drunken parents." I asked if they usually had the same number in the prison. He said, "Yes; we have so many die in the year, and their places are filled up." As I rode home it did not lessen the amount of depression on my mind to think that outside the walls of that gloomy abode, the process of preparation was for ever going on, to replace an occupant in every cell which death should make empty. Thousands of children are being trained up at this very moment, and for what? To fill our prisons, reformatories, hospitals, and workhouses, and to expend millions of the country's money.—*Mrs. Bayly.*

A REFORMED MAN'S WITNESS.—Mr. George Dodds, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at a meeting held some time ago, said it had been hinted to him that he might try to clench something that had been said. If he could do so he would very willingly, for he had felt very deeply interested. He could confirm from experience many of the statements in reference to the drunkard, for fourteen years of his life had been spent in drunkenness and dissipation. He knew well what it was to be far from friends, and far from home; out of money and of work—a wretched outcast, and hesitating

whether he should not at once end his life and his troubles. And all this through strong drink. He knew what it was to be told by Christian professors that there was little chance for his salvation. He well remembered what he felt once when in a temperance meeting, he heard a speaker, who, after saying a little wine or ale was well enough if they only abstained from spirits, remarked that their chief object must be to prevent the young people becoming drinkers, as for the poor drunkard, they had no hope for him. At last Mr. Livesey, of Preston, came to Newcastle, to lecture on teetotalism; an account of the thing was brought into their shop, and a fellow-workman, a Christian, at once exclaimed, 'That's the thing,' made a pledge in the shop, and signed it at once. 'I was struck,' said Mr. Dodds, 'with the act, and asked why have you done this?' He answered, 'I have talked to you for a long time without effect, and I have seen no hope for your becoming a sober man till now, and I have signed this pledge to try to induce you to do so too.' How different did those words sound to me to those in the temperance meeting, which told me there was no hope! I said, 'Samuel, is that true?' 'It is,' he said; and I replied, 'It's a pity but what you had your desire, and you shall, so far as I am concerned,' and I at once took a sheet of paper nearly as large as a door, got a pledge written on it, and made my mark, for I could not then write. My master came into the shop, and said, 'George, what is this?' I replied, 'It is the Magna Charta of my liberty, sir, and I am never going to drink a pint of ale again as long as I live.' I remember the first time I went home after that on a Saturday night with all my wages, and presented them to my wife. How she did stare! it seemed so strange; she looked at the pieces as if they were counterfeits, and at length said, 'All that for me, George?' I said, 'Yes, keep up thy heart, we shall soon get over our difficulties now.' She went and signed the pledge herself next day. I got fresh companions, went to the house of God, and soon after that got his love shed abroad in my heart.

TIPSY CROWS.—Not long ago I was told by a very creditable person living at Trowbridge, Wilts, that when he first came to his present abode, some ten years since, he was much troubled by some rooks close by. At length they went so far as to root up a whole rank of his fresh sown peas; whereupon he soaked a quantity of peas in brandy, and scattered them in the garden. The results were unquestionable. The rooks soon finished them; but their intoxication speedily followed, as testified by the most ludicrous antics, helpless grasping at boughs, and other break-neck operations; but the gentleman further assured me that if they were sadder they were also wiser rooks when they "rose the morrow morn," for they have never troubled his garden again from that day to this.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE TWO ROADS.

By JOHN HILTON, Jun., late of Brighton.

On a brilliant Wednesday, one of the few fine days during the dull wet autumn of 1860, a mother in a Sussex village

gave to her two little boys, one eight and the other four years old, leave to pay a visit to their grandmother, who lived some three miles distant, to spend their half-holiday from the infant school.

The children were so delighted and excited at the prospect, that they hardly listened to their mamma as she bade them go by the high road and not by way of the meadows, as the heavy rains had swollen the brooks, and rendered them dangerous to cross. Their little caps and capes were soon put on, and off they trotted, with light and merry hearts. The day was warm, the air filled with buzzing insects, and the melody of the lark awakened echoes in the skies. The little fellows climbed the banks, made bouquets of wild flowers, chased the bright butterflies, and played their childish games, till the afternoon was well-nigh spent before they reached the cottage door of their dear grandmother.

The old lady gave them a warm welcome, soon brought out the tea, listened to their merry prattle, and enjoyed their company till she thought it time for their return; then, after pressing kisses on their cheeks, and commissioning them with lots of love for their parents, sent them off on their journey back, giving them the same instructions which they had received from their mother; viz., to keep by the high road. They said good-bye, started, and soon were out of sight. Then the elder boy, fond of adventures, and confident of his own ability to overcome the difficulties of the brooks, determined to go that way. He had crossed them before, and could cross them again he thought, so heeded not the warning of those who knew better than him. On they went happy enough for a time, and crossed brook after brook quite safely; but at length they came to a large sheet of water. The brooks *had* overflowed, and what should they do? The clouds were gathering thickly overhead, it was growing dark, the wind began to howl, and a few large drops of rain were falling. They dared not return, they would be benighted if they did; yet how to go forward they could not tell. Now, notwithstanding the naughty disobedience of the elder boy, he had yet a noble heart, and thought more about his little brother than himself, so, my dear children, what do you think he did? I will tell you. He took off all his clothes, tied them up into a bundle, placed it on the little fellow's shoulders, and then took him up to carry him "pick-a-back," as it was called when I was a boy, and I suppose it is now, and then commenced to ford the water. The rain fell

faster, the evening grew darker, the wind blew louder, and the water became deeper and deeper, till it almost reached the poor boy's breast. On, on, he went, till the deepest was passed, and it became shallower and more shallow, until it was only about up to his ancles; then he became so tired that he could get no further, and was obliged to put his little brother down, and to lead him. Here a new difficulty was encountered. The cows had been down and trodden the ground into thick mud, and when the children set their feet down they could hardly lift them up again. At last they reached higher ground; but it was now quite dark. They called for help till they were quite tired; but the howling of the wind drowned their voices, and no one could hear; so the elder boy, true to his noble nature, laid down upon the wet grass, and told his little brother to lie upon him, and to cover himself up with his clothes as well as he could. Cold and wet, they shivered, and cried themselves to sleep.

Next morning, before it was quite light, a farm labourer—a lad—rode down to let out the cows, when his little shaggy pony shied. He thought some boy behind a hedge had played a trick with him, so called, "That will do, Bill;" but no Bill was there. The pony again shied, so the lad jumped off to see what was the matter, and saw at a little distance the two poor boys cold, stiff, and apparently dead. Away he rode back to the farm house, and raised an alarm, stating that two boys were dead in the brooks, and he thought they were "cadgers," as they had but little clothes on. The labourers were speedily upon the spot; they placed the little fellows on a gate, and hastened back to the farm house, where they warmed them by the fire, and after a time they recovered enough to speak, when the elder boy told the sad history of their untoward adventures, and the sufferings which disobedience had brought upon them.

Now, my dear children, it is always well to "let other's ills be our warnings;" so I will try to point out a lesson or two which you may obtain from this sad but true story. You see that these little boys experienced that "the way of transgressors is hard," and doubtless wished enough many times, when too late, that they had heeded good advice. Had they followed the scriptural injunction, "Children, obey your parents," how much sorrow they would have escaped. Remember, they set out on a journey home; there were two ways before them—one right, and the other wrong—one safe and the other dangerous—the

wrong and dangerous the most attractive—and they had been warned by those who knew which was the wrong and dangerous and which was the right and safe one. Is it not so in life?

Life is a journey, we are all pilgrims, and Heaven is our home. There are two ways before us, one of which is safe, and yet “a way of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

A way which Christ himself hath trod,
Which leads to Heaven and to God.

The Bible is the chart which shows the way, and if we walk therein, the lamp of Christ's love will enable us to see his foot-prints. If at any time, through unwatchfulness, we slip aside, and find ourselves out of the way, if we cry unto Him, He will hear us and will answer us, and we shall hear a voice behind us saying, “This is the way, walk ye in it. But there is another “way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death.” It lies through the pleasures of sin for a season; but is full of over-flown brooks, storms, darkness, pitfalls, and snares.

Children, you have all heard the voice of warning. You all know, too, that Jesus loves you—that he is calling you. Obey the call. Go to Him. Give Him your heart. Let Him be your saviour, your friend, your guardian, and your guide. Walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to everlasting life.

Two paths before us lie,
And all a choice must make :
One upwards to the sky,
One downwards to the lake.
Will any choose the lake of woe?
Each heart must answer, “Yes,” or “No.”

Oh! let us each reply—
“The better part we choose.
We travel to the sky,
Whoever may refuse.
Help, gracious Saviour, help bestow;
And save us from the lake of woe.”

A few more words, dear children. As I am writing for a Band of Hope journal, I will now try to give a temperance bearing to my story. With regard to *drinking*, there are *two* ways before us. If you continue to use only water, tea, coffee, and other refreshing and unintoxicating beverages, you will be in a way of safety, and a very pleasant one you will find it to be. It is a way of virtue, a way of health, a way of even tem-

per, amiable disposition, and happiness; but if you commence to use beer, wine, and other intoxicating liquors, you will soon find it to be a way of *danger*. It may present the attractions of more exciting pleasures; but it has less happiness, and *may* lead to disease, drunkenness, insanity, or death. Some little boy may say, "I have had some beer two or three times, and it has not hurt me;" or some little girl may think "I have taken a little wine, and I know I can take it again without being injured."

Remember the little boy had been by the way of the brooks many times, and felt sure he could go that way again with safety; but he nearly lost his own and his brother's life by the trial. Keep on the safe road, dear children. Say—

"Water, bright water, for me—for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee."

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 14.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

(Concluded.)

The importance of the subject must plead our excuse for again calling attention to the matter of funds. As is the charge of powder in the cannon, such (when exploded) is the force with which the projectile is thrown; as is the muscular development of the arm, so is the power of the blacksmith's blow. And what the powder is in the one case, and the sinewy force in the other, such is money to the effects of a Temperance Society. We cannot hit the target of intemperance hard, or smite the anvil of truth such ringing blows as we would, unless the monetary power is given, and why should the power be withheld? It cannot be because the evil is slight, or the ruin it effects small; the mighty mischief is acknowledged upon all hands. Can it then be a misconception as to the method of overcoming it? We are afraid that this is often the secret source of supineness. Many who are alive to the fatal effects of the drinking customs, neither like abstinence as a cure, or abstainers for propounding it. If they give their money to help on the world's work of moral reform, they will give to any society rather than to one tinctured by Temperance views; and though their money be swallowed in some social slough of despond, which is ever being filled by the filth flowing from

intemperance, still they pay, and mourn, and hope, alas! against hope, when a pound given to strike at the root of our great social vices would go farther than any ten expended in lopping off the branches, and the example of personal abstinence would be even more effective than gold.

But we who are engaged in the work of teetotalism on behalf of old or young, in the curative or the preventive process, have to deal with things as they *are*, and not with things as they should be; and in this case the question before us is, how most efficiently to strengthen the hands and line the purses of the treasurers of our various institutions. In previous papers we have given our opinion of the indirect means of raising revenue, and though our views may not be applicable in every case, still, as a rule, it is an unmitigated evil to leave a society dependant upon such means for its existence. Every effort should be made to bring the direct methods of obtaining funds into systematic operation. The treasurer, however wealthy, should not be overtaxed; it is enough that he give his time to the duties of his office, and his subscription to the work. If, however, such an one should, as many, thank God, have willingly done, incur the expenses of preliminary efforts for the establishment of a society, when the organisation is complete such expenses should be refunded as opportunity offers. It is a mistake to depend upon the colossal contributions of any one man in a benevolent enterprize, and not only so, it frequently generates indolence, where activity is essential to life. All honour to the men who are willing to pay like princes, and work like Trojans for the uplifting of suffering and sin-stricken humanity; but where such men are, it should stimulate, and not benumb, the activity of committees.

Every committeeman, and contributor engaged in temperance work, should seek to unloose the purse-strings of his neighbour on its behalf; there are multitudes of persons who have never exercised the privilege, or felt the pleasure of giving to a good object who shelter themselves under the plea, "We were never asked." It is true that they should'nt want asking; but as they do, be it ours to remind them, and if we do nothing else, we shall take away so flimsy an excuse for their—what shall we say, dishonesty? well, if it does not quite amount to that, it comes very near to it. Are not all stewards for God even as we? A regiment of soldiers standing at ease, or sleeping on their arms, while their comrades are engaged in the conflict, might plead, perhaps truly, that they were not called

to the encounter, or that they were not helping the foe. "Very true," might be the general's reply; "but you should have been among the foremost ranks in the field, for not to help your comrades in the war is really to strengthen the enemy's hand." The application holds; we are battling against a monster foe of God and man: why should we wield a single-handed fight? We must shout for help, and raise the slumbering, and those that are at ease in Zion; and whether they will hear, or whether they forbear, we must face and fight the foe, and shout for help again.

In soliciting subscriptions it is a mistake to go as *beggars*. Moral effort is man's duty, and whether he *give* or labour, or withhold from doing it, it is a duty still, and not a matter of favour or option; men who esteem it so, if they die in such a mood, will receive a rude shock to their notions at the day of judgment. "Inasmuch as ye did it not," will then sound terrible in such ears. All that should be demanded of a collector, whether paid or voluntary, is gentlemanly or lady-like civility, and clearness of statement as to the object sought. Any who deem such visitors intruders, exhibiting annoyance or hastiness of demeanour, may be safely left till the next visit (by no means let them be lost sight of,) to ruminate on their lack of discernment, and their lost opportunity of doing good.

We should never confine our applications to previous lists of contributors. In small towns every person might be canvassed; and in large ones the committee, or friends, might go two and two at convenient times, to lay the claims of Temperance before those who are indifferent, or even hostile, as well as to yield a friendly account of labour done to previous contributors; good is sure to result from such intercourse, and not only will the funds be benefitted, but the friends too. A dozen visitors in any locality, hunting (money-hunting) with "Tact," "Temper," and "Time," would stir from stagnation into healthy activity such an amount of funds, as would startle the Temperance friends from their usual sobriety of demeanour, and intoxicate them with delight.

Collecting cards are occasionally serviceable, but are in some instances liable to abuse; care in selection of persons put in possession of such cards, especially in the case of the young, cannot be too judiciously exercised; as an extra effort, the aggregate of small sums thus obtained, frequently tells with wholesome effect, and therefore the means should not be lost sight of.

In concluding this subject, we hope that service may have been rendered by its ventilation. We are sometimes afraid that our visiting powers and our more silent efforts lie dormant too long; the excitement, noise and eclât of the more public engagement of the platform, &c. indispose, if they do not incapacitate, us for the more quiet processes of our work; but we do not lose time in preparing to strike well. The pile-driver's engine may teach us a lesson: how silently and how slowly the huge iron hammer (technically called a "monkey") rises to its appointed height, but when the catch undoes the hook which held the huge weight, how rapidly, and with what power, does it descend, driving the massive pile still deeper in the ground. It is the blow that does the work; but where would the blow be if it were not for the quiet work which precedes it? And so in driving home the Temperance enterprize, meditation, and conference as to how the work may best be done, and prayer to God, is a noiseless influence, but a very mighty one. Visiting and collecting seems sometimes a waste of time, or at least to attract little attention, as though it were of little worth, but appearances were never more deceitful. The noise of the "monkey" striking the pile may attract the most attention, but it makes no sign until the quieter influences have set it in motion. It is the effect, not the cause.

As a final word upon the subject, avoid getting into debt. If you are in debt, get out as soon as possible; be economical in your management of affairs—a penny saved is a penny got. Before sanctioning any considerable outlay, see your way clear to a corresponding return. There are many societies, like multitudes of men, who are always going to *be* and *do* something very brilliant, but somehow or other their light don't shine. It is better to glimmer ever so little, for a little light may save a soul, than to be always *going* to glare, and never strike a match. The best way of learning to run is to begin with walking: and if the friends of the Band of Hope, and other temperance movements will bear this in mind, it may save them debt and disappointment; and if as opportunity offers, and circumstances render necessary, they put into active operation the plans we have suggested, with others that may occur to them; as time or local circumstances may dictate, we doubt not that all their pecuniary wants will be supplied. For ourselves, knowing experimentally how useful "sordid dust" is, in every practical attempt to do good, and not for a moment doubting but that almost all our readers are, if not for themselves, for their dif-

ferent societies, in want of pounds, shillings, and pence, we heartily wish they may get it, and not only get it, but make good use of it for man's good, and God's glory.

WHAT JACK DID AT NAPLES.

Admiral Persano has just given me a very amusing sketch of the humorous, but, I must add, highly inexcusable proceedings of one of the crew of the Hannibal, who has lately been on liberty. This man, who did not belong to the class entitled to privileged leave, had partaken too freely of the vile spirituous compound of the country, and, being of a convivial and adventurous turn of mind when slightly affected by drink, he suddenly made known to his companions who were about to take seats in one of the "Mariners' Houses of Call," that he had received an invitation to dine with the new King of Naples, and must therefore leave them for the present and make his way to the Royal Palace.

An endeavour was naturally made by his friends to combat a resolution so evidently preposterous; but arguments were unavailing, and the man proceeded on his errand. As he approached the portico of the principal entrance of the Palace he was confronted by two armed representatives of the National Militia, who entertaining every sentiment of good will towards English seamen as a body, yet considered it their duty to oppose the ingress of this individual within the enclosure of the Royal domain.

The seaman, finding the blockade of the gateway to be really effective, after giving vent to a few expressions not complimentary to the citizen soldiers, but which being uttered in language only current on the lower deck, they fortunately did not understand, made good his retreat, and subsequently joined the throng of idlers which was collected in the square.

It appears that from this position he continued to keep watch on the movements of the volunteer sentinels who had so roughly accosted him, and so effectually prevented the success of his enterprise. He knew they were not military men, or to use his own words when called upon for an explanation, were not "real soldiers," and he thought it just possible he might find them off their guard. In this expectation he was correct. At a moment when one of them had ensconced himself within his sentry box to light a cigar, and the other was engaged in earnest conversation with a passing friend, he contrived to elude their vigilance, and thus effected an entrance to the building. Wandering onwards unmolested he reached the foot of the grand staircase, where he met a portly menial in full livery of the house of Savoy, who with many gestures of indignation, and with uplifted staff of office endeavoured to make the intruder comprehend that he was treading on forbidden ground, and must depart from the Royal precincts with all possible speed.

Now the grand marble staircase of the Royal Palace of Naples, considered by competent judges one of the most splendid in Europe, from its works of modern sculpture and general design, possessed also another

feature which though useful on state occasions when the Sovereign received his subjects, proved in the present instance destructive to the peace of mind of its guardian. The width between the bulustrades as well as the space from step to step were inordinately great, and therefore rendered defence difficult if any attempt should be made at escalade. Possibly had the original designer constructed the fair way of smaller dimensions, the issue of the dispute between the English tar and the Italian porter would have been different in result to that which I am about to relate.

The seaman not having an inclination to yield the same submissive obedience to the verbal demand of the solitary warden, as he had done to the cross bayonets of the citizen soldiers, but on the contrary, evincing an intention of mounting to the next story, the liveried official thought it expedient to try the effect of a little force. Stretching out his baton of authority across the chest of the bold invader, he summoned him to stand back and desist from his rash attempt, or he would certainly pay the penalty of the madness of his conduct.

Jack seems, however, to have been constitutionally of a pacific disposition, or, at any rate, in an affair of this nature to have resolved to avoid all symptoms of pugnacity. He made no overt resistance to this gentle act of hostility, which, in truth, he richly merited; but stepping quickly aside from the grasp of his assailant rushed across to the farthest balustrade, and with the agility of an active topman reached the summit of the flight of steps before his bewildered opponent could recover from his surprise.

The adventurous nautical hero had now firmly planted his foot on the threshold of the grand corridor, and the magnificence of the scene which then presented itself to his view probably struck him with astonishment, and perhaps with some feeling of awe. He was observed to take off his hat with the respect due to the quarter deck, to smooth down his hair, and then look around with amazement, and as if uncertain how to proceed. On recovering his composure he made a movement in advance, and had traversed the tessellated pavement of the principal gallery when his further progress was again arrested by two more of the Royal domestics.

An altercation now ensued between the parties thus opposed, which soon became so vehement that it was heard by an officer of distinction, who happened to be seated in one of the adjoining apartments. This was Vice-Admiral Persano, the Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian fleet. Speaking English with great fluency, he promptly demanded of the British seaman why he had ventured to introduce himself within the walls of the Royal Palace, and he as promptly received for answer that he had come according to invitation to dine with his Majesty King Victor Emmanuel.

The Admiral, perceiving the man to be under the influence of free libations, made use of coaxing language to induce him to depart, but finding this manœuvre unavailing he whispered to one of the servants to descend to the guardhouse and bring up a few soldiers.

Two stalwart privates of the Piedmontese Guard were in a few

minutes upon the spot, and on the admiral desiring them to convey the prisoner to the outskirts of the Palace, the seaman remonstrated against any exercise of force, and expressed his delight at joining company with such fine noble-looking fellows. They were real soldiers, he said, and no mistake—very different from the feathered peacocks, called the National Guard.

As he walked quietly away with his new friends, he made some passing remarks on the shabby treatment he had received at the hands of the King, with whom he still loudly maintained he had been invited to dine; but I believe he complimented the Sardinian Admiral on his knowledge of the English idiom, which he contended was the only language necessary for a gentleman to know.

Admiral Persano subsequently informed me that he had told the whole history to his Majesty, who was extremely amused, but seemed inclined to give him blame for not seeing the man well fed, before he was ejected from the building.—*Admiral Mundy on Naples and Palermo.*

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

THE CONFERENCE.

The following Circular has been forwarded to Societies in all parts of the country. The Committee will be happy to supply Tickets to any friends applying:—

BAND OF HOPE UNION.

OFFICE—37, QUEEN SQUARE, W.C.

London, April, 1863.

President—SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq.

Treasurer—WILLIAM J. HAYNES, Esq.

Honorary Secretaries.

Mr. M. W. DUNN.

Rev. G. W. MCCREE.

Agents.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK.

Rev. J. KEELEY.

Mr. W. BELL.

Mr. F. SMITH.

Mr. G. BLABY.

Mr. C. STARLING.

DEAR SIR,—The Committee of the Band of Hope Union intend to hold a CONFERENCE of the friends of the Band of Hope Movement, in the Lower Hall, Exeter Hall, Strand, on *Wednesday, May 20th, 1863.*

Former Conferences have been extremely interesting and useful, and the Committee entertain sanguine hopes of witnessing a large and influential gathering of the friends of Temperance from all parts of the kingdom at the Conference now proposed.

Valuable papers on the various aspects of the Band of Hope Move-

ment will be read by Mr. H. Staines; Mr. F. Anstie, of Devizes; Mr. W. B. Harvey, of Frome; Mr. W. Saunders, of Plymouth; Rev. E. W. Thomas; and Rev. G. W. M'Cree, which are expected to present several novel and gratifying features.. The relation of Bands of Hope to Temperance Societies, Sunday Schools, National and British Schools, and Christian Churches will be brought into prominent notice. The best modes of conducting Bands of Hope will also obtain earnest attention. Should you have any suggestions to make in reference to these topics, or any other which you would prefer to bring before the notice of the Conference, you will please to communicate with us by letter, and your suggestions shall receive our best consideration.

The sittings of the Conference will be held in the morning, afternoon, and evening. Tea will be provided.

The Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope Union will be held in Exeter Hall, on Monday Evening, May 18th, when Samuel Morley, Esq. will preside, and the valuable services of the Rev. R. Maguire, M.A., of London; the Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London; the Rev. Charles Garratt, of Preston; Benjamin Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London; and Joseph Payne, Esq., Deputy-Assistant Judge, have been already secured. Six hundred children, selected from Metropolitan Bands of Hope, will sing appropriate pieces.

The Committee will be glad to receive the names and addresses of any ladies or gentlemen whom you may appoint to represent your Band of Hope. You will please to forward us their names as soon as may be convenient, when cards of admission to the Conference will be forwarded.

Should you wish to secure the services of any of our agents, we shall be glad to hear from you to that effect.

Trusting that you may be able to send one or more delegates to our Annual Meeting, and Conference,

We have the honour to remain,

Yours faithfully,

M. W. DUNN,
G. W. M'CREE.

ANCHOR BAND OF HOPE, CAMBERWELL.—The First Anniversary of the above Society, was celebrated on Tuesday, April 21st. Tea was first provided in Waterloo-street School-room, of which between 100 and 200 of our juvenile and adult friends partook. The company then adjourned to Camberwell-hall, Grove-lane, where a large and successful meeting was held. Richard Barrett, Esq. occupied the chair, and appropriate addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Pillans and Messrs. George Cruikshank, T. B. Smithies, and G. M. Murphy. The meeting was greatly enlivened by songs, recitations, and dialogues from the youthful abstainers, in the latter of which some of them particularly excelled, and won the applause of both speakers and audience. The Anchor Band of Hope numbers between 300 and 400 members; the usual fortnightly meetings are very well attended, there being now generally as many as 200 children present, and the interest which many of them

take in the movement, augurs well for the future prosperity of the society.

WESTMINSTER WORKING MEN'S CLUB, DUCK LANE.—A numerous company of the members of the above prosperous institution, with their wives, assembled to listen to an excellent address on "The Beauties of Temperance Song," delivered on March 24th, by Mr. G. Blaby, agent of the Band of Hope Union, who, for nearly an hour and a half, kept his audience enchained, and the interest from flagging, by his eloquent illustrations of the evils of intemperance and the blessings of Temperance, by amusing anecdotes, and by singing a number of popular Temperance melodies, the audience joining heartily in chorus. Mr. Henry Shurety, who occupied the chair, and Mr. Edward Stephens, secretary of the club, both spoke of themselves as "brands plucked from the burning," and invited any present who might be hesitating, to follow their example, sign the pledge, and experience the same benefits. Mr. Blaby has been engaged by Miss Adeline Cooper, as Temperance visitor in connection with the Duck Lane Club, and has done good service during the past six months in the locality where the institution is situated, being very popular, not only with the adult members of the club, but also with the children of the One Tun Band of Hope, whom he frequently addresses.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.—Under the impulse and guidance of the Working Men's Clubs and Institute Unions, the movement for the formation of clubs and institutes for industrial classes makes steady progress. Additional clubs are almost daily being established, and there is a growing desire among the managers of mechanics' institutes to modify their constitution so as to allow of the adoption of the club features. The council of the Union have just issued the first of a series of "Occasional Papers" on the formation, progress, and results of working men's clubs, halls, and institutes, and in which short statements are given relating to clubs at Chorlton Marshall, Blanford, Littlemore, Iffley, Notting hill, Salford, Kensington Potteries, Duck lane (Westminster), and Southampton. These papers are designed to afford practical illustrations and enforcement of the objects and principles of the movement, and to enlist a more general sympathy in the public mind for these useful associations. A most interesting experiment is being tried in the vicinity of Soho square, where a number of men employed in the building trades are heartily engaged in starting a club. The rent of a house for the first year has been guaranteed by a member of the council of the Union, and a body of carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, &c., are attending to the necessary repairs, making furniture, &c., for the club. A subscription has been opened in the locality for the purchase of the wood and other materials, and the labour is thankfully given by those who are desirous of having such a club in their neighbourhood. An effort of a similar character, but conducted on a larger scale, was carried to a successful issue recently in Scarborough, where a club has been open during a month or five weeks, and has already attracted 1,250 weekly members, all classes joining in generous rivalry to give labour and material. At Forest hill a meeting was held on Monday

evening, for the purpose of forming a working men's club and institute. The chair was taken by Henry Cole, Esq., and addresses were given by the Rev. Henry Solly, and E. G. Clarke, Esq. (deputation from the Working Men's Club and Institute Union), J. M. Hare, Esq., Charles Herbert, Esq., several of the leading local gentry, and a working man, a carpenter. The building will hold from 300 to 400 persons, and has in in connection with it a class-room and a basement floor, suitable for refreshments, smoking rooms, and for various recreations. The premises have been taken by W. J. Haynes, Esq., for three years, and are given by him, free of cost, for the use of the club. The working men of the district seem disposed to rally round the promoters of the club, and express their satisfaction at the extent to which the management will be left in their hands; and cordial promises of support to the effort are given by several gentlemen and ministers of the neighbourhood. The following resolution was carried by the meeting with great enthusiasm: "That the liberal and advantageous offer of Mr. Haynes to place these premises, under certain conditions, at the disposal of the working men of the neighbourhood for the formation of a Working Man's Club and Institute, deserves the warm and grateful appreciation of all classes in the district." The proceedings terminated with hearty votes of thanks passed to the deputation from the council of the Union and to the chairman. Similar progress is reported at about twenty other places in town and country.

GREAT BAND OF HOPE DEMONSTRATION AT LEEDS.—On Good Friday, April 3, the various Bands of Hope in connection with the Leeds Band of Hope League assembled in the Cotton Cloth Hall yard, numbering altogether more than three thousand children. Four or five excellent brass bands headed the different processions of merry lads and lasses as they moved from various parts of the town to the place of meeting. The music, the banners, and the blending of so many young and joyous voices, produced effects upon the vast number of spectators not easy to describe. The several companies of this glorious army of cold stream guards having all taken up the positions assigned them, a public meeting was commenced by the singing of a highly appropriate hymn, which was performed in a style that reflected great credit upon those who had trained them. J. J. Flitch, Esq., presided, and delivered an address which evinced deep earnestness, remarkable adaptation, and a thorough acquaintance with the great object which had brought the vast assembly together. After the president's address another melody was sung, and then Thomas B. Baines, Esq. was called upon to address the meeting. All who know the father could feel at no loss as to whether the gentleman now addressing his fellow-townsmen was the son of one of our representatives of this important borough. Seldom has it been our privilege to hear from a young gentleman so much good advice delivered so well, and received with so much delight, on the part of children, as on this interesting occasion. After another melody, the great procession was formed, and passed along Boor-lane, up Briggate, up Upperhead-row, on Guildford, on Park-lane, to the front of the Town Hall. Here the assembly was immense, and could not be less than ten thousand people,

including the Bands of Hope. A second meeting was now held, Mr. Flitch again presiding. After a melody, the Rev. D. F. Sunderland, of London, was called to address the meeting, which he did in his usually earnest and effective manner. Another melody and another address, with three cheers for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and three cheers for the Leeds Band of Hope League, brought this most successful demonstration to a close, and the children dispersed to their various places of meeting, where a further treat of plum cake and tea awaited them, to which they did ample justice.

CAMDEN HALL, KING STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.—The usual tea festival was held on Easter Monday, after which was a public meeting, presided over by Mr. Chapple. The meeting was addressed by our friend, Mr. John Hilton, jun. (late of Brighton). Mr. Walter Ludbrook moved the adoption of a petition for closing public-houses on Sundays, which was seconded by Mr. Miller, and unanimously adopted, after which the Rev. G. W. McCree gave some striking arguments in favour of our cause. During the evening, several recitations and songs were given. Several pledges were taken.

ISLINGTON UNITED CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION & BAND OF HOPE.—A tea and public meeting was held April 7th, Mr. Matthew Ambler in the chair. Between 70 and 80 of the Band of Hope children partook of a very good tea. Prayer was offered by Mr. Lucraft, after which Mrs. Sharp, the secretary, read the report of the past year. Short addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Gynne, Bayliss, Berry, and Riddell. During the intervals of the addresses, the children sang some temperance melodies, The pieces were sung remarkably well and with good spirit, reflecting the highest credit upon their efficient leader, Mr. W. H. Hosier. Master Harry Stanley recited "Meddlesome Matty" in an excellent manner, much to the amusement of the audience.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. BELL has lectured since our last Report at the following places, addressing schools, meetings of young people, and adults:—Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Moor Street, Five Dials; Ripon, Hull, Luddenden Foot, and Bradford, Yorkshire.

Mr. G. BLABY, during the month, has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge; Denmark Street, twice; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Barnsbury; Euston Station; Silver Street; Notting Hill; Christ Church School, Chelsea; Amicable Row, Asylum Road; Esher Street, Kennington; Moor Street, Five Dials; One Tun, Westminster; King Street, Long Acre; Stepney Meeting; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; West Green; Tottenham; and Willow Walk.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as follows:—Vauxhall Walk; Milton Street, Dorset Square; King Street, Long Acre, three times; Forest Hill; Deverell Street, New Kent Road, three times; Commercial

Street, three times ; Weir's Passage, Euston Road, three times ; and Plumstead, Kent.

Mr. C. STARLING has visited and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Baptist Chapel, Notting Hill ; Carriage Works, Euston Station ; Clerkenwell Parochial Schools, Amwell Street ; Britannia Fields, Hoxton ; Commercial Road Chapel ; Cottage Green, Camberwell ; Good Samaritan, Saffron Hill ; Gee Street, Goswell Road ; Vulcan, Blackfriars Road ; Stepney Meeting ; Kentish Town ; Bloomsbury Refuge ; Caledonian Road ; Pond Place, Chelsea ; and Forest Hill.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK, and the Rev. J. KEELEY are at present lecturing under the auspices of the Northern Auxiliary. Mr. Keeley has addressed meetings as follows :—In Yorkshire—Hackforth, twice ; East Cowton, twice ; North Cowton ; Northallerton : Reeth ; Lournon, Hurst, Gunnerside ; Arkendale ; Masham, twice ; Tanfield ; Ilton-Cum-Pat ; Hurst ; Tunstall ; and Catterick. In Durham—Eppleby ; Coxwal ; Ferry Hill ; Bishop Auckland ; and Witton Park. In Cumberland—Lazonby, twice ; Kirkoswald, twice ; and Great Salkeld. Forty pledges taken at these meetings ; met 500 children ; twenty-six sermons preached for different societies.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has lectured during the last month at Bishop Auckland ; Hurworth ; Neasham ; Gurney Villa ; Coxhol ; Kettlewell ; East Cowton ; Thornton ; Silsdon ; Embray ; Carlton ; Bradley ; Shipton ; Lazonby ; Kirkoswald ; Great Salkeld ; Gamblesby ; Lazonby ; Bishop Auckland ; Hurworth ; Reeth ; Richmond ; Low Row ; Gunnerside ; Marrick ; &c. The meetings have been large and successful.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

We welcome this eminently useful and working association under the new name it has assumed; though we own to a wish that "English Band of Hope Union" had been preferred. Scotland and Ireland must of necessity remain under the total abstinence management of persons residing in those countries, both as to the adult and juvenile departments of labour. But we see every reason for desiring, and none for despairing in relation to a wisely bold endeavour to connect all the Bands of Hope in England and Wales by ties of affiliation and direct co-operation with a central London directory. Leaving this verbal suggestion with the Union Committee, we have to unreservedly congratulate them on the Exeter Hall demonstration of last Monday evening. The attendance was large, filling the spacious area at 6 o'clock, and afterwards the farther gallery, with delighted listeners. The children were there in youthful force and freshness, rising tier above tier with sunny faces, and proving that in the development of their musical powers nature and art had both been liberal. With trifling exceptions all the pieces were sung throughout with exquisite care and accuracy, and with that indescribable sweetness which belongs to the voices of the young. The conductor evidently felt he had his symphonious crew well in hand, and well did he deserve the recompense awarded him by the style of the songsters and the cheers of the gratified assembly. The behaviour of the children from first to last was also very orderly, and in this respect a decided improvement on any preceding year. The speakers, including the honoured chairman, Samuel Morley, Esq., filled their parts almost to platform perfection. The Hon. Sec., the Rev. G. W. McCree, made even a Report sprightly with his off-hand version and intermingled pleasantry. The President was quiet, sensible, and impressive. Dr. Burns showed that he could strike patly and powerfully as of old. Mr. Judge Payne was deliciously and thoughtfully droll, and completely disproved his own assertion that he was "used up" as to bodily energy and mental matter. The Rev. Charles Garrett was argumentative and impassioned in a degree of which words will convey a feeble idea. Dark and appalling facts, seldom thought upon even by the serious, were absolutely lit up and shown with livid

distinctness under the spell of his eloquent imagery and illustration. Rev. Robert Maguire, turning first to the people, and then to the children, entertained both with his excellent counsels ; and Rev. J. H. Wilson made an end of the public speaking by a fatherly epilogue and by singing a Scottish song, "My ain Fireside." We question whether a "grave and reverend seignor" has ever before turned singer in Exeter Hall, and those who may think that this act was out of taste make it plain that they were not there to hear. To the last the meeting was sustained with undiminished interest, and the managers added to their other merits that of terminating the proceedings, which had commenced a little after 6 o'clock, at a comparatively early hour. The threatening weather did not pour its rainy wrath upon this demonstration, and we trust that from every other source of discomfort the Band of Hope Union may be in future times as perfectly delivered.

The Conference of Wednesday was held as announced, and at three times during the day. The papers read and discussions engaged in were of a practical cast, and must result in numerous amendments of method and operation.

Less than a thousand pounds have been placed at the disposal of the committee during 1862 ; but we shall wonder much if every succeeding balance sheet does not tell of a more generous support, at once the effect and cause of a wider national organisation and a more established repute.—*Temperance Star*.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

The Annual Prayer Meeting was held on Sunday morning, May 17, at Bloomsbury Chapel (Rev. W. Brock's), commencing at half past six o'clock. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree presided. Appropriate prayers were offered by Messrs. Shirley, Hatton, Blaby, Wybrow, Raper, and Storr. During the service the Rev. G. W. M'Cree read portions of Scripture, and gave a suitable address. Notwithstanding the early hour there were over one hundred and forty persons present.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was held in the large room of Exeter-hall on Monday evening, May 18th. The proceedings were opened by singing and prayer, and then the children sang the first lines on their programme, "A Prayer for Guidance," by George Blaby, from the Band of Hope Union Tune Book. Although the

tickets of admission were sixpence and a shilling each, the body of the spacious room was filled, chiefly with the parents and friends of the 600 male and female juvenile Band of Hope choristers, who occupied the orchestra, and made the meeting a concert by the musical taste, precision, and spirit with which, under the conductorship of Mr. F. Smith, they rendered their programme of nine judiciously-selected pieces, concluding with "England's Prayer for the Prince and Princess of Wales," adapted to the Danish national melody. The chair was occupied by SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., President of the Union, and amongst those present were the Revs. G. W. M'Cree, Jabez Burns, D.D., H. Allen, D.D., C. Garrett (Wesleyan, Preston,) E. W. Thomas, Dawson Burns, R. Mitchell, Jos. Boyle, Isaac Doxsey, A. Tyler, and R. Maguire; Joseph Payne, Esq., Deputy-assistant Judge, Elihu Burrit, and Messrs. W. J. Haynes, S. Shirley, M. W. Dunn, R. B. Starr, W. Robson, J. White, W. Spriggs, James Worley, and J. Rutherford, and Dr. Oxley.

The Rev. G. W. McCREE, after congratulating the meeting on the presence of the chairman, and stating that they had the pleasure of giving a welcome to their highly-esteemed friend, Elihu Burrit, proceeded to give a summary of the facts contained in the report adopted at the last annual members' meeting. He concluded by saying that, the committee having ascertained that in various parts of the provinces there are organisations bearing the same name as this, viz., the Band of Hope Union, have thought it desirable to select a wider and a more national designation. Their agents traversed every part of the country, and as they were not and never were the London Band of Hope Union, although some societies persisted in calling them so, the committee had therefore decided to assert their dignity, their prosperity, and their aspirations, by adopting the title of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union—(applause).

The children having sung an Ode to Water, from the "Band of Hope Union Tune Book,"

The CHAIRMAN said: I assure you I feel exceedingly delighted to attend this meeting, and to witness the spectacle that is now before me, indicating, as it unquestionably does, an amount of sympathy on the part of those who have come to this meeting, which to those of us who have a deep conviction in reference to the objects we desire to promote, is very encouraging. It has been a subject of regret to myself, since I have occupied the position of president of the Band of Hope Union, that I have not been able to attend its meetings and to express the sympathy, the deep sympathy I have with its aims. I am glad, therefore, now, to have the opportunity of saying that, having watched long and carefully the working of the association, I am prepared to express the opinion that it is one of the most useful of the many very useful associations that exist. When I consider the limited income placed at the disposal of the committee, and the great wisdom which, as I believe, has guided their general

course of action, I feel exceedingly glad to be placed in the position which, with some reluctance, I consented to accept, of president of an association calculated, by God's blessing, to be of immense service to the country—(hear). I am prepared to express the opinion that the drinking habits of the people of this country stand among the most serious causes of hindrance to their progress—ay, that they are doing more harm than all other causes put together, and that, more than all, they stand in the way of the social, political, and, above all, the religious progress of the people. The question then arises, What is the remedy?—for, surely, we cannot allow this state of things to continue; and I am prepared to challenge any one who takes exception to our mode of providing a remedy, to tell us of a better—(hear). In attempting to influence those with whom I was brought into contact who were allowing themselves to be gradually enslaved by the vice of drinking, I became convinced that I should do what I advised them to do, and whilst absolutely conscious of never having been in a similar position myself, I was compelled, some years ago, to determine to become a total abstainer. The fact of my doing so does not involve the idea of guilt or of personal necessity; but personal abstinence is a power to those who desire to influence others. A person who has not taken this step has assuredly never done the good in reclaiming those addicted to drinking that he otherwise would have done—(hear). I quite agree with the change in the name of the Association, for it belongs to England as much as to London—(hear). To any one accustomed to look below the surface, the state of London is quite appalling. I have heard our excellent friend, Dr. Allen, express the opinion, with which I sympathise, that we are not keeping pace with the increase of the population. The social and religious condition of the immense masses of people who inhabit this city literally gets worse instead of better, owing to the rapid increase of the population, and the want of agencies to reach the people in the more densely crowded parts of the city. So again with the country. I find it stated that last year eighty thousand charges were made before magistrates in connection with drunkenness. You cannot open a newspaper containing ordinary police intelligence without finding proofs of the disastrous consequence of the drunken habits of the people. Then allow me to press this as a matter of personal responsibility. I feel that, to the extent of my influence, I am my brother's keeper—(hear)—and have an influence for the use of which I shall have to give an account at the Great Day; and if I, so every one. Conceive, then, the moral power represented by this meeting; and if every one present were to leave deeply impressed with the conviction that he had a work to do, and were to go forth and to exercise his influence for good, depend upon it the aspect of London would be far different from that which at present appals those who are acquainted with and wish to improve its condition. I therefore beg, with all the earnestness I can command, at the same time with the utmost possible respect, but with the belief that each one has a power for which he must give an account at the Great Day, that you will consider this question closely. I think there is great wisdom in seeking to get hold of little children. I admire greatly—and I hold

it to be an absolute necessity—the rule which requires that the consent of a parent shall be obtained to the admission of a child into the Band of Hope Union—(hear). I am no believer in setting children against parents; I would have the sympathies of the parents with the act of a child. With that recognition, I say there is a debt of gratitude due to the friend, whoever he may have been, who originated the idea of getting little children together, and indoctrinating them with sound views in reference to the habit of drinking. I speak as a parent, and I am thankful that my children are growing up with a strong and deep impression with reference to the habit of drinking—a habit which belongs, not only to the lower classes, of whom we are apt to speak too glibly, but to all classes. I believe that in most classes there is a spirit of self-indulgence that needs to be kept in check, and therefore, on every account, I hold there is a loud call on us to be faithful to our deep convictions in reference to this habit—(hear). I conclude by expressing my great confidence in those who are managing the Association's affairs, and my earnest desire for its continued and increased prosperity—(loud cheers).

The children then gave the song and chorus, "Come, Sing to me of Heaven."

The Rev. JABEZ BURNS, D.D., was the next speaker, and he said that he was delighted with the meeting and with its object. He rejoiced when he heard that the Chairman had accepted the presidency of the Band of Hope Union. Might he be long spared to give them the benefit of his influence and example. He was pleased with the programme and with the fact that the Christian Church generally were represented in it. It contained the names of clergymen and Wesleyans; their common humanity was represented by that of Judge Payne (cheers) who, despite his name, afforded the greatest pleasure at public meetings; and there was also the name of Mr. Benjamin Scott, the model City Chamberlain. He might also congratulate himself a little. He heard the first Temperance sermon preached in Europe in 1829; he joined the Temperance movement in the first year of its existence; and he joined the teetotal society during the second year of its existence in London twenty-seven years ago. After conducting a Temperance periodical, he was impressed with the necessity for a book on the Temperance question adapted to children, and he wrote to a number of the members of the society and friends, saying that he wanted twenty guineas to give to an illustrious writer—not so illustrious then as she was now—to write a Temperance book for children. The book produced was "The Juvenile Abstainer," by Mrs. Balfour. He congratulated himself also upon having had something to do with bringing into existence the Band of Hope. Meeting with Mrs. Carlisle, of Dublin, in Glasgow, where she was addressing mothers and children, he prevailed upon her to come to England. She was the first who collected groups of children, and gave them tickets bearing the inscription, "Band of Hope." He rejoiced that in the providence of God he felt it to be his duty twenty-seven years ago, with a number of others, chiefly working-men, to lay hold of the true Temperance principle of total abstinence. There were several phases of the Temperance ques-

tion, and he regarded them all as equally important. They could not do without the persuasion movement, by which they rescued individuals from intemperance, and without which they could have no public sentiment, no teetotal doctrine; but at the same time he believed in doing business by wholesale as well as retail, and the wholesale department of the business was to shut up liquor-shops. Yes, shut them up—(loud cheers). He doubted the teetotalism of the man who said they were not to be closed, and that they were not to adopt all reasonable methods to enlighten the nation and to bring public opinion to bear on the magistrates, on persons in authority, and finally in the House of Commons. It was very difficult, when people had been rescued from the mire of intemperance, to keep them. A frightful percentage was lost, not because they wanted to be drunkards again, but because they could not resist the power of a multiplied and almost omnipotent temptation. Therefore, he would shut up the liquor shops, not only on the Lord's day, but on every other day—(cheers). He was glad to do it gradually, if they could not do it all at once, like the Irishman who wanted to fire off the cannon by degrees—(laughter). He would be glad if all publicans were compelled to join in the early closing movement; that would be a good thing. In the Band of Hope movement, with true philosophy, they began at the beginning. We did not want children to grow up drunkards, that we might then try to reclaim them; but we wanted to prevent them being drunkards, as prevention is so much better than cure. If ever that passage of Scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go," had an important application, it was to the dangerous custom of drinking—(hear). He was glad to hear the chairman deprecate a civil war in families. They did not want children to be set against parents; but it was a good omen in favour of the society that most parents, whether they drank or not, were anxious that their children should not do so. A tall, broad-set man came into his study one day, and when he had signed his name to a paper, he said, "Do you know it?" He did not remember it; and the man then said, "Why, my father was one of the oldest teetotallers in London—began when you did." "Well, are you one?" he asked, and the man answered, "Why, I never tasted in my life." They wanted a generation to rise up who could say that; and in going over the country he was happy to say he met with them everywhere, persons with robust and vigorous frames and admirable craniological developments, with good heads as well as good physical formation—(cheers). He met, too, with handsome young ladies who had never tasted strong drink in their lives, and who would make the best wives and mothers—(laughter and cheers). It was not only best to prevent intemperance, but it was also much easier to do it. They had great difficulty in converting an old toper who imagined he could not do without the drink; but they could easily get the child. Whether in an educational or a religious sense, "possession" of the mind was "nine points of the law;" and therefore he would say, let them by all means endeavour to get early possession and to keep it. He was delighted with the working man's club movement, for they not only desired to break up bad

customs and practices, but they wanted to substitute better customs, that should be intellectual, recreative, social, and harmless, and they wanted to provide a refuge for the reclaimed man, and to preserve him in his Temperance integrity—(hear, hear). It was not only easier, but it was cheaper to prevent intemperance. £1. laid out on the Band of Hope Union in endeavouring to get hold of young people would go as far as £5. towards reclaiming drunkards; they therefore, saved by their operations £4. out of £5.—(hear). Those who commenced teetotalism in early life would be likely to grow up to promote Temperance and other great and good institutions by a ten-fold power, derived from the principles and practice of self-denial—(hear). They wanted their cause to tell on the Sunday-schools of Great Britain. There was much mischief done by moderate drinking teachers in Sunday schools, and therefore they must let in plenty of cold water. The hope of Christianity was in the rising generation. His esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Pike, of Derby, said at the conclusion of a long life, "I have received as many members as any minister in Derbyshire, but I have received very few old people, and not many middle aged. My church has been chiefly supplied from the Sunday school and from the young." What a blessed thing it would be if, in the course of a generation, Temperance in practice and profession should be fairly represented amongst the members of Christian churches. Every society in England was the better for teetotalism; and, if it prevailed, some institutions would be rendered useless. There would be no need for ragged schools when Temperance gained the victory, or when the rising generation universally adopted their principles and practice; and literary and mechanics' institutions would be improved, consolidated, and expanded, and made a thousand times more effective, when their members and lecturers became thoroughly and heartily members of the Temperance Societies. Temperance that night was said and sung; and there were many things that could be sung unto people. One said, "Let me have the ballads of a people and I will tell you their history;" and he would gladly subscribe towards inducing the ballad singers of England to sing about teetotalism. If the voices of children could be heard singing these teetotal and Christian and philanthropic melodies in every part of the country, the hearing of them would go far to recommend teetotalism—(hear, hear, and cheers.) He sincerely trusted that the presidency of the chairman would be long and happy—(hear). Long had he watched with great anxiety the conduct of the chairman in various Congregational movements, and he had observed his steadfastness and readiness to speak on this question on all suitable occasions. His name was a tower of strength, and long might it be connected with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union—(loud cheers). The rev. gentleman concluded by moving a petition to the House of Commons, praying that public houses might be closed from eleven o'clock on Saturday night to six o'clock on Monday morning.

The children then sang "The Sons of Temperance," from Davidson's "Hand-book of Part Music."

JOSEPH PAYNE, Esq., Deputy-Assistant Judge, was then called upon,

and was received with rapturous cheers from both old and young. He said: Ladies and gentlemen—There was a certain Mrs. Malaprop who was in the habit of saying “comparisons are odorous.” I believe she meant to say odious, and perhaps they are; but I know this, that if comparisons are odious, contrasts are delightful; and I am myself experiencing now the benefits and blessings of one of those delightful contrasts. I have been engaged to-day on the judgment seat, dealing with persons more or less brought to crime by means of intoxicating drinks; and it is a pleasant thing to come to this platform and to say that these children cannot be brought to crime by intoxicating drinks, because intoxicating drinks will not be brought to them—(applause). I was once going to a meeting, when I saw a large flaring play-bill, and in the middle of it, in large letters, were the words “Used Up;” and I said to myself, “that means me,” and I am really “used up” as to physical power, mental matter, and the ability to do things as I wish; but I trust I never shall be “used up” in the strength of my attachment to the Band of Hope movement, and to the Temperance cause. I congratulate you, as Dr. Burns did, on the appearance of this meeting. With respect to the Band of Hope movement, I would say—

It is given to lead, and not to drive;
 It is founded on Scripture, and sure to thrive;
 It is earnest with evils around to strive;
 It is growing, and glowing, and all alive;
 It is the safest guard for the reputation;
 It is the only cure for a drunken nation;
 It is a certain help to the heart's devotion;
 And it is the surest way to obtain promotion.

—(laughter and cheers). Now first I say of the Band of Hope movement.

“It is given to lead, and not to drive.”

It is a leading and persuading education, and, therefore, we delight in it. The Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, preached a sermon to young people, and invited any of them to call upon him next day to ask him questions. Accordingly, a clod-hopping sort of fellow called and asked to see him, and when told that Mr. Martin was busy, said, “I must see him; he *axed* me”—(laughter). When shown into the study, and asked what he wanted, he said, “I don't like to tell you; you *axed* me to come, but I don't like to tell you.” Mr. Martin assured him there was nothing to fear, and then the man said, “It's about wopping the cows”—(laughter). “What do you mean?” said Mr. Martin; “do you mean to say you ‘wopped’ the cows before hearing my sermon?” “Yes, I do,” said the man. “And what do you do now?” “O, I coaxes them now”—(great laughter). Many of our systems of education have been like “wopping” the cows; but coaxing is the glory of the Band of Hope movement—(hear). More flies are caught by honey than vinegar—(hear). Then I say of the movement that

“It is founded on Scripture and sure to thrive.”

Dr. Burns quoted the text, “Train up a child in the way he should go.” So it will be with these children who have been taught to abstain from

strong drink, whatever may happen to them in after life. Then, I say of the movement that—

“It is earnest with evils around to strive.”

It is the only safe way of dealing with them. I have been engaged in trying persons lost to evil by habits of intoxication, and the only possible way I see of preventing the formation of those habits is by bringing up the rising population to abstinence. Some people encourage children to drink. Once, at Gravesend, I heard a small voice on the other side of a hedge calling, “Come along, grandfather,” and I looked and saw a little fellow at the top of a hill, and the old man puffing and blowing on his way to the top. That is what we want these children to do and say. We want them to influence their parents, and to say, “Come along, grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, brother, sister, relation, and friend,” and to lead the way up the Hill of Difficulty to the Delectable Mountains which Bunyan describes, through the Shining River, and along the glorious way to the Golden City, the Celestial City, where harps are strung, and songs are sung, and the days are everlasting—(cheers). Then I say of the movement that—

“It is growing, and glowing, and all alive.”

It is progressing. There was a resolution passed some time ago in the House of Commons—I wish Mr. Morley was in the House of Commons—(cheers). There is an opening now; push him into it—(hear and cheers)—he will fit it beautifully. The man is made for the place, and the place is made for the man. Make him member of Parliament for the City of London—(cheers). Well, then, total abstinence—

“Is the safest guard for the reputation.”

There is no safety for the reputation of man, woman, or child, but in total abstinence. Moderation won't do it. You have heard of the minister who, dining with a friend, sat a long time over the wine. They were “moderate drinkers,” but their doings were seen by a small servant, who took a limited view of society through the key-hole (laughter). She was letting the minister out when he stumbled over the mat, and she picked him up. She set a rumour of this afloat, and the man had no answer; it made him so uncomfortable that he was obliged to leave the place. Suppose he could have said, “You good-for-nothing slut, I have not tasted strong drink for forty-five years,” the small servant would have been obliged to look out for a place in which to hide her diminished head, and the man would have triumphed gloriously. Therefore total abstinence is the safest.

“It is the only cure for a drunken nation.”

It is the only way to accomplish the cure. I need not enlarge upon that. Then,

“It is a certain help to the heart's devotion.”

How can people avoid being touched by the beautiful melodies sung by these children.

“Devotion borrows music's tongue,

And music takes devotion's wing,

And, like the bird that sings the song,

They soar to heaven, and, soaring, sing.”

(Applause.) And lastly, total abstinence

“Is the surest way to obtain promotion.”

This society deserves encouragement. I want, and Mr. McCree wants, the Band of Hope Union to be encouraged—(cheers). A big, hungry man went into an eating-house, and began cutting away at a fine joint of roast beef. He said it was “cut and come again;” but the landlord said “It may be ‘cut,’ but I’ll be hanged if it shall be ‘come again’”—(applause). We want you to supply these good people with funds at which they may “cut and come again.” Then the society will prosper. Now, I must give you a few words, number 1859. When I overtake the year I will rest on my laurels—

The Band of Hope’s a glorious thing—a thing of use and beauty,
And flowers of joy it loves to fling along the path of duty.
The boy has in its life a shield from evils which would harm him,
The father views it with delight, and owns its power to charm him.

* * * * *

Success to those who planned it first, and success to those who guide it;
For those produced a wholesome purse, and these have well supplied it.
The Volunteer review displays at Wimbledon and Brighton
Have both a great sensation made, and helped our ties to tighten.
But I will say, to make no foes, with SMITHIES in full action,
The *Band of Hope Review* for us possesses more attraction.
For those who love unboasted work, and cheerful kind communion,
There is no better sight on earth than Band of Hope communion.
And, oh, for all from sin set free, who prize redemption’s story,
No better sight, save one, there’ll be than Bands of Hope in glory.
“Now, I ask you, Mr. Payne, why make such long orations?”
I answer—’Tis that we may gain subscriptions and donations.

Last verse—(laughter)—Hurrah for Morley—(cheers)—Hurrah for
Morley, Haynes, McCree, all active and outspoken;

In them a threefold cord we see, which will not soon be broken.

—(cheers). I entirely agree with the petition that has been read, and, without adding more, I second its adoption, with all my heart—(renewed cheers).

The children having sang “An Invitation,” from “The Band of Hope Tune Book,” the adoption of the petition was put to the meeting and carried by acclamation.

The Rev. C. GARRETT, Wesleyan Minister, Preston, after expressing his pleasure at the glorious gathering, said: It is now twenty-three years ago, that in a little town in Dorsetshire, I first saw or heard of teetotalism. I knew nothing about the meaning of the word before then. It was as strange to me then as some other words, such as Nephalism, are strange to us now-a-days, and have to be explained before we can understand them. I saw a bill announcing a lecture by John Cassell. I was so impressed with the arguments he advanced that I signed the pledge; and I thank Mr. Cassell for conferring on me a benefit the value of which I shall never know until I get to heaven. I think that Englishman must have a cold heart who can look on the present state of the country, and contrast it with the position of our ancestors, without being under

the influence of the liveliest gratitude. Look abroad at the history of other nations for the last fifty years, and then glance at the history of our own dear land. We see that during that time almost every other nation has been baptized with the blood of her children, whilst our own subjects have kept the peace, and this country has gone among nations like a magnet, drawing other lands unto herself, and maintaining her position as the Queen of the Seas. It is a glorious thought, on which I think no Englishman can possibly dwell without feeling devout gratitude to God. These privileges, and the acquisition of territory, bring with them tremendous responsibilities. If we are to be the leaders of the nations—if there does devolve on us, under God, a mission we are called upon to accomplish, it becomes our bounden duty to see that we are prepared to do it. If a man has a great work to do, he must be diligent and careful in attending to his health, or in the hour of trial he will fail. If a vessel is going with a rich cargo on a long voyage, it is made the object of a careful investigation. No unsound timber is allowed in the ship, and no traitor on board. If England be the leader of the nations, it becomes us to see to it that all wrong shall be righted, and that she shall not only be a teacher, but a model too. (Hear, hear.) I look on the country with pride, and I look on her with a great deal of hope. I know there are evils—their name is legion—but there is also being made a determined effort to grapple with them, and, because I have faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, I have no doubt of their success. I rejoice in the Sunday School Union, and in the Band of Hope Union, and in all other organisations that are designed to make our own country better, and to bring others up to the standard to which God has raised us. And whilst this is also true, it becomes us to look seriously, thoughtfully, and prayerfully upon the grand principles which are enunciated by the Band of Hope Union. Let me for a few moments devote my thoughts entirely to them. There is in our land at this day a glorious sight, and we have a part of it here. There are in this country 4,000,000 children; married or single, they belong to us. If they are trained up in indolence, we shall have to keep them in the workhouse; if they are trained up to crime, we shall have to pay for their apprehension, and then support them in prison. We may cast them off, and say they don't belong to us; but they will find us out sooner or later, in this world or in the next. They are here, with bodies to be clothed and fed; here, with minds to be enlightened and trained; here, with souls to be sanctified and saved; and it becomes our bounden duty to ask, "What shall we do with them?" I know what you may do. You may say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You may lock your door against them, and leave them to their fate, leave them to grow up in ignorance, and immorality, and vice. And what will be the result? The character of parents is best read in the history of their children; and the character of a nation is best read in the history of those that nation trains. If we neglect them we bring on ourselves a stigma that will be read by future generations. If we train them up in the way they should go, and make them men God can smile on, and angels rejoice over, they will throw around our brow a diadem of beauty which will

last for ever and ever. I hold that the question we ought to consider is, "What shall we do with our children?" (Hear.) What shall we wish we had done when we meet them in eternity? (Hear.) We must stand face to face with them before God, who will not hold the indolent guiltless, (hear,) any more than the absolutely criminal. We are responsible for the evils we permit, that are not removed if we have the power to remove them. (Hear.) We want our children to be intelligent, to be healthy, to be holy. We ask, "Can they be made intelligent, healthy, holy?" There comes an utterance from the throne of God! That utterance every man should hear and believe. There is infidelity in the church as well as out of it. God speaks to us as a nation as well as to us as parents, and he says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Let God be true and every man a liar." Take hold of that 4,000,000; they are soft, tender, plastic, mouldable; a look will affect them for ever. Neglect them ten years, and they will become granite and adamant, on which toil and tears will be eternally wasted. (Applause.) I rejoice to know the church is waking up to this, and the nation too; and we are doing what our fathers never contemplated, and taking hold of these young people by the hand, and doing what God bids us to. There is a great deal being done, and I rejoice in it. If I see a man trying to bless children, body, mind, and soul, I say, "God prosper his work." We are doing a great deal; we have books for the young, sermons preached to them, and classes for them; and the sight witnessed in the land every Sabbath is enough to make heaven's courts ring with joy. Yet, are our children what we want them to be? There are in schools 2,000,000, and of them how many who live as if the Cross of Calvary had never been erected; who die as if the Church of Christ had never been formed! This is a terrible thought. Born in our own land, in spite of organizations and of churches, they are, as Charles Kingsley says, "damned from their birth," and we shrink from them with horror, until we hand them over to the judge and to the penal settlement. Look at the church. Do these children in our Sunday schools pass through the Sunday school into the church?—(Hear, hear.) Do they? Are we passing them into the church? I have the answer which was given in this hall twelve months ago, at the annual meeting of the Sunday School Union. The statement made my eyes fill with tears, and my heart ache. After a careful examination it is found that only one in ten of the scholars passes out of the school into the church of Christ. Teachers, is this what you contemplate? One tithe; the devil having nine. Is this what we build schools for, what we labour and pray for? I say every teacher ought earnestly and prayerfully to ask, "Where are the nine? where are the nine?" I would burn that question into every Sunday school teacher's heart. Shall I tell you where they are? I know where to find them. Where are they? In the workhouse, with brain enfeebled and body prostrate, there is one of the nine! Look in our streets at night, and see these faded beauties, once young girls, wandering with a hell within, and

moving on to a darker hell beyond, to-night standing on the bridge and leaping from it—

“Mad from life’s history,
Glad for death’s mystery,
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.”

There is another of your nine! Where are the nine? They are found yonder in that lunatic asylum, in that prison, in the hulks, and swinging from the gibbet. There are your nine! You talked with them, you cared for them. You prayed, and you toiled, and yet you have only one holding to Christ, and as for the other nine lambs, the bears out of the wood have devoured them. I wish that these statements were not true. Would to God that somebody could dispute me! Would that we only lost one, and kept the nine! Ah! would that we did! Listen to statements made, not in the heat of a platform address, but by chaplains of prisons, magistrates, and those in authority. I have a statement, that out of 11,000 prisoners in our gaols, 7,000 had been in Sunday schools. Well, perhaps there is some local or other peculiarity in the case. No, sir. The facts are the same all the land over. At Preston, the Rev. Mr. Clay says, “60 out of every 100 prisoners under my care had been in Sunday schools before they reached my hands.” “Well,” but you say, “it is a manufacturing district.” Then, go to Northampton—is it any better? There I meet with Mr. Hutton, who says, “One-half the prisoners under my care in the Northampton House of Correction had been Sunday scholars over five years.” There is an answer to the question, “Where are the nine?” “Well,” but you say, “There is the shoe trade there, and evil influences are at work.” Then go to Dorset: there are no tall chimnies and there is no shoe trade there: it is an agricultural district. At the Dorset gaol, out of 1057 prisoners, 723 had been in Sunday schools. There is an answer to the question, “Where are the nine?” What is the cause of this? How is it brought about? One of the great objects at which Lancashire manufacturers are aiming is to avoid waste, and to use up every particle of cotton that comes into the mill. Should it not be the object of every minister and Sunday school teacher, and the object of every parent to avoid waste as much as possible. Do I want to have one of my little ones for Christ, and the others left out? What is the cause of this? I know you may say, as we have been reminded to-night, that our hearts are evil; so they are—I know it; and I know also the evil influences of society. But these things do not explain this terrible waste. Go to the persons themselves, and ask them what drew them down, and what keeps them there. Ask Mr. Clay. He says, “Strong drink is the cause of all this;” and Mr. Hutton says the same. Ask the prisoners. Ask MacPhail, who was executed at Liverpool for the murder of that old woman. He had been in a Sunday school, and he had had a praying father; and yet he killed that defenceless old woman. Before he swung, he said, “It is the drink that has done it:” and that is the monotonous reply to every question we put. Go to that poor fellow who was swept into eternity two years ago, for the murder of

his father through the same cause. Before the day of execution, a friend visited him, whom he knew of old. He had been in a Sunday school, and in the class of one of my most particular friends. He was asked, "How came you to murder your old father?" and he said, "I could not have done it, but for the drink. My father spoke sharp, and I was half mad. I went to the public-house for drink, and then got the pistol. I came home, saying, 'I will not be scolded in this way;' but when I saw my father's grey hairs, I could not take his life. I returned to the public-house and took more drink, and then I went and put the pistol to my father's head. I am a murderer, but the drink did it." Teachers, strong drink is your great foe; it keeps two millions out, and damns the two millions in. What is to be done? Is this true? O! so true, that every true heart ought to be willing to shed tears of blood over these poor perishing ones. It is too true, and the history of the doings of strong drink is like the Prophet's roll, written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe. A few years ago I induced a bright-faced little boy to sign the pledge. His father, who was a class-leader amongst us, did not see with me on the question. He had two other sons, one of whom was a member of the church; and he said to me, "You have made Harry a teetotaller, but leave the rest alone." The son who was a member of the church once said to me, "Why don't you have a glass of wine when you are worn out? Am I not a Christian?" I replied, "I believe you are." He then said, cannot the grace of God keep me from being swept away by it? Just look how it sparkles in the glass. Your good health." And, so saying, he tossed it off. Soon afterwards I was removed to another part of the country. Recently, a person stopped me at King's Cross Station. "Mr. Garrett, is it you?" At first I did not know him; but it was the father of these boys. I looked at him with astonishment, and said, "Can it be possible?—what does this mean?" When I left him he had the means of retiring from business, and contemplated doing so. He told me a sad tale. The two sons besides Harry had taken to drinking. One, who was in an office in London, had committed forgery, and the father had given up all he had to save his child. I asked, "What has become of Harry?" and the answer was, "Well, he kept the pledge, and he is in business now, and keeping his poor mother and sister, and I am doing anything here." I say drink is the cause of this destruction in our churches and schools. What is to be done? That is the question. Something must be done. We can't go on for ever training children and then handing them over to the devil to do his work. We must stop this terrible destruction; will you help? Is it worth while? Here is a foe in our land: who will rise up against him? I want to awaken consciences: with me it is conscience work. If my heart were not in it, I would not be here to-night. There is something left undone. You have put a barrier here and there. You have done every thing but one thing. You have told them about the bad books, about bad company, about falsehood, and about dishonesty. What more? There is a gap left, and through that the wolf has come, and he has borne off your tender lambs. What is to be done? Say,

“Don’t read those books, don’t go with that company.” Say all that, and when you have done that, say, “Look not upon the wine when it is red, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder”—(cheers). I believe I speak to-night as perhaps I should not otherwise, because I have quick ears and ready fingers following me, and I hope that what I say may reach some one who has not come to listen to us. If the church of Christ, and all the Sunday school teachers, and all the ministers of God’s church were next Sabbath morning to be able to stand up and to say, “Our hands are clean of the drink for ever,” there would be a gap stopped up, and the children would be saved—(cheers). If we had time, I could go on giving you illustration after illustration in proof of this position. I was speaking at Bolton once, when a lady came up to me and said, “God bless you for what you have said to-night.” I asked, “What makes you say so?” She replied, “Because I know you are right. I have brought up six children, and they are all teetotallers, and are members of the Christian church.” Another came and said to me, “I can bear testimony to the truth of what you say. I have had eight children, teetotallers from their birth, and they are all walking on the road to heaven.” Sir, stop the gap: shut the wolf out, and shut the poor sheep in—(cheers). I often see in the newspapers a long list of words, all the same—“Wanted.” There is another voice getting hoarse and terrible, that cries, “Wanted.” The drink traffic, like a fire, would burn itself out in a short time if no more fuel were supplied—(hear, hear). It is a terrible thing to see so many going to hell. Oh! step between it and the children. If you can’t stop the fire, throw down a house or two. We are told that 50,000 drunkards will die this year. Remember, there will be in the world as many at the end of next year. Somebody will have to suffer. I have a friend who keeps a dram-shop in London. Meeting him one day, I asked him, “Have you your family there?” He replied, “I never let them come to my place of business.” But somebody’s children will have to go there, or it would soon be shut up. There is a hoarse cry, “Wanted! wanted! wanted! 10,000 poor deathless souls to fill up the place of the 10,000 that die in London every year through drink. Wanted! a little child to fill the place of the girl who has leaped from the bridge! Wanted! a poor soul to fill the place of poor MacPhail. Wanted! supplies for brothels, mad-houses, and prisons.” Teachers, how shall it be? Look at the class; which of these are you willing to hand over? Which are you willing should go? Mothers, look around your family circle. Shall it be the son or the daughter? Unless something be done, they will be added. Mind that. What is to be done? I will tell you: We should stand up—every father, every mother, every minister, every teacher, every church member, every Briton should stand up and say, “If I cannot have my glass of ale or glass of wine without the children’s ruin, I will drink no more while the world standeth.” Let that be done and the drink traffic will soon be at an end. If anybody asks us to violate the law of God in obedience to the will of man, we will reply as a nation, “Whether it be better to obey man rather than God, judge ye.” Our Sabbath schools shall then be free from

heir curse; the prisons shall become museums—the workhouses, people's halls—and our own dear country shall stand up—

“Great, glorious, and free;

First flower of the land! first gem of the sea!”

The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged cheering.

The children then sang two more pieces. The first was the round,

“The noblest hero of the whole

Is he who can himself control;”

and the second was, “The Spider and the Fly,” which the audience enjoyed so much that they encored it. During the singing a collection was made.

The Rev. R. MAGUIRE, M.A., who was the next speaker, received a special cheer of recognition from the boys in the orchestra, and the aptitude which had won him a little to their special gratitude was probably displayed in the fact that he addressed himself alternately to the audience and to the children.

“Homeward Bound,” by the last speaker, was then sung.

The Rev. J. H. WILSON, followed, and alluded to a painting which was exhibited in London, which represented the Queen handing the Bible to an African prince, and telling him that that was the secret of England's greatness. The Band of Hope found its source of power in the Bible. When the Prince of Wales was a baby he had a nurse who was teetotaller; and when this was made known to the Queen she ordered a silver Temperance medal to be presented to the nurse. He was with the Prince in 1849, when his Royal Highness visited a distillery. The proprietors naturally thought that the best hospitality they could offer him would be a taste of their whisky. The Prince put it to his lips, but the moment he tasted it he put it from him with a feeling of utter contempt. Might he ever retain that distaste for that which had been the curse of Scotland. The rev. gentleman concluded by singing, “My ain Fireside,” to the delight of the audience, who cheered the volunteer vocalist heartily.

The Doxology having been sung, and the benediction pronounced, it appeared that the chairman, had passed over the names of gentlemen who had been set down to move and second a vote of thanks to himself; but before the audience had left their seats the fact was disclosed, and the thanks were given by acclamation.

The proceedings terminated about half-past nine o'clock.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION CONFERENCES.

These conferences, held at Exeter Hall, in the morning, afternoon, and evening of Wednesday, the 20th ult., fitly supplemented the great public meeting of the previous Monday evening. The latter was a manifestation

of achievements wrought, of hopes realised; the former were designed and adapted for an exchange of ideas on those principles and modes of operation from which those results flowed: nay, more, the conferences implied that difficulties had yet to be surmounted, and plans formed, or modified, or matured, which might extend the area still more thoroughly, spiritualise the tone, and give greater permanency to the effects of Band of Hope labour. Our report of the proceedings at these conferences must, from the obvious necessities of the case, be given in the form of summary rather than in detail. We trust that next year the conferences will be as numerous for attendance as they were this year interesting and important in character.

There were present during the day about 150 delegates and visitors—evidently animated by a very earnest spirit. Indeed, the absence of indifference, of weariness, of levity, may be regarded as well worth noting; yet, as this would almost necessarily suggest, there was no lack of cheerfulness.

The following names, copied from the list of entries, will not be unacceptable to our readers; and may serve in future years for useful reference:—

Mr. W. B. Affleck, representing the Northern Auxiliary, embracing 30 Bands of Hope; Mr. E. Barrett, Camberwell; Louisa Barrett, Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell, 350 members; T. P. Beamish, Coventry, 900; Samuel Back, Dorking; William Bell, Melbourne, Australia; Rev. Dawson Burns, United Kingdom Alliance; Rev. J. P. Butler, London; John Brice, Shadwell society, 160; G. Blaby, Agent, Band of Hope Union; Rebecca Braggins, Limehouse; Edward Bryan, Vauxhall; F. G. Boon, Spa Fields; Carter B. Benn, Surrey Chapel; C. Burlingham, Needham Market; John Bailey, Brixton; Mary Barker, Peckham, Calthorpe terrace; William Henry Brooking, Gray's Inn road, 130; S. Chamberlin, Providence Hall; Miss J. Chapman, Peckham; Mary Ann Clarke, Poplar; John Corke, Southgate; M. Dorel, 8, Great Queen street; Ellis Davenport, Worthing, 110; Stephen S. Dean, Bedford, 500; William Ellis, Southgate; Mary Elizabeth Evans, Horsley street; Thomas Fenton, Sudbury, 140; J. W. Fletcher, Good Samaritan, Band of Hope, 130; J. French, sup., Pill street, Band of Hope, and R. Lary; Moses Franks, Hackington, Lincolnshire; William S. Foot, Bromley-by-Bow, 100; Joseph Sturge Gilpin, Nottingham; W. H. Green, Commercial Road Chapel; Rev. C. Garrett, Preston, 1000; R. Griffiths, Slough, 150; Catherine Grove, North London Sabbath School; George E. Hatton, Chancery lane: Rev. James Harcourt, Borough road, London; Booth Harris; W. B. Harvey, Frome, Somerset, 2,000; C. H. Searl, and Mrs. Searl, Fox and Knot court, Smithfield, 75; Edward Henry, Ellen Mary, and Lucy Hermitage, of the Vulcan Band of Hope; George Hinde, Shadwell; James Hitchens, Bethel Band of Hope, Gravesend, 210; George T. Huns, Bishopsgate; Mary Hutson, Limehouse; G. Hurst, and Mrs. Hurst, Elstree street, Gower street; B. Harvey, Little Denmark street; W. J. Haynes, Forest hill, Treasurer of the Band of Hope Union; Samuel Insull, Westminster road; William H. James, Barnsbury, 100; H. Jones, London; T. Jones, City of London Temperance Association, 200; Elias Lane, Christchurch, Hants, 500; J. Lesiter, Stoke Newington; Charles Lymer, Whitfield Chapel Band of Hope; John and Mark Mantle,

Vauxhall Band of Hope, 80 ; Rev. T. J. Messer and Mr. W. P. Thomas, visitors ; W. A. Marsh, Dorking ; Samuel A., Ellen E., and Rachel L. Maw, Needham Market ; G. M. W. Mills, Commercial Road Sunday School ; Rev. G. W. McCree, Secretary Band of Hope Union ; Mrs. McCree ; George M. Murphy, Meliora Band of Hope, Kent street, London ; the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, M.A. ; Edward Nean, Leiston, Suffolk ; J. Needham, Gee street, Goswell road ; Robert Nichol, Shadwell ; W. Oakes, Stepney ; J. G. Owens, Lambs' Conduit-place ; J. W. Oxley, M.D., John street, Bedford row, Band of Hope ; Miss Parisenne, Bishopsgate ; Joseph Payne, Esq., Temple, London ; G. J. Peawrie, Camberwell ; I. Phillips, Band of Hope Union, Bradford, Yorkshire, 4,000 ; Mr. S. G. Greenough, of London, and H. Sewell, of Bradford ; Councillor Pollard, visitor, Bradford ; Rev. T. Phillips, Earl's Barton, 160 ; William Pierce, Wrexham ; George Prichard, Lambeth ; Miss Pitt, Cirencester, 400 ; Philip Parker ; Robert Rae, Secretary, National Temperance League ; John Ripley, Leicester ; John Rutherford, Princes Street Sunday School Band of Hope, Northampton, 130 ; J. T. Spooner, St. Clement Danes ; Stephen Shirley, of the Band of Hope Union Committee ; Wm. J. Symons, New Bridge street, Vauxhall ; C. Starling, Agent, Band of Hope Union ; R. B., Mrs., and Miss M. Starr, 4, Victoria street, Holborn hill ; Edward B. Storr, Kentish Town Band of Hope, 120 ; Edward Stephens and John Byland, Working Men's Club Temperance Association, Duck Lane, Westminster ; Wm. Spriggs, National Temperance League ; Frederic Smith, Agent, Band of Hope Union ; Thos. A. Smith, of the National Temperance League ; James Thompson, Southgate ; Henry H. Tipper, Whitechapel ; David and Francis Tuffeny, Anchor Band of Hope ; W. Thomas, Gee street, Goswell road ; David Thomas, Whitfield Chapel Band of Hope ; C. D. Udall, of the Band of Hope Union Committee ; W. A. Benning, Kingsland Band of Hope ; J. S. Walters ; Elizabeth Webber, Britannia Fields Sunday School, 65 ; William West, Chapham ; J. Wood, 8, Great Queen street ; and Thomas Irving White, Leicester.

The Rev. Dr. BURNS, on taking the chair, gave out the 18th Hymn in the "Band of Hope Union Hymn Book," which was sung, after which the Rev. G. W. MCCREE read the Scriptures, and the Rev. C. GARRETT implored the Divine blessing on the proceedings of the day.

The CHAIRMAN, in an excellent address, expressed the opinion that the success of the temperance cause mainly depended on the success of unmistakable temperance amongst the young. The mother of Samson, the Hercules of the ancient world, was directly commanded by the angel of the Lord, not to give to her child wine or strong drinks. If abstinence were good in his case, must it not be good in others ? With children the work was plain ; it was sailing on the Pacific ocean ; and it was important to the church, to temperance societies, to the world, that we should preserve our children from intemperance. The sights which most offended their eyes in London were those connected with the intemperate habits, the Sabbath-breaking, and the foul language of the young. The Chairman referred in terms of high approval to the meeting of Monday night : to the speeches generally, to the speech especially of the chairman, Mr. Samuel Morley ; and to that of the Rev. Mr. Garrett : the substance of which, at least, he hoped might be printed and circulated

throughout the kingdom. He felt that they were greatly indebted, and society generally was greatly indebted, to the Rev. G. W. McCree, on whom he would call to open the proceedings of the day.

Rev. G. W. McCree, having read a letter from Mr. W. E. Saunders, of Plymouth, on the importance of forming an auxiliary to the Band of Hope Union in the West of England, which was well received, then read the following interesting paper, on—

THE EXISTING NECESSITY FOR BANDS OF HOPE, AND MOTIVES FOR THEIR EXTENSION.

Bands of Hope are temperance societies for children and young persons. They were first formed in 1845-6, and at once commanded the suffrages of thoughtful and benevolent individuals. That they have preserved vast numbers of the young from the blighting influence of intemperance cannot be doubted, and had they been better conducted, more efficiently organised, and more zealously multiplied by those who are specially responsible for the education and moral training of children, the number of sober and christian persons would have been larger than it is.

Intemperance is an ancient evil. Primitive nations were corrupted by it, and remote communities were weakened and destroyed by it. Jews, Assyrians, Romans, Greeks, Persians, Europeans, Americans, and Australians, have, in successive ages, had to deplore its accursed power. Its victims have been found amid primeval forests, on mountain slopes, in splendid cities, in rude hamlets, in lovely islands encircled by the glittering waters of shining seas, on fields of battle, in peaceful valleys filled with corn, and bright with flowers, in busy factories, in the school, the senate, and the holy house where prayer is wont to be made. Prisons have been filled with its votaries. The scaffold has reeked with the blood of its victims. Every generation, every country, every church, and ever household has had to deplore its long-continued and destructive reign.

That reign has not ceased. The present generation has seen many empires fall, and many kings forced to "flee apace," but the empire of Intemperance still towers like a dark mountain, and King Alcohol still sways his sceptre over a great multitude of nations, and, alas! like Goliath, can and does boldly proclaim, "I defy the armies of Israel this day."

We do not affirm that nothing has been done to assail and cripple the power of this cruel monster—Intemperance. The men of Preston have not lived in vain. Their successors have not toiled for nought. Future generations will award illustrious praises to them, and hand down their names with honour to the future. There is not a statesman, preacher, journalist, teacher, parent, or workman in this country who does not now witness, in his own circle, and in the vast social movements of the century, the mighty puissance of temperance truth. The word "Teetotalism" is now an integral part of the Anglo-Saxon language, and will, we believe, rise in the ascendant from age to age, and the principles which it announces have wrought moral miracles, which have made the world to feel that a great power is working glorious changes in the customs and life of modern society.

But the battle is not won,—the foe is not dead. Intemperance is still the colossal evil of our time. No section of our community is free from its malefic presence. It continues to ruin the bodies and souls of men. If so, then, Bands of Hope are as necessary as ever.

I invite the courteous attention of this Conference to this proposition, namely—*The present state of Society demonstrates the importance of training the children of the age to abstain from Intoxicating Drinks.*

The census of 1851 showed that on the 31st of March in that year there were 21,000,000 of persons in Great Britain. Of these there were 2,700,000 children under five years of age; above 2,440,000 aged five and under ten years of age; and above 2,245,000 aged ten and under fifteen years. Every one of these children is exposed to fearful temptations from strong drinks. Pure, merry, and beloved, thousands of them in the course of a few years will have become impure, wretched, and perhaps hated in consequence of intemperate habits. Some of them will, no doubt, become the parents of diseased and lawless children, and thus the fatal circle of intemperance will widen from year to year.

It is notorious that large numbers of young persons become drunkards. I preached to the crowd assembled to witness the execution of Joseph Brooks, at the Old Bailey, and close to me was a young girl under the debasing influence of the bottle. Not long ago a friend of mine entered a gin-shop on a Sunday evening, and found seventeen boys consuming ardent spirits. Their language, I need not say, was profane and obscene. On May 11th, Timothy Brown, a rough boy, aged fifteen, was charged at Marlborough Street with having been drunk, and while in that state assaulted and stabbed his mother in the face and back. Mr. J. Symons, in his Prison Reports, speaking of Leeds, says:—"I went, accompanied by Inspector Childs, to visit the low places of resort of the working classes. We started soon after nine o'clock, and visited about a score of beer and public houses. In the beer shops there were several mere children; and in almost all were prostitutes. These places were thronged. In one, dancing was going on in a good-sized room, where I found a dozen couples performing a country dance; the females were all factory girls and prostitutes. Not one of these dancers, boys or girls, was above twenty-one years of age." The Rev. F. Bishop, thus describes the music saloons of Liverpool after having visited fourteen of them:—"In every instance, I marked the presence of abandoned women. In one of the rooms there were 150 persons—a third boys. In another of higher character 400 persons, a fourth of whom consisted of youths of both sexes. The best conducted of the rooms I fear the most. In some the songs and singers are too disgusting to be dangerous: but in the better conducted a thin gauze of propriety is thrown over all the scenes. A few are open on a Sunday evening. I lately looked in at one. The audience was small, and mostly intoxicated. I heard the Old Hundred Psalm sung, the Hallelujah Chorus, Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, and the Jubilate Deo. The organ was a large one. It was a melancholy thing to see and hear this group singing, in such a place and such a company, 'We are His People and the Sheep of His Pasture.'" What has

been found in London, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, may be discovered in all our large towns, and often in our smallest villages, which, although "beautiful for situation," are frequently hot-beds of impurity, drunkenness, and vice.

No one, I think, can reflect on the facts I have exhibited without feeling convinced that some simple, wise, and effectual means of preserving the young from drunkenness should be universally adopted. What means shall we adopt? I reply—**BANDS OF HOPE.**

I would now briefly indicate:—*The Motives which should induce us to multiply Bands of Hope.*

1. I would specify,—*Our desire to promote the safety and happiness of our Children.*

Many of us are parents. Our bright-eyed children love us, and we love them. Their kisses refresh us in our weary hours, and gladden us as we see them gather around us in gleam and splendour of the morning. Surely we would not like to see them drunkards. But children as bright, as good, as intelligent, as loveable as ours have fallen into the dark gulf of intemperance, and alas, no hand could rescue them from its awful and fatal depths. What, then, shall we do? Let us make our children members of the Band of Hope Union, and let us do what may be possible to train them in the practice of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

2. I would specify,—*The desirableness of guarding Sunday School Scholars from the evils of Intemperance.* The Sunday school is a universal institution, and has been made an inestimable blessing to our country. A prosperous and a useful Sunday school is a fountain of knowledge and goodness. But thousands of Sunday scholars never become Christians, because they become drunkards. This startling statement is not made without deliberation and proof; nor must I be deemed an enemy of Sunday schools because I make it. I am a firm friend of these admirable institutions, and plead for the introduction of total abstinence as a part of their operations, because I desire their increased usefulness. From a trustworthy source I have taken some statements, which prove that strong drink is the most potent enemy of both teachers and scholars. "Out of fifteen young men professing piety, and teachers in the Sunday school, nine were ruined through drink." "A teacher of a class had collected the statistics in respect to that class, consisting of forty-six. He was induced to examine what were their habits in regard to temperance during the preceding seven years, and the result was—drunkards, thirteen; occasional drunkards, nine; steady characters, thirteen; unknown three, &c." Here, then, out of forty-six scholars twenty-two have become the victims of the bottle. How long shall such devastations continue? How long shall noble young men and fair young maidens be left at the mercy of the drinking customs of the country? It is time to train every Sunday scholar in the belief that alcoholic drinks are unnecessary for the body, pernicious to the brain, dangerous to the morals, and antagonistic to the spread of the Christian faith. A Band of Hope in connection with every Sunday school must be declared an

absolute necessity. Properly conducted, it will soon approve itself to all, and in the course of a few years demonstrate that it has fortified its members against our national sin.

3. I would specify,—*The certainty that efforts on behalf of the young will produce large and permanent results.* The efforts to reform drunkards have not been in vain. There is not a town in England where we may not witness the marvellous transformations wrought by the temperance movement. Hoary drunkards have been reclaimed. Notorious profligates have become sober, then thoughtful, and then religious. Moderate drinkers have also been induced to adopt our principles. We have become a mighty host. Like an immense army, we stand in battle array against intemperance. But how many of our comrades have deserted their colours, and are now in the ranks of “confederates”! They have left the army fighting for freedom and righteousness, and now lend their aid to a rebellion against science, humanity, and godliness. But our children, when thoroughly trained to appreciate and practise Total Abstinence, seldom leave our ranks; indeed, they rush into the forefront of the battle, and with all the ardour of youth deal great blows on the helmet of our foe, and will one day beat him down to the ground, and destroy his foul and hellish life. Let us therefore enlist the children of the nation in this holy war. Let us recruit every child in the land, and like David, he will meet the foe “in the valley of decision,” and overturn and slay him even when he is vauntingly defying the armies of the living God. I repeat,—Enlist the children, and you will reap large and permanent results.

4. I would specify,—*The great glory which will thus accrue to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.* Competent authority has affirmed that only one Sunday scholar in ten joins the Church of Christ. How is this? The drink-demon robs the blessed Saviour of the children who are his rightful heritage. Teach a child to drink, or a young man, or young maiden to use wine, and to conform to the artificial, foolish, costly, and perilous drinking customs of society, and you will open wide the gate which leads to crime and misery. This has been done, is done at this moment, and consequently thousands of our elder scholars are on their way to drunkenness, pauperism, lunacy, and premature death. The Band of Hope would lead to the Sunday school, and the abstaining child supported in its practices by an abstaining teacher’s sympathy and prayers, would enter upon the battle of life fortified against the bottle. Taught not only to avoid the public-house,—but to shun the glass, pewter mug, and decanter, the scholars in our Sunday schools would be more likely to “Come to Jesus,” and sing “Glory, Glory, Glory” around the shining throne for evermore.

Remember that we regard this as the ultimate aim of the Band of Hope movement. I love and labour for it because it promotes the conversion and consecration of the young. It has prepared the way of the Lord. It has brought “Glory to God in the highest.” It has multiplied the converts to the Cross of Christ. Knowing this I plead for its extension in connection with every household, every school, and every Christian community. That it has and will glorify Christ, is my sublimest reason for defending and diffusing it.

And let my revered fellow-labourers endeavour to guide their children to Christ. This—this must be your lofty aim. To see your children strewing palm branches and “lilies of the valley” in the pathway of their Divine Friend, and to hear them making the Temple of God ring and resound with “Hosannah! Hosannah! Hosannah!” must form your chief joy. Before you go to your Band of Hope pray—pray—pray for the salvation of every child, and that you may meet your juvenile charge in a devout and loving spirit, read in your chamber some simple rhyme like this :—

“The Master has come over Jordan,”

Said Hannah the mother one day ;

“He is healing the people who throng him,

With a touch of His finger, they say.

And now I shall carry the children,

Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,

I shall carry the baby, Esther,

For the Lord to look upon.”

The father looked at her kindly,

But he shook his head and smiled :

“Now who but a doting mother

Would think of a thing so wild ?

If the children were tortured by demons,

Or dying of fever—’twere well ;

Or had they the taint of the leper,

Like many in Israel ;”—

“Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,

I feel such a burden of care,—

If I carry it to the Master

Perhaps I shall leave it there.

If He lay His hand on the children,

My heart will be lighter, I know ;

For a blessing for ever and ever

Will follow them as they go.”

So over the hill of Judah,

Along by the vine-rows green,

With Esther asleep on her bosom,

And Rachel her brothers between ;

‘Mong the people who hung on His teaching,

Or waited His touch and His word,

Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,

She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

“Now why should’st thou hinder the Master,”

Said Peter, “with children like these ?

See’st not how from morning till evening

He teacheth and healeth disease ?”

Then Christ said, “Forbid not the children ;

Permit them to come unto me ?”

And He took in His arms little Esther,

And Rachel He set on His knee ;

And the heavy heart of the mother
 Was lifted all earth-care above,
 As He laid His hands on the brothers,
 And blest them with tenderest love ;
 As He said of the babes in His bosom,
 " Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—
 And strength for all duty and trial
 That hour to her spirit was given.

For my part I never felt more confidence in the christian character of the Band of Hope movement. "The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge." Let us go on filled with courage and joy. Let us love God, love the drunkard, love our opponents, love our country, love our Queen, love our great and glorious cause;—let us, I say, do this—all this, and we shall conquer, and see the world redeemed from the curse of Drunkenness. For,

As I awoke one morning,
 While yet the stars were burning
 To my poor spirit yearning.
I heard an angel sing.
And though the world's in slavery,
Beneath the grasp of knavery,
With truth's bold words of bravery
We'll make the whole earth ring.
 Love shall be the conqueror,
 And drive away the sin.
 A laugh may turn the faithless,
 But we through all are scathless—
 Our principles are deathless,
 And let them laugh who win.
 By Faith, by Hope, by Patience,
 We'll spread the truth of Temperance ;
 By Love, by Light, by Diligence,
 We'll usher Virtue in ;
 And Love shall be the conqueror,
 And drive away the sin.
 The drunkard's chain is broken,
 The word of peace is spoken,
 THE PLEDGE-BOOK IS THE TOKEN
 THAT BRIGHT DAYS SHALL BEGIN.
And hark! the pealing chorus—
Angels are hovering o'er us—
The just men gone before us.
We hear their spirits sing—
Love shall be the conqueror,
And drive away the sin.

The reading of this paper was frequently interrupted by cheers, which were renewed and prolonged at the close.

[*The next Number of the "Record" will contain the remainder of the proceedings of the Conference.*]

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION CONFERENCES.

(Continued.)

At the conclusion of the Rev. G. W. McCREE's paper, the Rev. C. GARRETT moved—"That this Conference is deeply impressed with a sense of the physical, moral, and religious evils which arise from intemperance, and deeply deplores the fact that a large proportion of our juvenile population annually drifts into the ranks of drunkards, thus perpetuating the continuance of our national vice, and is consequently persuaded that it is wise and obligatory to induce children and young persons to commence and continue the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and would, therefore, urge the clergy of the Church of England, the ministers of Nonconformist communities, the heads of households, Sunday-school teachers, and the friends of the young generally to form and promote well-conducted Bands of Hope." He said he most heartily concurred in the motion. Having referred to the chairman's useful works, he rejoiced that the Doctor's health had been restored (especially in London, which seemed so fatal to ministerial health), for the benefit of Temperance. The ministers of all denominations were becoming more and more favourable to Temperance, and especially during the last two or three years. He thought that each section of the Church should be left to take its own course in this matter. He rejoiced in the Church of England movement. Parents were favourable—their feelings were on our side.

Mr. MURPHY seconded the resolution in a useful speech, and the motion was cordially carried.

Mr. W. M. SYMONS then read the following excellent paper on—

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRAINING THE YOUNG IN THE PRACTICE OF TEMPERANCE.

If we look at London, with its crowded alleys and streets, we must admit, that though a gradual improvement has taken place during the last thirty years in the drinking habits of the people, yet one generation has passed away since the temperance reformation commenced its great work in England, and our youths are still largely educated in the practice of moderate drinking—the sure prelude to intemperance in future years.

Without disparaging any effort to preserve the adult and aged from habits of drunkenness, or of reclaiming them to sobriety and virtue, and then to religion; it may yet be doubted whether there is any means of effectually rooting out any evil from society, but by educating the young in abhorrence of it, and keeping them from childhood from its temptations and allurements.

Apply this to the use of strong drink. While older persons use, and

for the time seem not to suffer morally or physically from it, there will always be a temptation to the young, and unlike many other evils, the higher the character of him who uses strong drink, the more will the example impress. I once heard two brothers talking—one was a teetotalter, and both were the sons of a minister. They had been away from home, and while discussing the subject, one of them said, “But my father is a good man, and he drinks spirits.” Often is it that an intemperate parent has a sober son, because the danger of consuming strong drink was open and transparent; while the moderate drinking father frequently has drunken children, who by his dangerous example have learnt to love the glass, and then to follow after it greedily. Yes, bitter has been the retort to many a parent’s complaints of an intemperate child:—“You taught me to love drink.”

How we can expect a sober manhood from children who are trained to the use of strong drink at their father’s table, unless they have a strong hatred fixed in them to its use through temperance education, I know not.

What is wanted is a thorough temperance education, that shall be brought to bear on childhood and youth, as well as manhood and age. Without this, we are simply allowing weeds to grow, that men may be employed to pull them up again, or else we let the soil grow waste. Surely good seed should be sown early in the season of life.

Were not the Jesuits right in training the infant mind, and isolating the child from all the associations of savage life? This was their habit in all heathen lands, and were they not wise? If we wish a sober population, we must not only labour through our influence on manhood to remove snares and temptations, but we must train up the child to abstain from strong drink. Its evils in life and its horrors at all times should be vividly portrayed. The history and process of making intoxicants should be well known by every youth, and the right name of “Poison” should be labelled on the pernicious compounds made from vinous or alcoholic fermentation. All this should be embraced in the education of our youth. They should, like Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, be even sworn on the altar of their parents’ hate.

What plan so well suited, what practice so well adapted to help on the glorious time, when the world shall be free from intemperance, as the organizing and perpetuating of Bands of Hope? Every Sabbath school should therefore have a Band of Hope connected with it. Many active teachers are now willing to help in this good work, and as time advances, more will come forward from their ranks. Half measures in the temperance movement will not avail, and many christian teachers really now see, that their classes must be saved from the ravages of their sworn foe, strong drink, or to a great extent they will spend their strength for naught.

It is our pledged youth, when educated aright in the knowledge of temperance truth, that in after years become our best advocates and our staunchest teetotalters. This is natural, and only like the tree producing its proper fruit. In them is the hope of the temperance world.

We have a right to expect the blessing of the Almighty when we train our young people to virtue; but how dare we ask him to bless our efforts,

if we wilfully neglect Bible principles, and leave our children to run wild in all the practice and pleasure of sinful indulgence. Surely prevention is better than cure.

Allow me to conclude with a slightly altered verse of Paxton Hood :—

“How beautiful, how beautiful, ’twould be if we could see

Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile intemperance free.

If all her *lads but stood erect*, the temperance cause to bear,

And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their shining hair.”

The Rev. T. PHILLIPS was called upon to move:—“That this Conference, devoutly believing in the inspired maxim, ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,’ would avow its deliberate conviction, that early training in total abstinence principles is indispensable to the preservation of the young from intemperance, and the final deliverance of this great commonwealth from its lamentable evils.” This he did in an earnest address.

Mr. J. RUTHERFORD seconded the motion in a forcible appeal. Not one of his children had ever tasted intoxicating drinks, and he was educated in a similar manner. It was of importance that the Band of Hope Union should direct attention, and that that great institution, the Sunday-school Union, should be induced to direct attention to the subject of improving the character of school-books in relation to this matter. It was also of importance that the young should be trained right for service, for the old and young united would by-and-bye secure a triumph.

The Rev. Mr. GARRETT, Mr. MURPHY, Mr. SYMONS, and Mr. McCREE (who called attention to the *Band of Hope Record* and other publications of the Union) took part in the discussion which followed. The general feeling of the meeting seemed to be, that a faithful and judicious introduction of Temperance into Sunday-schools and elsewhere had been, and would be, very beneficial.

Mr. Affleck then sang, with good effect, “Kind Words shall Never Die.”

Mr. STARR followed with some admirable remarks, showing how the refusal of some school-rooms connected with places of worship for Band of Hope meetings had led to the taking of halls, in which modes of management of a hurtful character were carried out—(hear). There was, however, a better spirit rising. He concluded by moving thanks to the Rev. Dr. Burns, for presiding on that occasion; and also to the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, who had been moved to the chair on Dr. Burns leaving, on account of pressing duties elsewhere, at twelve o’clock. This was carried unanimously with acclamation, suitably acknowledged, the ‘Doxology’ was sung, and the assembly broke up for refreshments at ten minutes to one o’clock.

AFTERNOON CONFERENCE.

The afternoon Conference was more fully attended than that in the morning, the proceedings being commenced with prayer, offered by the Rev. T. J. MESSER; at the close of which,

Mr. THOMAS CASH, of the United Kingdom Temperance Provident

Institution, who presided, said his duties as chairman would be light. He had not personally engaged much in Band of Hope work, although near relatives of his were deeply interested. Still, he heartily wished them success. He thought that if they could tell anything to each other which they knew on the subject, it might do good—(hear). He would, therefore, for encouragement tell a fact as to a Band of Hope in his own neighbourhood. A drunken man went in on one occasion, and was allowed to remain, on promising to sit still. The teacher spoke to the children of that man, and the heartfelt prayers of the teacher and children were offered for him, and he became another man; he signed the pledge, and his wife had done the same—(hear). And there was no telling where the good in that case and in similar cases might end—(renewed applause). He would now call on Mr. G. M. Murphy to read a paper written by Mr. Frederick Anstie, of Devizes, entitled, "How to Convince Children of the Value of Total Abstinence."

Mr. MURPHY then read Mr. ANSTIE'S paper, the subject of which was—

HOW TO CONVINCE CHILDREN OF THE VALUE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE?

It has long been felt by teetotallers, that the various means which are used for inducing adults to become abstainers, and to keep them so, are not sufficient to meet the requirements of children and young persons. To gain these over to the side of temperance is admitted on all hands to be of the utmost importance; and to discuss how this may best be done, is the object of the present paper.

The attempt to win children over to the side of a principle and practice is not new, so we may argue very much from analogy. Our Sunday schools afford us a good example. They are neither more nor less than a system established for the propagation of the Christian religion. And the system is indeed a fine illustration of the noble spirit of sympathy, devotion, and enterprise which lies at the root of that religion.

The same spirit actuates the leaders of the temperance cause, but they have some disadvantages when compared with Sunday school teachers. Teetotallers cannot claim any one day in the week as exclusively set apart for the promotion of their cause, except so far as their views can be taught from the Holy Scriptures; and although we believe teetotalism to be based on christianity, we cannot advocate the substitution of temperance meetings for religious services.

The time which is devoted to inculcating total abstinence doctrines in the minds of children, is for the most part snatched from business or other useful and pleasurable pursuits. Hence we must not be discouraged if we find that the best conducted Bands of Hope are not so efficient as we could wish, and that from every large society many children are drawn away by the seductive influences which surround them. This will, however, make us more anxious to attain perfection in the mode of conducting our enterprise, so that our labour may be best economised, and none of it be spent in vain.

In order to see how children may be taught, we should first see how

they differ from adults. The chief difference will be found in their imperfect understanding. They have not yet learnt to perceive little differences and points of distinction. Every landscape, whether in nature or depicted in colors on canvas, is beautiful to a child, if only the sun shines, or those colours are arranged with a moderate degree of taste and skill. When a child notices little details, it is not from concentration of mental power, and an exercise of his judgment, but from those details having about them something which suddenly takes his fancy and captivates his sense.

The next important distinction between a grown person and a child is, the fact that the senses of the latter are very quick and in full play. The *child* sees, hears, tastes and feels,—easily believes, and acts. The *man* observes, remembers, thinks, reasons, and then acts. Hence our teaching of children should appeal rather to their senses than their understanding, and we should try to guide and direct their feelings to right objects and pursuits, rather than expect from them any great mental effort.

The question next arises,—how are we to adapt the appliances at our command so as to meet these considerations? The magic-lantern, tea parties, out-door fêtes, songs, melodies, recitations, and the sale and distribution of printed works, will we think embrace the means which are at hand, and which are used throughout the United Kingdom, with more or less zeal and skill, and with varying success. Of these then in order. Who has not witnessed the delight of a band of children assembled to view the magic and beautiful effects produced on the sheet of a good lantern, or the still more puzzling changes wrought by a pair of clever hands operating with two lanterns, and aided by so excellent a lime light and other appliances as those of the Band of Hope Union? The pleasure of seeing children enjoy such a sight is a part of our pay for the trouble we expend, and it is honest pay just in proportion to the pains we take to produce and leave a good impression on the children's minds.

Many slides have merely the effect of gratifying the sight, by producing a pleasing combination or arrangement of colours, as in the Chromatrope. Others, while they please the eye, may also bring us into closer intimacy with nature, and incidentally lead us from nature up to nature's God;—such are pictures of animals, landscapes, and the countless wonders of nature. Illustrations such as these, if only tolerably well drawn, will be beneficial. They can do no harm, and the amount of good they may do will correspond to the turn of mind and skill of the operator. Representations of heroes or heroines,—of the great and good of all ages, may be used to found the most important lessons upon, if only they be true to life. They ought to be photographs if possible, for children are quick to perceive what is true to nature. Unless they have been exposed to the most corrupting influences, and so lost their childhood, they will always like that best which is most beautiful,—and apart from any suitable remarks from the lecturer, they will find it very difficult to associate great and good qualities with a picture which betrays weakness, and is in itself repulsive and out of proportion. A protest must therefore be entered against any would-be portraits of great men, which

are really nothing more than dauby, inexpressive, representations of the artist's own imagination. The face of a Milton, a Wilberforce, a Cromwell, or a John Knox, will have character enough about it, if not beauty, provided it be got from the best source; and it will be worse than useless to substitute a daub. Better far for the lecturer to trust to his own powers of verbal delineation, and leave the children to picture to their own minds the features of his hero.

The slides however will be most advantageously employed with the immediate object of disposing the children towards teetotalism. Take for instance those admirable illustrations of "The Bottle," by Mr. Cruikshank, and some other of his valuable works. A vigorous effort should be made, through such slides as these, to create in the children a horror of strong drink and its terrible effects. They may also be made to produce a love for the means we adopt for checking drunkenness, and relieving that poverty and misery which is so inevitably the result of it. We stand very greatly in need of two or three more good sets of illustrations, particularly adapted to the temperance cause. We might have a set designed to point out the benefits and encouragements which those children meet with, who adopt and stand by the pledge of abstinence. Or the artist's skill might be employed in showing the subtle and wicked means adopted for enticing away the young from the way of temperance, or the easy steps by which those who abandon a good principle are led on from worse to worse, till they come to ruin. Several of the prize temperance tales which have been published would surely afford good subjects for the artist's skill, and we cannot but hope that the next year will produce some further help to our lecturers in this direction. Tea parties and out-door fêtes are very pleasant, and they afford an excellent opportunity of showing to our neighbours what we are doing, and at the same time of enlisting fresh helpers. They also give courage to those who are somewhat afraid of public opinion.

Songs, and melodies, well selected, are indispensable to the Band of Hope movement, and may be made the means of a great deal of pleasure, as well as of instruction to the children.

Recitations may be of some use in sustaining a cause where there is a deficiency of strength in the committee who work it, but it will be very difficult, in the use of recitations, to avoid giving to the children a love of display and publicity which may be the ruin of them. We cannot think that the best trained children will be induced to take part in the recitations. If so, surely it is not well to encourage others to do what the best feel, or are taught to consider wrong. We may remember, too, that there are many other and better ways of carrying on our work. We may persuade the children to read and commit to memory the very pieces which would make good recitations, or even to rehearse them at their homes, and so do a very large amount of good without injury to themselves. And this brings us to the remaining weapon we use in the Band of Hope movement,—we mean the printing press.

The circulation of temperance writings should be one of the first objects of the Band of Hope movement. It is a weapon with which we not only

defend our little cold water soldiers, but by which we aim a lusty blow at the foes they meet with in their own families.

It must be remembered that there are numbers of children in the Bands of Hope who come from very indifferent and even drunken families, and if we can only get every child in the Band of Hope to take home a temperance paper,—say a “British Workman,” “Band of Hope Review,” or “Adviser,”—who can estimate the good which may result to their families and to society generally, by the diffusion of such a vast amount of pure and wholesome reading.

In conclusion, we believe children are to be won chiefly by pictures,—pictures on calico,—pictures for the *day* time, as well as pictures for the evening when the gas is obliged to be turned down. Pictures in words, falling from the lips of eloquent lecturers,—pictures on paper,—and pictures in printed words. Everything that we want to teach must be some how or other set in a picture frame, suited to the child’s fancy. Then we must contrive to drop in the lesson to be taught, and as skilfully as possible transfer the child’s fancy through the picture to the important truth we intend to teach.

An interesting conversation followed the reading of Mr. Austie’s excellent paper, in which Mr. Venning, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Murphy, Judge Payne, Mr. T. I. White, Mr. Phillips (of Bradford), Mr. Sewell, Mr. Hitchins, Mr. Heaton, Mr. Greenhaugh, and Mr. Hugh Jones took part. Mr. PAYNE thought it desirable that children should not be put too much forward. Mr. WHITE said it seemed to be the idea that good or evil from recitations depended very much on the character of the teacher. Mr. PHILLIPS said he had been a teacher for eleven years of the Band of Hope connected with Sion Chapel, Bradford. He believed that recitations properly managed, were beneficial, and not injurious to the children. This point he illustrated by facts. He found, too, that the children almost always made admirable selections—(hear, hear). Mr. RUTHERFORD said he had known several reciters who had risen to eminence. Mr. SEWELL, Mr. HITCHINS, Mr. HEATON, Mr. GREENHAUGH and Mr. HUGH JONES, all concurred in the views of the Bradford delegate. Mr. Jones said that they found recitations the most interesting part of their meetings. They paid a conductor £20 a-year—(hear). Some difference of opinion existed as to whether girls should be permitted to recite publicly.

Mr. SHIRLEY said he somewhat differed with some who had spoken. If properly attended to, recitations would do good; but it was a grave question as to how far girls should be brought out. It was, too, not merely a question of vanity as to the children, but as to the cherishing of vanity in the teachers—(laughter and cheers).

Mr. MCCREE said, that as they should have but one paper at night, and they had much to attend to during the afternoon sitting, he would suggest that the discussion should be postponed—(hear).

The Rev. E. W. THOMAS (secretary to the Reformatory and Preventative Institution) then read a good but lengthy paper on “The Inseparable Connection between the General Use of Alcoholic Drinks and

Juvenile Delinquency," which was one of the great problems of the age. [We shall give our readers this excellent paper in some future number].

Mr. McCREE named a fact which came out at the Social Science Congress, from which it appeared that when the records of certain workhouses were examined, it was found that orphans were better off morally than those children who had one or two drunken parents.

Mr. W. B. HARVEY, of Frome, then read a very valuable paper on—

THE BEST MEANS FOR SECURING STEADFASTNESS IN BAND OF HOPE MEMBERS.

I take it that presence at this Conference is a guarantee that all here are fully impressed with the importance of the Band of Hope movement, and that we are met with one common object in view, viz., "in the multitude of counsellors" to gain that wisdom which will enable us in our respective spheres to prosecute our work more systematically, and in a manner that will promise a larger measure of success than we have as yet attained.

Not only labourers in the temperance vineyard, but those also who are engaged in other christian and philanthropic works, if they have, in any measure, been students of human nature, must have felt the vast importance of securing the sympathies of the young. We cannot understand the power and permanence of early impressions, and as, in our particular enterprise we are fighting against an evil habit, it is of especial moment that we endeavour to prevent that habit being formed in the young, knowing that in every sense "prevention is better than cure."

Moreover, let us never forget the amazing power that children have over others of an adult age, especially their own parents. Who can have read the touching story of "Wee Davie," and have seen the unconscious influence which that little prattler had on his sturdy father, in withdrawing him from bad habits and bad places, eradicating unkindly feelings, and softening and ennobling his entire nature, without feeling that in any moral work, if we can only gain the young, we have done much to gain the old also.

Will you then permit one, who though not an old man, has had some 21 years' experience in the Temperance movement, and that chiefly among the young, to offer a few practical suggestions on "The best means for securing stedfastness in Band of Hope members."

1. I would refer to the importance of a thorough training in those principles which constitute the basis of the movement.

Is it not a fact that we sometimes give too much attention to *amusing* and *interesting* the children, and too little to *teaching* them? If, at a Meeting, the singing and the Recitations have been well given, if the Address sustained the attention, and if we have sent away our youthful audience well-pleased with the meeting, and looking forward eagerly to the next, are we not too disposed to think we have done all that is necessary! Should we not rather, at the close of each meeting, ask ourselves the question—Are our children leaving us *wiser* than they came? Do they know more about the real nature of alcohol? Are

they more impressed with the truth concerning it which God has given in his word and in science? Are they, in fact, more prepared to battle with the temptations to which they will be exposed in reference to it, and to meet all those temptations with an intelligent argument?

I believe many of us are wanting in this respect, and that because of this, we have had to lament over many failures which would not have occurred, had our children been better grounded in true Temperance principles.

Do not misunderstand me. I would be the last to deprive our meetings of their attractive character. I believe in the power of music, not only to amuse but to refine and instruct the youthful mind. I believe also in every amusement of an innocent character, that will tend to draw forth the happiest anticipations of our little ones towards the Band of Hope meetings. Still, let us not forget that these are but as the casket, and will be comparatively worthless, unless they are made the vehicle of the precious jewel of sound instruction.

2. I would suggest that more efforts be made to circulate Temperance literature among the young. The movement may now well boast of its literature, both as to its periodicals, and its separate and larger works. Many of these are specially adapted for the young. Have we used as much effort as we could to circulate them? In the society with which I am connected about 350 Temperance periodicals are disposed of among our juvenile members every month, by a system to which I shall presently refer. Upwards of 1000 vols. of books from our library, all bearing on some phase of the Temperance question, are also kept in constant circulation among our members, and generally bear marks of being well read, not only by the youths, but also by many of their parents. I cannot but regard the judicious and continuous circulation of Temperance literature as even more valuable in promoting the steadfastness of our members, than the meetings.

3. Another point to which I would invite attention as being of great importance, is the employment of the young people in the work. There are various ways in which this may be done. In our society, we have found it useful occasionally to offer prizes for the best essays on given subjects, when, in order to secure a fair competition for those of younger years, we have always had distinct prizes for three different grades, the first grade being open to any members, the 2nd confined to those under the age of 16, and the 3rd to those under the age of 12. As specimens of those subjects offered to the first grade, I may mention the following:—"The History of the Temperance movement—detailing the various efforts that have been made from the earliest dates for the suppression of Intemperance, including the Moderation, the Total Abstinence, and the Legal Prohibition movements, and their several results." No youth could write an essay on that subject without having carefully read and thought on it, and such exercises must tend to strengthen the conviction of the truth and value of the Temperance principle. Another subject, was "The testimony of Scripture in favour of the principles of the Temperance movement; the work it is calculated to effect, and the reasons why it can never take the

place of the gospel, while it is still in perfect harmony with it." My firm belief is, that the more the Bible is studied in its reference to the Temperance movement, the more will it be seen that God's voice in his written Word is the same as His voice in science, and that the more we can induce our youth to search the Word of God, the more they will be led to hate that "wine" which is a "mockery," and that "strong drink" which is "raging." Another subject tested the imaginative and descriptive powers of the writers, and produced a number of Temperance tales, some of which would have done no dishonour to the press. The subject was stated thus:—"A narrative picturing the career of the father of a family brought to the brink of ruin by strong drink, rescued by teetotalism, and brought under the influence of the Gospel."

In the 2nd grade, the subjects were more simple, as will be seen by the following specimens:—"Passages of Scripture involving the principle of total abstinence, and examples of the Divine approval being given to those who practised it." "Reasons why alcohol cannot be considered 'a good creature of God.'" "The origin and history of Bands of Hope, and the best means of increasing their usefulness."

In the 3rd grade still greater simplicity was observed, thus: "Reasons for joining the Band of Hope"; "Scripture Texts on the Evils of Drunkenness"; "Scripture Warnings against Strong Drink."

We have, also, occasionally offered prizes for examination papers, founded on some scientific Temperance work, such as Miller's "Alcohol," Carpenter's "Physiology of Temperance."

Then there are other ways in which the young may be employed in advancing the cause. Some by preparing recitations, others by learning pieces of Temperance music, either separately or in choral classes, for the purpose of enlivening the meetings, and others from among the elder members, by occasionally giving addresses. I am persuaded that the more we can develop the thinking and working powers of our young people, the more will their steadfastness be secured, and the more will others be strengthened by their influence.

I have reserved the mention of one practical method for securing the active co-operation of the young till the last, although I believe it to be a most valuable one, and, from the fact of its having been in operation in Frome, for the past six years, it cannot be regarded as a visionary, untried theory—I refer to the system of employing a number of the most intelligent youths in systematically visiting the whole of the members. The town to which I have referred, is divided into 36 districts, over each of which a youth is appointed as district secretary, and is supplied with a register containing the names and addresses of all the members in that district. These officers are expected to visit each member at least once a month, to make an entry in the register of such visit, and if it be found that any member has broken the pledge, that fact is stated, together with the reason assigned for deserting the ranks. They also lend the library books, exchanging them at their next visit, and take orders for any of the temperance periodicals, which they deliver early in the month. It is through this agency that the periodicals referred to in an earlier part of

this paper are disposed of. Over these district secretaries are placed four young men as superintendents, each having nine secretaries under his direction. He receives their orders for the periodicals, delivers them, and takes the payment, exercises a general supervision, and is the medium of communication between the committee and district secretaries. The superintendents are *ex-officio* members of the committee. Once a quarter each secretary prepares a report of his or her district, and at a tea meeting, at which the committee and district secretaries are present, the superintendents read these reports, together with a summary of each of their four general divisions, which when combined show accurately the position of the society, as to its number of members, its accessions and defalcations, and the circulation of its literature.

I would most confidently recommend this system to general adoption, feeling that, more than anything else, it has tended to keep our members firm, and to render them intelligent abstainers, while the influence on those youths who are themselves working in this way is most valuable. It deepens their interest in the society, and is a means of training them for other useful spheres in connection with the movement.

4. One more brief suggestion will complete this hastily-prepared paper. If we are to keep our members steadfast, we must strive to gain the co-operation of the parents. In order to do this, it is essential that we fully recognize the parental authority over the children. In Frome, therefore, we allow no child under the age of 14 to sign the pledge without the signature of one or both of the parents to the following declaration:—"We, the undersigned, fully approve of our child becoming a member of the Band of Hope, and will do what we can to induce him (or her) to keep firm to the pledge." We have found this no hindrance to getting members, while we are persuaded it has been a great help to keeping them steadfast. Several of our members are the children of publicans, and the pledge papers have in these cases, been invariably signed by one or both of the parents, and in some instances, we have known these very parents who are themselves engaged in the traffic, make the most strenuous effort to keep their children firm to the pledge. So deeply are many parents convinced of the importance of their children becoming abstainers, that they will not allow any intoxicating drinks to be seen on their table till the evening when the children are in bed. I believe that, by adopting a conciliatory course, recognizing the parental authority, and appealing to the parents for the sake of the children, reminding them that, as God has given the little ones no natural taste for alcohol, a fearful responsibility rests on them if they implant that taste, many of the parents may themselves be won to the ranks of the Temperance army.

Such then are the few hints I have to offer on "the best means for securing steadfastness in Band of Hope members." They are simple, and such as may possibly have been already adopted by some present. Still I believe they are worthy the consideration of those who have not yet tried them, and as far as they commend themselves to your judgment, I would ask that they may be accepted and practically tested.

Above all, may we, in our counsels, have the guidance of that "wisdom

that is from above," so that the result of our Conference may be the largely increased efficiency of our various societies, and the glory of Him whose servants we desire to be in all that we do.

Mr. SPRIGGS thought Mr. Harvey's an excellent paper. It was, indeed of importance that the young should be well informed as to the nature of alcoholic drinks, and that they should be well trained, so that they might be steadfast. He congratulated Mr. Harvey on his production—(hear).

Mr. SHIRLEY wished to know whether they found the youths do their duty in the matter of visitation?

Mr. HARVEY: As a rule, we find the secretaries do their work thoroughly—(hear). They report once a month, and they keep a record too. Their books are examined once a month. We find them most efficient workers—(hear).

Mr. WEST: Have you a special fund for literature?

Mr. HARVEY: No; our general funds do, and we get a profit on our periodicals—(hear).

Mr. WEST expressed his warm approval of this course. He provided a good deal of literature, and he found the children come eagerly. He got cleared out every month. He was sure Mr. Harvey was right.

Mr. RUTHERFORD said he had derived considerable advantage from hearing Mr. Harvey's paper—(hear). Almost every school might be induced to take the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman*. The plans recommended by Mr. Harvey were excellent.

Mr. AFFLECK then gave a deeply interesting account of the establishment of a northern auxiliary to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, with head-quarters at Darlington. It was started on the 24th June, 1862. All their meetings were begun and ended with prayer. The results of their labours had been most gratifying; at one place twenty-five from among the senior members of the Band of Hope had joined the Wesleyan Society—(hear). All their work had been done without money—(laughter). They had no funds—(renewed laughter). They had no debt—(louder laughter, and cheers). During the last nine months he had given five lectures a week, and preached many sermons; more than sixty towns and villages had been visited during the period named; and thirty societies were affiliated—(hear). They should keep hold of recitation—people liked the children's recitations better than lectures; they did immense good—(hear). Mr. Affleck concluded by singing, on request, "Kind words will never die," the company joining in the chorus.

Mr. McCREE followed in a capital speech on the same subject. They hoped to form a similar Auxiliary for Devon and Cornwall—(hear).

Mr. GREENHAUGH then recited Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES,

After some judicious remarks on the above subject, by Mr. McCREE, who read a form of petition thereon,

Mr. HAYNES rose, and said he most earnestly and cordially proposed the adoption of the petition to both Houses of Parliament in favour of Mr. Somes's Bill. He had himself witnessed such scenes, especially on

a Sunday night, as distressed him greatly; and he was of opinion that Mr. **SOMES's** Bill, if passed into a law, would prevent much evil, and do much good—(hear).

Mr. **TIPPER** seconded the proposition in an interesting and able address, containing some valuable statistics concerning East London.

The Rev. **T. PHILLIPS**, of the National Temperance League, supported the proposition in an earnest address, refering to the manifold private and public efforts of that body, expressive of their hearty approval of the policy of seeking, by all available means, the legislative adoption of a Bill in favour of Sunday closing, and of producing such a public conviction in favour, and such an adoption of total abstinence principles as should essentially become developed in legislation.

The Rev. **DAWSON BURNS**, after referring to his experience years ago as Secretary of the National Temperance Society, said that with regard to the prospect of Mr. **SOMES's** Bill in the House of Commons, they were uncertain. The members felt uncertainty. His own opinion was, that if sufficient power were brought to bear, the Bill would get over the second reading; and possibly the Sunday traffic might be placed under great restriction. Nothing was to be gained, however, by anticipating defeat. A great movement was taking place in the parish of St. Pancras, to ascertain the views of the inhabitants on the subject. The Press in London was no proof of the opinion of London—(hear). He could say not only personally, but with the consent of the United Kingdom Alliance, that although that body was, from its principles, precluded from taking up that measure, they wished it success; and there was not one of its officers who was not in favour of the measure. They should never get a sober people without legislation—(loud applause).

The Rev. **JOSEPH BUTLER** also supported the measure. He said their course was right on. He was in favour of every thing which would give them help. They should come to another phase of the question soon. It was a question now whether a publican had any legal right to shut up his house on a Sunday; but very soon, if a law were not obtained, they should have the publicans asking for a Permissive Bill—(hear).

Mr. Councillor **POLLARD**, of Bradford, stated that in the West Riding of Yorkshire their Temperance friends were wide awake to the importance of this movement. Some public meetings had been held, and many petitions had been sent up in favour of Mr. **SOMES's** Sunday Closing Bill. In Bradford they had, prior to the introduction of Mr. **SOMES's** Bill, held a large and influential meeting on the Sunday Closing question. The meeting was presided over by an influential magistrate, and the movement was earnestly advocated by clergymen and other respectable inhabitants. He further stated that he had the honour to make one of a deputation to wait upon two West Riding Members on the prohibition question. An advantage was taken of these interviews to press upon the attention of the honourable gentlemen the importance of supporting Mr. **SOMES's** Bill. Sir John William Ramsden did not promise any precise course of action on this point, but admitted the vast importance of the movement. Sir Francis Crossley said that, with some slight modifi-

cation, he was prepared to vote for the Sunday Closing Bill, which he should be glad to see become the law of the land. Mr. Pollard further said that it would be interesting to the Conference to know that fifteen of the gentlemen who waited upon Sir John Ramsden had a teetotal age averaging twenty-five years to each individual. The deputation to Sir F. Crossley was more numerous, numbering eighteen persons, and ranging from teetotallers of three years to others of thirty years: the average was found to be twenty-two years to each individual. He had himself been an abstainer for thirty years, within a very few months—(hear, hear).

The motion was then put from the chair, and carried with acclamation, the chairman being requested to sign the petition on behalf of the Conference.

Thanks were then warmly passed to Mr. Cash for so ably and kindly presiding, on the motion of Mr. Page, seconded by Mr. Shirley. Mr. Cash acknowledged the vote; the doxology was sung, Mr. McCree pronounced the benediction, and the long and interesting afternoon sitting terminated. The members of the Conference took tea together in an adjacent room.

POETRY.

THE DRUNKEN REVEL.

"Fill! fill the bowl,
 Banish care and sorrow:
 Why should a jovial soul
 Care about to-morrow?
 Sing, and drink, for we'll be gay;
 Punch drives every care away.
 Hurrah! for we
 Will merry be,
 And pass the night in jollity."

In the "Old Bell," that jovial song
 You might have heard, one stormy night;
 The north wind blew:
 The hailstones flew;
 But the intoxicated throng
 Who sung that strain,
 With might and main,
 Even when the storm was at its height,
 Mocked, as they heard the tempest's roar;
 And screamed and yelled with mad delight,
 "Bravo! Well done! Encore! Encore!"

Twelve! One! Two! Three! the old church bell
Tolled out, with deep and solemn knell.

Then the fierce storm of rain and sleet,

Its fury o'er,

Was heard no more;

But like a sheet of ice, the street

Was dangerous to unsteady feet.

The storm without—the storm within

Were hushed; and then

Those drunken men

To turn their steps towards home begin.

With many a slide and many a slip;

Now up, then down,

Cracking the crown,

As on the ice their footsteps trip.

And one poor fuddler roared with pain,

As he rolled down a slippery lane.

The iron hand of time struck four!

When Edward Stanley at the door,

With shaking hand, the old latch-key

Turned in the lock, and you might see

That he was in a sorry case—

His trousers split across the knee;

And blood was trickling down his face.

“Hurrah! for we

Will merry be,

And pass the night in—Oh dear me!

What is the matter with the key?”

In went the door, and down went he.

Then you might hear him, like a bear
Grumbling, and tumbling up each stair.

“Polly! why don't you bring a light?”

“Hush! foolish man!—”

A voice began.

“Why, who are you?

I mean to do

Just what I like;

If I don't, strike—”

He reached the top, and stood amazed;

The light from many candles blazed,

Dispelling gloom

From that dark room;

And fellow-lodgers clustered there
 He eyed with curious, drunken stare.
 Then loud he shrieked, for on the bed,
 That bed of straw !
 The drunkard saw
 His Polly, and her babe, new-born
 On that tempestuous, icy morn,
 Lay numbered with the silent dead.

JOHN P. PARKER.

DR. CUMMING on 1 TIMOTHY, v. 23.

In a tract on "Inspiration," recently published by Dr. Cumming, he makes some remarks on St. Paul's words to Timothy, "Drink *no longer* water, but use a *little* wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." I once in Manchester heard Dr. Cumming use much more objectionable language respecting this passage than he does in his tract on "Inspiration," but still there are some expressions even here which require correction.

Dr. Cumming calls St. Paul's words "a maxim." Does he know the meaning of the word "maxim?" Dr. Johnson defines a maxim to be "a general principle," "a leading truth." Surely the apostle's prescription to one individual of *a little wine* as a medicine, on account of his bodily weakness, was not "a general principle," "a leading truth," intended to influence all men and women, in all ages and in all countries, whether they be invalids or in robust health like Dr. Cumming. "Maxim" literally means "that which is greatest and foremost." St. Paul's recommendation to Timothy does not deserve any such term to be applied to it. Timothy had been, as Canon Wordsworth remarks in his notes on the verse, a teetotaller. To total abstiners only could it be said, "Drink no longer water," or rather, "be no longer a water drinker." This prescription could not be given to Dr. Cumming, because, even when in the enjoyment of uninterrupted health, he drinks intoxicating wine and probably other intoxicating drinks every day. Words which he calls "a maxim," have no application whatever to him. And, moreover, he would find it very difficult to prove that the wine Timothy was recommended to take was like the intoxicating article, called wine, consumed by him. However, whether it were or not, teetotallers see in 1 Tim. v. 23, nothing opposed to their principle, their "leading truth," their "maxim," laid down by St. Paul himself in Rom. xiv. 21, "It is good not

to eat meat, or *to drink wine*, or to do anything whereby a brother stumbles, or is offended, or is made weak." St. John gives us a precept, a maxim of universal application, namely, "That as Christ laid down His life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren;" and if our lives, surely a glass of wine or a glass of ale ought to be laid down, if by doing so we can help to rescue a brother or sister from ruin here and hereafter. I heard Dr. Cumming say in Manchester, that a man was as responsible for what he did not do, as for what he did! How responsible he for not helping us teetotallers, and for not seeking to suppress the Liquor Traffic, which destroys so many precious souls, and produces so much misery of mind and body to millions of the human race, and is the cause of the greatest portion of our country's crime! How can Dr. Cumming, everywhere he goes, try to injure and mar the efforts of teetotal societies, which have for their praiseworthy object the lessening of human misery, and, indirectly at least, the salvation of the souls of poor drunkards! In Cambridge, some time ago, at a Bible Society's meeting, he said, "We live in a day too solemn, and under circumstances too critical, to permit us for a moment *to trifle with any means which would enable us to win souls to Christ.*" Alas! Dr. Cumming is trifling, and doing still worse, with the earnest efforts made by teetotal ministers and pious teetotal laymen and women to win souls to Christ! He told me some four years ago that he would never again say a word against teetotalism in the presence of teetotallers! I am sorry that he has often since forgotten his promise!

In his tract on "Inspiration" he accuses us teetotallers of being ascetics. This is a favourite charge of his, which I answered in a letter to him four years ago. Was St. Paul an ascetic, because he said in 1 Cor. viii. 13, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?" Did St. Paul promote asceticism because he recommended the unmarried Corinthians to remain so, on account of the distress at that time existing in the church at Corinth? See 1 Cor. vii. 26. However, there is a sense, and a praiseworthy sense, in which many teetotallers are ascetics. "Herein," says St. Paul, in Acts xxiv. 16, "I do exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." Can those who encourage the liquor traffic, like Dr. Cumming, say this with as much truth as teetotallers?

However, Dr. Cumming is greatly improved since I saw him

last. He then told me that he used those drinks because they were pleasant to his taste. Now he says, "If people would drink them *not to gratify the mere taste*, but medicinally, they would be much better." He says that he is always well, and therefore, of course, never requires medicine!

I do not despair of seeing even Dr. Cumming advocating, at some time not very distant, the principles of teetotalism, which he has done all he could to undermine and destroy.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

Manchester.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—The annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday night in Exeter Hall, which was well filled. The chair was taken by the president, Mr. Samuel Bowley. Mr. Tweedie, one of the honorary secretaries, read an abstract of the annual report, which commenced by referring to the special efforts that had been made to promote temperance during the International Exhibition. These included three meetings in Exeter Hall, one at the Crystal Palace, attended by about 20,000 persons; one at Surrey Chapel, one at the Lecture-hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, a ministerial conference at the London Coffee-house, attended by 80 clergymen and ministers; a medical conference at the residence of the treasurer, S. Gurney, Esq., M.P.; a breakfast to foreign members of the Social Science Association, a Band of Hope conversazione at the Freemasons' Hall, a temperance congress, extending over three days, at which 45 papers were read and discussed, and 50 sermons by ministers in town and country. The report stated that the general operations of the League during the year included 820 addresses by honorary deputations; 680 lectures by agents; and a mission to sailors, in connection with which, 4,828 visits had been paid to vessels in the port of London; 99 meetings had been held on board ship, and 128 elsewhere; and 2,457 temperance and religious publications had been sold to sailors, of which 301 were copies of the sacred Scriptures. A missionary who had laboured for more than two years and a half to promote temperance in the army was of opinion that at least 15 per cent. of the soldiers in the British army were teetotallers. A great deal had been done at Aldershot camp, and at the garrisons of Woolwich and Warley. The Military Temperance Society, begun about two years ago, at Woolwich, had enrolled 777 members, including the commandant of the garrison, 1 chaplain, 1 surgeon, 1 colonel, 3 majors, 3 captains, 2 lieutenants, 6 sergeant-majors, 54 sergeants, 54 corporals, and 33 bombardiers. At Warley, during eighteen months that have elapsed since the Temperance Society was formed, 1571 soldiers have signed the pledge. This number includes 1 captain, 1 schoolmaster, 3 staff-sergeants, 26 sergeants, 24 corporals and 33 bombardiers; the remaining 1480 being gunners. Many of these men, on leaving Woolwich and Warley, had formed temperance societies at other military stations—in India, Corfu, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, and other places.

The League had a district agency in the midland counties, in connection with which numerous meetings and conferences have been held to promote temperance among the upper classes. Six meetings of young men had been held in city warehouses, and 15—the average attendance at which was 1200—had been held at the Lambeth Baths. The cash account showed that the income and expenditure had been £3034.—£680. more than the preceding year. The meeting was subsequently addressed by W. H. Darby, Esq., of Brymbo; R. Martin, Esq., M.D., Warrington; the Rev. W. M. Taylor, M.A., of the Scottish Temperance League; Mr. Assistant-Deputy Judge Payne; the Rev. R. Maguire, M.A.; the Rev. Newman Hall, L.L.B. &c. Petitions to Parliament were unanimously adopted, with acclamation, in favour of Mr. Somes's Sunday Closing Bill.—*Daily News*.

TWO HOURS IN A BAND OF HOPE CONVERSAZIONE.

The merry month of May is distinguished now, not indeed by the erection of a May-pole, the crowning of a queen of May, but rather, by the gatherings at Exeter Hall of the various religious and philanthropic associations. Not the least in importance was the Band of Hope Meeting, where, it may be, some of our young readers were found. But they did not let us in because we had no ticket. A kind friend, however, furnished us with a ticket for one of the sittings of the conversazione, and we will try and give our young friends a report of that sitting.

When we entered the room the company had just struck up :

“A glorious light has burst around us,—

Joyful day! joyful day!

We see the chain that would have bound us,

Joyful day! joyful day!

The sparkling wine we ne'er will crave;

To touch, to taste, is to enslave;

We drink the fountain's crystal wave—

Joyful day! joyful day!”

The strains fell most pleasantly on our ears, but as it was our first appearance, we were requested to enter our names on the visitors' paper; after which we were courteously supplied with the Band of Hope Hymns and Melodies, and on reaching our seat could join in the closing verse:

“The young and old come forth to hear us—

Joyful day! joyful day!

And isles across the Ocean cheer us—

Joyful day! joyful day!

We'll spread the truth where man is found,

Bear it to earth's remotest bound,

Till every wind shall catch the sound,

Joyful day! joyful day!”

The singing over, one of the gentlemen engaged in prayer to God for His blessing. The prayer ended, the chairman rose to deliver the opening speech. Of course, no sooner did he begin to speak than we began to take his measure—not exactly as a tailor would measure us for a suit of clothes; though, by the bye, his outer man presented a perfect contrast to one or two delicate gentlemen sitting by his side. Strongly built, of good height, he looked every inch a man; face, forehead, the head altogether showed most unmistakeably, “This man cannot be trifled with: if he says he will do a thing, you may depend upon it he will do it—a powerful friend, but an awkward enemy.” We could not help thinking that he would not suffer by comparison even with the famous Stonewall Jackson. In fact, if he had been an admiral or a general, he would have been among the foremost in his profession,—a man in whatever circle he moves, who will be sure to make himself felt.

The Chairman’s speech was a most admirable echo of his person,—plain, practical and manly. We don’t know when we listened to remarks containing such good sound sense; and what struck us most forcibly was his keen and just perception of the value and importance of man. By man we mean the order and genus man, whether in the child, the youth, or the mature. And that everything that concerned man, the speaker thought was of the greatest importance.

Passing from the Chairman, a resolution was proposed to memorialise the various religious bodies on the subject of Bands of Hope. After this, a gentleman read a most interesting paper on the subject of Bands of Hope. This paper was the product of a thoughtful mind, thoroughly practical. This paper now formed the subject of conversation. This conversation was the peculiar feature of the meeting, giving it the title by which it was distinguished. We must confess we were rather amused with the battery of questions by which the writer was assailed.—“Would Mr. S. give his reasons why he did, or recommended this, that, and the other.” We must say that Mr. S. met these questions with the greatest good temper, and we thought, on the whole, defended his positions with great skill and success.

Another gentleman, it appeared, had read a paper in the afternoon, upon which the meeting had not exhausted all their conversational powers. He had questions put to him; this drew out another of the earnest intelligent Band of Hope workers, a real practical man. On the whole there was a remarkable unanimity in the views of the meeting, and the finest spirit.

We were not only struck, but much pleased to find, from the chairman downwards, all felt the importance, yea, necessity, of blending with the Band of Hope movement, true, heartfelt religion. The very pledge recommended was associated with the grace of God.

There was one point on which we must confess we could not see the evil which some of the speakers seemed to see. The two essayists were both of opinion that girls should not take part in public examinations and recitations. Now for the life of us we cannot see why. The meeting on all hands were agreed that the mixture of boys and girls was according to the arrangement of nature, and was certainly beneficial to both sexes; but when it came to recitations, the voice of the girl is not to be heard for fear of evil. We don't believe in this theory at all, for theory it is. For not one of the speakers brought forward a single fact to substantiate it. Our own *Catechism*, which in reality is a children's colloquy, and when a little girl is employed she is by far the most effective questioner,—some pieces for recitation, lose half their effect unless they are performed by girls.

The chairman, we found, had been a teetotaler from his birth, and not only employs a large number of boys and men, but we were happy to learn that he uses his influence to promote their present and eternal welfare. He had just had a medal struck to be given to those boys in his service who are distinguished by their kindness, care, and attention to his ponies, a large number being used in the pits of which he is the owner. The chairman left at nine o'clock, and so did we, having spent two hours most pleasantly and profitably, in a **BAND OF HOPE CONVERSAZIONE**.—*Wesleyan Reform Union Magazine (July)*.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK is still labouring in connection with the Northern Auxilliary.

Mr. W. BELL has been lecturing to large numbers of children and adults in Northamptonshire and neighbouring counties. We cannot refrain from publishing an extract or two from letters we have received testifying to the good name which Mr. Bell has won for himself in these parts of the country.

From Mr. JOHN DEMPSEY, Warrington, near Oundle.

“May 20th.

“Mr. BELL is a first-rate lecturer—never had a single man do so much good in our village before; I can assure you he is much liked.”

Mr. GEORGE SMITH, Ringstead Society, near Thrapstone.

“ May 22nd.

“ The young people were highly delighted with Mr. Bell’s lecture and singing.”

From Mr. CHARLES DEW, Oundle.

“ June 2nd.

“ For our society here, I thank you for sending so able a man as Mr. Bell.”

Mr. C. POLLARD, Kettering Society.

“ June 20th.

“ Mr. Bell is likely to become extremely popular in the neighbourhood visited by him ; he conducted the Band of Hope meeting here, more successfully than it had ever previously been.”

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice ; Denmark Street, twice ; Angel Alley ; Collier’s Rents ; Commercial Road ; Gee Street ; Fox and Knott Court ; One Tun, Westminster ; Stepney Meeting ; Mission Hall, Five Dials ; St. James’s, Clerkenwell ; St. Paul’s, Allen Street, Goswell Street ; Whitecross Place ; Spa Fields ; Vulcan, Cross Street, Blackfriars Road ; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre ; Ealing and Herne Bay ; he has also taken part in two Adult Meetings, addressed four Sunday Schools, and preached eight Sermons.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings, during the past month, as follows :—Caledonian Road ; Offord Road ; Amicable Row, Kent Street ; Asylum Road, Old Kent Road ; Barnsbury ; Kentish Town ; Carr Street, Limehouse ; Providence Hall, Bishopsgate ; Pond Place, Chelsea ; Mercers Street, Shadwell ; Mill Pond Bridge, Rotherhithe ; and Southgate.

Mr. W. PARKES.—There are very few societies in London, that have not had the pleasure of receiving assistance from Mr. Parkes as a speaker ; and we are sure they will share with us the deep regret we feel at his departure from London for Derby, on account of business engagements. Very often has Mr. Parkes attended meetings at considerable inconvenience. Mr. Parkes has for some time carried on a Band of Hope of his own ; and, at a meeting recently held, the committee and members took the opportunity of most cordially thanking him for his self-denying work. We believe it will not be long before we shall hear of Mr. Parkes, in connection with the Derby Bands of Hope.

GREENWICH BAND OF HOPE.—On Monday evening, June 8th, a concert to defray the expenses for rent of room, was

given in the Temperance Hall, Roan street, by the members of the Band of Hope, assisted by Miss Glover and some of the Members of the Deptford Band of Hope, also by Messrs. Gloathe, Grigsby, and Sims. The attendance was very good, and the entertainment gave great satisfaction.

HAVERSTOCK BAND OF HOPE.—The third anniversary was held in the school-room, Haverstock hill, May 27th. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, flowers, and banners. Some of the inscriptions upon the latter were as follows:—"England's Hope;" "Haste not, rest not;" "Abstain from all appearance of evil;" "Our trust is in God alone;" "Be sober, be vigilant;" "Be ready to every good work." The children assembled at half-past six o'clock. Each member received a few flowers upon entering, and all who had medals wore them. At seven o'clock the chair was taken by the Rev. John Nunn, who kindly presided on the occasion. After singing a hymn, and prayer, Mr. H. J. Stanes briefly announced that the Members of his Band of Hope now numbered four hundred and twenty, viz.: 216 boys, and 204 girls. He did not trouble the meeting by reading a report, as he stated the best report he could bring was represented in the children before them. Singing, and a recitation by one of the boys followed, when the Rev. G. W. McCree, Hon. Sec. to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, gave a very interesting and encouraging address. Mr. Llewelyn D. Bevan, of New College, and Mr. Gawin Kirkham, secretary of the Open Air Mission, also addressed the meeting in a very effective manner. The prizes were then distributed by the superintendent, for answers to Scripture questions and recitations, preceded by a few appropriate remarks from the chairman. Several pieces were sung by the children, and recited by the boys, and seemed to give much satisfaction to the numerous friends present. Mr. Thomas Stanes, from India, then related some interesting particulars that had come under his notice during a residence of eight years there, and said that it would be a good thing if he could manage to establish a Band of Hope amongst the children of that land. He congratulated the Society on having attained to its third birthday, and urged the members to constancy and perseverance. The very interesting proceedings terminated by all uniting in—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

WARMINGTON, NEAR OUNDLE.—The committee of this place held their annual demonstration on Whit-Tuesday, May 26th. A large number of people were in attendance, and a most ex-

cellent tea was provided by the ladies, after which a public meeting was held in a large tent, erected for the occasion in a field belonging to J. Dempsey, Esq. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. Cadman, Wesleyan minister, Oundle. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Ivett, of Bedford, and Mr. W. Bell, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. This was by far the most interesting meeting of the kind ever held in Warmington, and we hope great good will be the result. The Temperance band from Ringstead was in attendance, and enlivened the proceedings by several lively airs and pieces; also a number of rounds and melodies were sung with good effect by the Warmington Temperance choir. At the close of the meeting, 34 signed the pledge, and about 17 others during the week. The committee have had the services of Mr. Bell a week, when he delivered lectures in the following places with great success:—Yarwell, Nassington, Woodnewton, and Polebrook. A large number signed the pledge at each place. Sunday morning Mr. Bell preached in the open air; at five p.m. in Mr. Dempsey's barn; and at six o'clock, in the Wesleyan Chapel, to large and attentive congregations. Mr. Bell (both as a lecturer and preacher of the Gospel) takes with him the good wishes and prayers of the people in this neighbourhood, and we hope soon to be favoured with his services again.

CHIPPENHAM BAND OF HOPE.—On Thursday, June 18th, the annual festival was celebrated. At two o'clock, the members, to the number of 300, assembled at the new Temperance Hall Building, from whence—headed by their own banner, and the Trowbridge Band of Hope Fife and Drum Band—they proceeded along the principal thoroughfares to the forest, the streets being lined with spectators composed principally of the parents and friends of the members. On their arrival at the forest, they heartily enjoyed themselves with the various amusements provided (viz.: archery, football, quoits, swing, cricket, &c.), until half-past four o'clock, when they marched in procession to Rewsham Lodge House, where they were plentifully regaled with buns and milk. The repast being ended, three hearty cheers were given for Messrs. Stephen and Edmund Perrett and their wives, for their kindness in giving the milk gratuitously and allowing the use of the ground. The amusements were again resumed until half-past seven o'clock, when the rain beginning to descend, sent the party home at quick march, all seemingly highly delighted with the day's amusements. Although a small charge was made for admission to the grounds, between 300 and 400 persons availed themselves of the opportunity of entering and joining in the sports.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

JOSEPH PAYNE, ESQ., DEPUTY-JUDGE.

Any one who has attended "the May meetings" can scarcely fail to have made acquaintance with Mr. Judge Payne, whose name is always received with marked applause. His speeches are of that racy and peculiar kind which is sure to win approval and to excite risibility, but there is an undercurrent of deep pathos which stamps them with distinguishing excellence. This singular commingling of fervid oratory with laughter-moving oddities constitutes Mr. Payne's speciality as a platform-advocate, and makes him the idol of our religious and reformatory associations. Many years have elapsed since Mr. Joseph Payne, barrister at law, or, as he was usually styled Mr. Counsellor Payne, made his first appearance before the public in connection with societies that were then infant projects. The world owes him a very heavy debt of obligation, and perhaps the value of his services will never be rightly estimated during his lifetime. Some eighteen years ago he joined the Earl of Shaftesbury and others in establishing the Ragged-school Union, and to the promotion of its interests he has dedicated an amount of effort almost super-human. It is no uncommon event in Mr. Payne's history to find him presiding over the Second Court at the Middlesex Sessions during the day, while his evening has been devoted to two or three attendances at public meetings in widely separated districts of the metropolis. His comic expression of countenance and his rich fund of anecdote pave the way for a patient hearing, while his "tail-pieces" come to be regarded as a feature in every speech. These poetic effusions now exceed eighteen hundred in number, and we suppose they will increase and multiply while there are charities to advocate, or duties to enforce. Written amid the hurry of pressing avocations, and delivered under every variety of circumstances, they are occasionally wanting in the true elements of cultivated verse, but they are never devoid of that appositeness for which Mr. Payne's utterances are remarkable. We believe there are few men who can really speak so well as the Deputy-Judge, or who can maintain so firm a hold upon the sympathies of an audience, but when addressing children he is seen to the best advantage. With means which are anything but large, he is doing an amount of

good almost incredible, while his private charities are as extended as his public efforts. Although pre-eminently the friend and advocate of Ragged-schools, his tongue and pen are not limited in their pleadings, since the records of nearly every society exhibit his name among their zealous supporters. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the various Home and Foreign Missionary organisations, with scores of kindred institutions, lay his eloquence under tribute in the enforcement of their claims.

Now the life and labours of such a man constitute an example in which we may laudably rejoice—since we owe to Christianity the consecration of Mr. Payne's powers to the work with which he is identified. Among the many claimants upon his time the Temperance Reformation must not pass unnoticed, since to the cause of Total Abstinence and Bands of Hope he has dedicated some of his most powerful pleas. As a lawyer we believe the subject of this sketch holds no undistinguished place, while his decisions as a judge are universally esteemed. Eccentric in manner, habit, and costume, he combines the mobility of the actor with the *bonhomie* of the counsellor, and would pass for almost anything rather than a judge. Possessed of a very retentive memory, always ready with some pungent witticism, and charged to the very teeth with anecdotal literature, Mr. Payne knows that in sacred as in profane matters the rubicon that divides the ridiculous from the sublime is a narrow stream. Mr. Payne has enjoyed many opportunities of testing the benefit and worth of educational and reformatory endeavours, and his more recent experiences on the judgment-seat come in aid of previous acquirements to strengthen his catalogue of useful facts. It is therefore a very common occurrence to find him alluding to some case which has recently been tried in order to illustrate and support his peculiar views, and to show by sad and solemn catastrophe the evil consequences of a sinful career. As the immediate *aide-de-camp* of Lord Shaftesbury, this eminent philanthropist is ever at his post pleading, proving, poetising in the cause of humanity. Indeed, wherever the peer is to be found in the chair the pleader may be seen on the platform, and perhaps no two men have ever heard so many speeches from each other as the noble earl and the benevolent judge. We trust that Mr. Payne may long be spared to prosecute his work of faith and labour of love, and to find in the gratitude of those who are ready to perish some recompense for his herculean toils. A higher

motive is, however, the inspiration of his zeal—he is a follower of One who went about doing good, and he strives, by daily recognition of claims that are paramount and divine, to urge himself onward in the career to which he has been devoted and adapted.

HISTORY OF THE THIRSK CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Esteemed Friend,—Thy note came to hand some time ago, but engagements of various kinds have prevented me attending to thy request so soon as I should have liked; and what I have to communicate will not be new to many, seeing it has been before the public in one or two publications; my object therefore in agreeing to thy wish, is in the hope that it may be the means of drawing attention to what I believe is the best way of reaching the drunkard, and of enlisting the sober and religious in the Temperance enterprise.

For a long time past my feeling has been, that Temperance Societies are not effecting the good that they promised to do in their first establishment; the novelty and excitement has passed away, and except something extraordinary takes place at the meetings, they are generally poorly attended, and the class wanted are seldom present; this state of things has led to a change in the style of lecture,—the good sound statement of first principles has given place to orations, and musical entertainments, at least to a considerable extent. There is also reason to fear that the imitation of the unfortunate drunkard on the platform, the holding up to ridicule the inconsistencies of ministers and other good men, the harshness of some lecturers, and above all the want of the religious element in the working of societies, has kept many from uniting themselves with this important enterprise.

The Temperance society here has been in existence nearly thirty years, and has been worked with more or less vigour ever since, but of late years the lectures, except the musical ones, have been thinly attended; very few except members attended; and, although occasionally intemperate persons took the pledge, they generally fell away again to their old habits, partly for want of sympathy and counsel from older members, or from the temptations to drink with which they were surrounded. Like most other places, intoxicating drinks have made sad havoc in our little town; and it was very disheartening to find that after all the labour and exertion that had been made, the evil remained almost undiminished,—there were still many miserable homes, families were kept in great destitution, and many were rushing as it were headlong to ruin. Whilst deploring these facts, and feeling as it were powerless to stem this torrent of sin by the means that had been hitherto tried, and longing that something could be done to persuade them to see the folly and danger of this destructive habit, that excellent work of Julia B. Wightman's, "Haste to the Rescue," came in our way, and the reading of it satisfied us, that

the plan she adopted of visiting them at their own homes is the right one; that if they would not come to us, we must go to them. There is no doubt that the Christian efforts of the present day are tending in this direction. The Bible Missions in London and other large towns, mothers' meetings, Mrs. Bayley's work in Kensington, town missionaries, ragged schools, and Sunday schools, with the Divine blessing resting on all these various ways of reaching the poor and degraded, teach us to depend less upon lectures and ministers, and more on individual effort; for there is, no doubt, amongst Christian people, a danger of putting off their individual responsibilities of working in the great harvest field, by paying others to do the work which they are called upon to do. The present time is one of great indulgence; luxuries of every kind are so plentiful and cheap, that everything tends to make us desirous of sitting down and enjoying our creaturely comforts, and prevent many from carrying out in practice the dear Saviour's parable of the Marriage Supper, when he said to his servants, 'Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.'

About fourteen months ago, our present Christian Temperance Association was set on foot, and was commenced by visiting the most intemperate at their own homes; a weekly meeting, on Thursday evenings, was started at the same time, to which they were invited, and which has been held, with only one intermission, until the present time. As the members increased in number, the town and village near were divided into districts, and as suitable persons offered, they were appointed visitors. Our population is about four thousand, and we have eight districts; the visitors form the managing body, with the president, who has the general oversight and visits in all the districts. About every six weeks, the visitors meet at the president's house, when the list of members is examined, and members' names added or struck out of the list. All the meetings are commenced with prayer and Scripture reading, and carried on in a devotional spirit, as we feel that without the Divine blessing, we cannot expect to succeed against this evil, so intimately connected as it is with the social customs, the appetites, and interests of society.

The society now numbers between 400 and 500 members. A considerable number have been reclaimed from their drinking habits, and are improving in circumstances and comfort; some of these, who never attended any place of instruction, attend most of our meetings, and we hope are beginning to think seriously on the importance of eternal things. A meeting has also been carried on for some months for this class, for Scripture reading and instruction on Sunday evenings, and it is deeply interesting to see many of them listening with interest to the blessed promises contained in the Scriptures, which to them has been, so long a sealed book.

A Penny Savings' Bank has also been in operation about a year, in which there are or have been, about 60 depositors. A Sick Club too is also in progress, but has not yet received sufficient members for a commencement.

Endeavours are made to impress upon the members the importance of

personal effort, and of each member doing all he can to spread the principle amongst their friends and neighbours.

A pleasing case of this personal effort may be mentioned, as affording encouragement to anyone who thinks they do not possess any power in this direction. One of our members lives in a yard, containing seven or eight houses; he had been himself a very hard drinker, and had kept his family in very distressed circumstances; the change in the happiness of his own family is very great indeed, as he now stays at home and helps his wife with the children in the evenings; he can neither read nor write, but he feels anxious to extend the blessings which he himself enjoys to others. Both his next door neighbours were very intemperate, and one evening, having got one of them into his house, he sent over for the president to go and see him; he accordingly went, and after reading the Scriptures together, the importance of keeping the Divine laws, in connection with Temperance, was spoken of and enforced; the man seemed deeply impressed, and joined the society. A weekly meeting has been held in this cottage ever since, and many have joined them, including the other intemperate person, and instead of the court being frequently disturbed by drunken brawls, all is quiet and peace, owing in a considerable measure to this poor man's consistent conduct and influence, under what may be thought unfavourable circumstances.

As an encouragement to children, I know of a little boy, the son of a person who for many years has led an intemperate life, and in consequence plunged a nice kind wife and five children into great trouble and distress, but this little fellow having signed the Temperance pledge, kept to it unwaveringly, and for several years showed his father a good and consistent example, under no circumstances yielding to temptation; his father took the pledge soon after we commenced, and no one can tell how happy the little fellow was in coming to our meetings with him, always looking so bright and cheerful. The expense of conducting the society has been very moderate; the Friends have kindly lent their meeting-house, which has saved the expense of a room, and the amount spent during the first twelve months was under five pounds, and this includes the purchase of several thousands tracts.

We are now extending our society into the small villages round us, and there is active temperance work going on in several of them. We have occasion to be thankful in the ground gained from the enemy, and desire to press on until all our neighbours give up the use of these destructive liquors. But there are two things especially that discourage the temperance reformer; one is the apathy of so many christian people, the other is, that some who take the pledge and keep it for a time, break down and bring disgrace upon the cause, by returning to their old habits; for of these many we feel deep sympathy and sorrow, for they would gladly get from under their bondage, but lack the power; the chain of intemperance has wound itself around their souls, so that they have no moral power left.

For the former, we can only pray that their eyes may be opened, to see intemperance and its causes in their true light, so that they may be enabled to give up their small portion of the cup, that deceives and is a

mockers, and throw all their influence into the scale of true sobriety, and come forward to the help of the Lord. From no field of labour is there so rich a reward as there is in this, not only in the immediate improvement in circumstances and home comforts, but also in that higher and nobler one, of seeing the once debased and besotted man, with clear head and sober thought, taking the first step on that ladder which reaches from the lower earth to a brighter and better world, where from turning from his wickedness in repentance, and with firm faith in the atonement made for his guilty soul by the dear Redeemer, he may be washed, purified, and prepared to enjoy with deep thankfulness, and to praise for ever the mercy of his God. I may conclude by adding that this consummation is the great end kept in view by us, in the meetings and work of our Christian Temperance Association.

I remain, with kind regards, thy sincere friend,

B. SMITH.

JOEL STRATTON.

Hark ! how the dismal funeral-bell
 Gives to the air its solemn knell !
 Yonder they stand ! a mournful throng ;
 And raise to heaven their pious song
 That tells of hope, in tones of sorrow,
 Grief for to day, but joy tomorrow.
 See ! at the grave the hymn is done ;
 And all are looking up to one
 Who, of the dead, prepares to tell
 That which his soul remembers well.
 Who is the speaker ? John B. Gough.
 Each from his head the hat puts off,
 And, all, with reverent mind attend,
 To Gough's eulogium of his friend.

“There in the grave reposes one
 Whose earthly course was briefly run.
 ‘Poor Joel Stratton !’ some will say,
 Your life, like our December day,
 Gloomy, and cold, soon reached its end !
 There lies my truest, kindest friend !
 I was an outcast ; none to me
 Stretched out the hand of amity.
 Contemned, despised by all, as one
 Whose life of shame was nearly gone.
 By all forsaken ; given o’er
 To sin and Satan ; mercy’s door
 To me was ‘shut and barred’ ; so they,

In their presumptuous thoughts, would say,
 But Joel Stratton's faith gave power
 In my life's sad, despairing hour;
 His words of kindness reached my heart,
 That anodyne, to ease the smart
 Of burning conscience, by him given,
 Lifted my soul from earth to heaven.
 Thanks be to God! my heart must say,
 While weeping o'er that lifeless clay,
 That Joel Stratton's saving hand
 Lifted me up; and if I stand
 A man respected by this band
 Of mourning friends,—if, through the land,
 Thousands have listened to my voice;—
 If I have made the hearts rejoice
 Of wretched drundards, and their wives;
 If hundreds have reformed their lives,
 And wondering ask, with grateful heart,
 'How Gough acquired the persuasive art?
 What earthly spirit impulse gave?'
 'Twas his, who lying in that grave,
 His work being done, now speaks through me,
 That I, for him, may counsel thee,
 And say to all—work while you may!
 Work while you can! Though short your day,
 Like his, may be, the Master stands
 To bless the labour of your hands.
 Work on in faith! Count not the cost.
 Resolve to seek and save the lost.
 Then, when the summons comes 'to rest,'
 You'll, too, be numbered with the blest."

JOHN P. PARKER.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The spreading leaves beneath whose shade
 Nature a summer bower had made,
 In autumn droop to die and fade.
 Their beauty charmed us, and we feel
 A sadness o'er our spirits steal
 As we behold Death set his seal.
 But—bright the thought!—we lift our eyes
 To where the forest kings arise
 With stately forms to kiss the skies.

And there are records standing high,
Of autumn leaves once drifted by,
Sere and yellow it seemed, to die.

Thus human souls, as day by day
They feel 'tis sad to drift away,
And sometimes long for power to stay,
May learn that life is not in vain,
That when they know no care nor pain,
The good they do shall live again.

OUR INFLUENCE ON CHILDREN.

The child looks and listens, and whatsoever tone of feeling or manner of conduct is displayed around him sinks into his plastic, passive soul, and becomes a mould of his being ever after. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate.

THE WORDS OF EXPERIENCE.

SOBER FISHERMEN.—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in a lecture delivered at Thurso, after passing a high eulogium on the character and habits of Newhaven fisherman, said— I was over lately in Fife, at a place there they call Cellardyke—a little fisher town which stands facing the billows of the German Ocean. A finer population than that of Cellardyke I have not seen anywhere; they are fine stalwart fellows, and I may tell you that it is chiefly by the produce of their labours that Edinburgh and

Glasgow and Dundee are supplied with fish. Well, I spoke to one of these hardy fellows when there, and asked him all about the habits of the place. "Oh, Sir," said he, "the habits of our people are greatly improved within the last ten or twelve years. I have seen the time when no boat went off to sea—and they fished up the Dogger Bank—without two or three bottles of whiskey on board—now, all that is changed. I have seen the time when no boat was hauled up on the beach after the fishing without it costing so many shillings for whisky. Now, Sir," he said, pointing to the long row of boats, "do you see all these boats;"—there were seventy-five of them all high and dry—"Well, Sir, would you believe it, twelve years ago £25. worth of whisky was needed to run up these boats, and now there they are, and it has not taken a single drop." Now, instead of the men taking whisky, they take coffee. They take a kind of machine with them, I don't know what you call it, but it is a coffee-making machine, and they make their coffee at sea—they plough the deep, and they reap the deep, and they come home as sober as judges—ay, and more sober than many judges used to be.

A WORKING-MAN ON STRIKES.—If we really desire our position to be elevated, we must examine the nature of the causes which produce the ill effects which are so bitterly complained of; and, if we do so in an impartial manner, we shall find that they are not the alleged tyranny of this employer, nor the wrongheadedness of that one; nor because certain rules are not conceded; nor because the hours of labour are not shortened, at the request of the dissatisfied labourers; but because *the men are not true to themselves*! It is the intemperance, improvidence, and want of foresight, on the part of so many of our brethren, which is the origin of all our troubles. The histories of the hundreds of self-educated, and self-made men, who have sprung from our ranks, and won for themselves honour, fame, and fortune, all testify to the truth of my assertions. *They never spent their time in "striking" and "debating," but they set earnestly to work, to do their duty to themselves and to their neighbours; and to redeem the hours spent by others in the tap-room, or in questionable amusements. All the strikes in the world will not improve our position, unless we also aid in the movement by the practice of self-reform; and when we do so, then strikes will be unnecessary. That man is a traitor to our order who states otherwise: and if you are sincere in your professions, you would not, for one moment, hesitate to denounce the gin-shop, and the ale-house, as the principal source of our grievances. At any rate, I know there is many a mother, many a wife, and many a sweetheart, has had bitter occasion to reburn the evil influences exercised by these accursed places, where so many of our brethren waste their time, strength, and money; and then charging their employers with the effects of their own folly, plunge into the vortex of a strike, and drag hundreds with them to share the common ruin.*—"Strikes," by John Plummer.

LONG LIFE.—Dr. ELLIOTSON, of London, says, in his work on Human Physiology,—The total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and other narcotic substances will greatly augment health and lengthen life. Plenty of

wholesome food and fresh air are the best strengtheners, and rest, when we are fatigued, is the best restorer.

GOOD DIGESTION.—MR. EDWARD BAINES, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, says,—Many of my friends thought I needed a little wine. I myself had the prejudice that it *helped digestion*. Well, I tried the experiment—first for a month, then for another month, till at length I learned to laugh at the prejudices of myself and my friends. I feel it my duty, having abstained for fifteen years, to state that during the whole time I have enjoyed good and vigorous health, and that I believe I have done more work, have had better spirits, *have taken my food with greater relish*, and have slept more tranquilly than I should have done if I had habitually taken wine or beer.

HARD WORK.—THE REV. E. HITCHCOCK, Professor of Chemistry, &c., Amherst College, Massachusetts, says,—A few years ago, I was called to make a geological survey of the State of Massachusetts, which required about five thousand miles of travel, in an open waggon, at a rate not greater than from twenty to thirty miles per day, and very severe bodily exertion in climbing mountains, and in breaking, trimming and transporting more than five thousand rocks and minerals. I was usually employed from sunrise to ten o'clock at night, with little interruption. Yet, during all my wanderings I drank not one drop of alcohol. And I found myself more capable of exertion and fatigue than in former years, when I was in the occasional use of stimulating drinks.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 15.

By MR. G. M. MURPHY.

USEFUL HOLIDAYS.

One of the difficulties in the way of success, from which country societies especially suffer, is the want of a diversified advocacy. People soon grow tired of hearing the same arguments, and the same experiences, and unless “fresh blood” be introduced, interest soon flags, and the Temperance meeting place is deserted. How is this to be remedied? One way is by the union of local advocates, as is done in the Birmingham and Wolverhampton District Association, and in the Northamptonshire Temperance Union, and other localities, by which a continual interchange of speakers is planned and secured. Let societies group together for this purpose, and while establishing and carrying on their own efforts on a perfectly independent basis, joining societies around them for aggregate action; or, if this be impossible, affiliating with some such organisation as the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, that, at as small an expense as is compatible with efficiency, they may have a continuous supply of earnest and truthful teetotal talk, from intelligent talkers.

Another way is, by the societies in question engaging independent advocates; but as sometimes the expense is a lion in the way, this plan is by some associations of feeble folk hardly ever attempted. Some societies in large towns, to their honour be it said, occasionally endeavour to remedy this, in their own localities, by engaging a clever advocate, and after a night or so in their own midst, send him on a roving commission into the villages around. Glorious work has thus been done; would that it were done upon a larger and more systematic scale! If we want the heart healthy, we must keep the limbs in motion, and if we want the town to be a stronghold of Teetotalism, the neighbourhood of the town must not be forgotten.

Individuals possessing the means, and the will, have sometimes rendered good service in this manner, and we think that in very few ways indeed could the stewardship of wealth be better employed than in the engagement of a man of popular address and holy sympathies, to go forth like an ancient prophet, denouncing the people's curse, and unfolding the standard of Christian Teetotalism as a remedy for intemperance; a man such as Peter the Hermit of crusading notoriety, might go forth awakening enthusiasm, and perhaps opposition, but in any case arousing from torpor and supineness thousands, who seeing and lamenting the evil, are, notwithstanding all that has been written, spoken, and done, strangers to the remedy. Have the Kenricks no successors? Have we no uncoroneted nobles, who will stand in the gap? Subscriptions to societies do not absolve personal responsibility, and individual superintendence and interest is ever more efficacious than a delegated authority. The society can accomplish that in which the individual would fail, and the individual can achieve what no society could accomplish. May God raise up many men of substance, who shall not only be alive to the evil against which we war, but determined on its abatement, and final overthrow.

We now come to the subject of the paper—"Useful Holidays." How many teetotal ministers, men of business, and others there are, who in the summer time journey forth in search of recreation, and change of scene, who might turn these periods of comparative repose to great service in the cause, by giving timely notice to the secretary of the association most interested in the particular locality to which he is journeying; or if he be a member of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, or other large society, (and if not he ought to be,) let him write to the secretaries of the societies in the various places he

intends visiting; the secretary will try to arrange for a few meetings, and he will thus be able not only to enjoy his ruralising, but to impart enjoyment, and perchance leave the stamp of the usefulness of his visit behind him in reclaimed drunkards and happy families, or in ruin prevented by the conviction of, and adherence to, Temperance principles, by some who otherwise might fall.

Perhaps, however, set engagements to any extent might interfere with that freedom from restraint which a man likes to feel when taking his country trip; if so, we say carry on a guerilla warfare against the drink, by fighting your own battles in your own way; fight as you will, only *fight*. The society of the town will gladly avail themselves of your aid; if no society exists in the town, get the bell-man to call a meeting on some well-known spot; the people in a country place are sure to come, if only to see a Londoner, or a stranger; but whatever the motive that brings them, when they come let them have an easily-understood dissertation upon Teetotalism, and generations yet unborn may bless you.

Meetings at stated times, and stated places, sometimes bring a stated audience; and then only by getting into an unwonted track you may create new interests, attract fresh faces, awaken dormant energies, and warm flagging hearts; but whether or no try, to do something. But some object, and say, "we go out of town to rest, not to work." To such we reply, if you esteem such holy exercise, *work*, stand aloof,—we neither admire nor covet your unwilling service. "But," says another, "I am no speaker;" then distribute tracts; they will speak where the voice of the advocate would never reach. Are you too poor to afford tracts, or too shy to give them away? then a temperance melody sung at home, or a conversation pleasantly conducted, may lead to results of a truly remarkable kind. A fond mother never tires of showing her children to her friends, nor ever neglects an opportunity of praising them. Inventors never tire of trumpeting forth the praises of their invention; the true missionary of the cross is always and everywhere a missionary; his heart is in his work. And so those who feel warmly on the Temperance question, will find a way of giving expression to their sentiments; only let their conversation be such as becometh the gravity of the work, and great good will surely follow.

Should there be a committee of poor men in the town or village where a well-to-do teetotal tourist is staying, an "invite" to such a committee to tea would be of mutual advantage. An

interchange of sentiment, a friendly grasp of the hand, and enquiries, and conversation, would be of great service on either side. Some of the noblest champions of truth and temperance are found standing almost alone in their protest against "spiritual wickedness in high places," and the intemperance of the masses. Badgered by brewing "elders," scouted by spirit-selling "deacons," much maligned by malt-making church and chapel-wardens, and just tolerated, and that's all, by ministers, who in some instances are kept under the thumb of such, and who, however willing they might be personally, the moment any movement is proposed really striking at the source of England's misery, are met with the cry, in effect, if not in words, "Sirs by this craft we get our wealth; great is bold Bacchus of Britain." A friendly greeting to men thus situated is worth more than gold; it encourages them to persevere, and above all, it teaches them they are not working unremembered and alone.

The railway train, the steam boat, and the pleasure party all present the holiday-maker with opportunities for usefulness, and thus an increase of pleasure, if he do but take advantage of them; and seeing the antagonism we meet with on every hand, from interest, appetite, prejudice, and custom, we should be earnest in season and out of season, that we may earn and obtain the Master's approval of "well done good and faithful servant," and go away to the grand holiday, which is eternal, and have no sin to grapple with, and no curse to conquer.

THE PRAYER OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

Oh! Thou who didst, with pitying smile,

Look down on such as me,

With falt'ring lips, and tearful eyes,

I raise my prayer to Thee!

For father at the alehouse stays,

While mother weeps alone;

And little Charlie ever cries

For bread, and there is none.

And people look upon me so,

As something strange and wild:

Whene'er I pass, I hear them say:—

"There goes the drunkard's child."

Oh ! Thou whose every look is love,
 Compassion take on me :
 A drunken outcast—poor and vile—
 Let not my father be ;
 But teach him, Lord, to dash aside
 The soul destroying chain,
 Which binds him to the madd'ning drink,
 And evermore abstain.
 Nor let his lips be once again
 With poison'd draughts defil'd ;
 And then no more will men with scorn
 Call me "The drunkard's child."

While brother Charlie food will have,
 And mother weep no more ;
 And father will be happy too,
 Nor seek the alehouse door.
 Then I shall go each Sabbath morn
 Towards the house of prayer,
 To bless the mercy and the love
 Which saved my heart from care :
 And thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast thus
 On me in kindness smiled,
 Nor spurn'd the prayer which came to Thee,
 From one—a "Drunkard's child."

Domestic Messenger.

THE INSEPARABLE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE GENERAL USE OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

By the Rev. E. W. THOMAS, *Secretary to the Reformatory and Preventive Institution,*
 200, Euston Road.

Juvenile delinquency may be regarded as one of the great problems of the age, which a noble army of christian philanthropists are trying by the use of the most Godlike zeal and ingenuity to solve, and with a certain amount of encouragement ; but it is limited, and sadly so, as all engaged must confess, and one of the greatest trials to the faith of these noble workers is, that while they are labouring for the temporal and eternal salvation of one generation of delinquent youths of both sexes, another is being reared for them, on whom it seems they are to continue their exertions in perpetuity, unless the primary causes of this moral evil can be more successfully grappled with. For more than twelve years I have been labouring hard in this department of christian philanthropy, in connection with ragged schools, and refuges, both for boys and girls, and reformatories for young women ; I therefore rejoice at this opportunity of giving public expression to my experience, which has established the

conviction, that all who wish to succeed must trace bad effects down, down, even to the most remote causes, in order to secure anything like solid success.

It is not sufficient for us to adopt the sentimental, and sigh and mourn over the thousands of wrecks of youthful character, to tell them how much pity is lavished upon them, and to what position they may raise themselves in the future, by continuing in well doing; and in order to this, we may perfect all our remedial agencies, but it is not enough.

Is it not possible for us to find out the rocks or quicksands on which these frail barks strike? and if so, should we not labour on, in ever increasing zeal, for their removal? or if it is found we cannot sweep them out of existence, to earnestly strive to rear up the danger signal in the sight of all, both young and old, but especially the former, to save them from ruin.

One fact patent to all observers arrested my attention years ago, viz,—that as a rule, juvenile delinquents are produced by two or three sections of society,—the labouring, artizans, and small tradespeople. Now surely it cannot be argued that circumstances alone have scarcely anything to do with morality; ten thousand times over has vice reigned triumphant in the palace, and virtue in the cottage; but we have seen the reverse of this, thank God, in the case of virtue, in the life of our beloved Sovereign, and her late justly-revered Consort. But let us approach more closely to our subject. Is there any essential difference between the sons and daughters of those placed in easy circumstances, and those who have to fight their way out of the deepest obscurity on to the fair stage of human life? None whatever; all are alike in God's sight, all are “born in sin and shaped in iniquity,”—and yet, referring to the great body of what may be termed juvenile delinquents, in which are included fallen females, (and we have an aggregate of hundreds of thousands), three-fourths, or perhaps more, belong by birth and training to the classes already described. If further proof is required, I refer to the experience of personal observation, as seen in numerous instances. I have seen whole families grow up, almost without an exception, to be a comfort to their parents, in advances, in education, in business, morality and religion. I have also seen whole families grow up more and more corrupt,—sons becoming idlers or thieves, and daughters taking to lives of shame and degradation. Now this state of things must result either from the will of God, the force of some dire necessity, or the neglect of parents. The first theory we dismiss at once, as we have higher views of the Almighty, of whom it is said, “He is no respecter of persons.” Of the second we need not say much, for while here and there one may be kept down by the iron hand of unrelenting poverty, upon the whole, the present generation offers a very fair field for the exercise of enterprise, even when the start is from the very base of the column of Fortune; it is therefore thought, as a rule, that juvenile delinquency is one of the fruits of parental mismanagement, and that all have more or less the remedies in their own hands. Not long since I heard a good visitor amongst our London poor say, that at one time he was called to visit a court in London

containing one hundred and twenty rooms, which were occupied by one hundred and eighteen families. Now it must be remembered, that this is not an isolated instance, for if it were, it might soon be swept out of existence, but there are hundreds and thousands of persons in London, and provincial towns and cities, cooped up in a similar manner,—one room to serve for cooking, washing, dressing, and sleeping purposes.

One moment's thought upon the subject, and the impossibility of right feelings being cultivated between parents and children, and growing sons and daughters, is altogether out of the question; and so we may reason here from analogy. In the natural world, we know that every seed brings forth its own kind; and so in the moral world, such a state is sowing to degeneracy in a physical and moral sense, and the result is degradation in all respects; and in these hot-beds the great bulk of our juvenile delinquents are reared, as the registries of our refuges, reformatories and prisons will prove. This leads to the consideration of another very important question,—Are these persons forced by dire necessity to drag out a weary existence, to their own and children's ruin, in such miserable hovels? It is answered, no, not as a rule; and this leads us to one great cause, the general use of alcoholic drinks and absolute intemperance, and that only in one aspect, as absorbing in a most injurious manner the income of the family, for which the whole have to suffer in various ways and degrees, viz.,—in the supply of wholesome and sufficient food. The truth will not be exceeded if it asserted, that thousands of children have to suffer more or less in this one thing, and not a few to a very painful degree. I have known instances in which the thirst for strong drink has almost entirely absorbed parental love.

Hundreds of times I have seen poor, puny little children hungering even for bread, when the money spent in the purchase of strong drink would have provided a liberal supply; and again and again I have seen young children pining for food where the hand of affliction has been laid on them, and father or mother, or both, debasing themselves worse than the brute beasts, in pandering to an unnatural appetite, and so forgetting one of the strongest instincts of human nature.

Now it must be remembered that want of any kind quickens to effort, in order to obtain a supply; it is that which sets the world in motion, morning after morning, and makes the hands and brains of millions active in pursuit of desired good; and so it is with the young, who are compelled by parental sin to provide for themselves; and how is this to be done? Of bodily strength they have but little; no knowledge of any particular handicraft; character is almost entirely out of the question; and penniless to boot, boys and girls go forth into the world, with more or less of hope, but what do they find? Struggling masses competing for fortune's favours, and so taken up with their pursuit, that they cannot find time to look on or consider the interest of any human being, except as their own gain is likely to be forwarded by it. Thousands more stand aloof, saying that caution forbids them helping unless a character can be procured, which many of these unfortunates never had the opportunity

of obtaining; and not a few will express themselves in sentimental sympathy of a few nicely arranged kind words, which contain all their entire stock of benevolence, which costs them nothing, at least beyond a few sighs, and certainly never satisfies the cravings of any poor hungry wretch:

Dwell on these facts, and imagine any poor hungry boy or girl standing thus perplexed, in these trying circumstances, the world screening itself in the folds of its own selfish interest, and the place called home a hovel, and the larder shelves bare of the common necessities of life. But amidst all this, nature's cry for bread cannot be stifled; to such even the very workhouse relief is forbidden, because there are parents who ought to provide, and if not, it is no business of the Union authorities. At this moment the temptation to evil is presented, and for want of principle, and bread, but the latter more particularly, the first step in crime is taken; I say the first, for unfortunately when the hand is once soiled by crime, it seldom stops there, but goes on to entire ruin.

Who but the wilfully blind can fail to see the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency. But this is not all; it must be borne in mind that we live in an age where there is great truth in the saying, that "appearances are everything," yea, even with a boy or girl, when endeavouring to force their way out into the world; indeed it is a great recommendation, which we all feel, for we like to see those around us clean, tidy, and respectable, and I feel sure that such has a direct tendency to the cultivation of sound morals; but for the working-classes to accomplish this, great care need be taken, for out of limited incomes, if ten, twenty, or thirty per cent be taken for any one thing not essential to the wants of the family, the whole must be pinched in everthing else, even if the absorbing thing were ever so harmless, but in the case of strong drink, the more money spent in it, the more it demoralizes on the whole, and consequently the disadvantage of rags is increased in the case before us, because the worse the clothing, the lower the morals, and to this has to be added the want of proper food, and the whole is generally topped up with a plentiful supply of dirt.

I ask, then, how can such help themselves? They may be honest in intention, they may be energetic; they may have good natural abilities, but withal as a rule, such will find themselves checked and hindered at every step, as millions have done, till at last discouraged, they have yielded to the force of an adverse current of evil, which promised immediate pleasure and profit, without the irksomeness of practical labour; and so again we see the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency.

Again, our lot is cast in a day when it is necessary for all, even the very poorest, to be better educated than our forefathers were, when, if I have been rightly informed, that certain worthy municipal functionaries were deemed educationally qualified for their office if they could count over a few horse shoes and hob nails without making a mistake; but such will not do in our day, the march of intellect has made very rapid strides, and all must know how to read, write, and cipher, at least if they would succeed.

Now as a rule, children are not fond of their books, and it is only as parents recognise and discharge their duty in this respect, that advances are made. But what are the facts of the case? Again we are compelled to see, that just in proportion as our drinking customs prevail, so parents grow reckless upon this important part of their duty, and instead of asking how much practical instruction they can impart to their children by paying for their education, and furthering the same by watching over the progress by real interest, they grow in carelessness just as their love of drink increases.

Now we often find that crime and ignorance go hand in hand, though occasionally this is disputed by persons who affirm, that the progress of education is not in itself a sure antidote to crime, it only alters its character, often rendering it more subtle, and consequently more difficult of detection. This would be true to an almost unlimited extent, if we confined education to the mere development of the intellect, but we go further and combine the moral with the intellectual, and boldly maintain that this will both advance temporal interest, by increasing personal worth in the world, and govern the conduct in well-doing. But we may here draw from experience, as supplied by the managers of certified reformatories and prison registries, and we shall find that the great bulk of persons in confinement belong, most unmistakeably, to the class which may be described as the uneducated, and were it possible for us to investigate the habits of the parents of these persons, we should doubtless find, that if the money which they spent in the purchase of strong drinks had been applied in a proper proportion to the education of their children, they would not in all probability have drifted into crime; hence the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency.

But once more, we have to look at the inevitable effects of a fact frequently brought under own notice, viz,—that sixty thousand drunkards die annually in the United Kingdom. This statistic may or may not be quite correct, but one thing is certain, that our drinking customs are hurrying an awful aggregate into untimely graves. I think many more than is stated; however be that as it may, the fact is suggestive of a very serious consideration, for very many of these wretched victims are parents, and under the most favorable circumstances, lonely orphanage is a painful position for either a boy or girl to be thrust into, but how much more so to be left, as these drunkards leave their unhappy offspring, without any provision for their support, without friends to succour, and what is worse than all, no sound moral principles to sustain and guide through the intricacies of youth.

Situated thus, hundreds of thousands have had to begin life with fearful odds against their success in the world.

But some may say, orphanage is better than such parentage, which only demoralizes. Could we be quite sure that children so left, would have better influences secured to them by the State, or the liberality of the christian public, we should be very ready to adopt this opinion, but such is not the case; the refuge provided for destitute children, as well as adults, by the State, is the "Union," where hard-fisted guardians meet,

and too often only concern themselves about supporting poor paupers, young or old, at the smallest possible cost, and rendering the Union so destitute of all comfort as to induce all who can to avoid its shelter; consequently, in most cases children over a certain age shrink from it, and do anything rather than accept its fare. But then others will say, there are our noble orphan asylums, which confer so much good on all who enter their walls. Admitted, but their funds are far too limited to enable them to take above a favoured small minority, and even those, as a rule, are the children of parents who have been respectable, consequently there is little or no hope for these hapless ones in that direction; what then is the real position of thousands of drunkards' orphans? They have to face the world, and do the best they can for themselves, not having any place beneath the blue vault of heaven that they can really call home, no mother to contrive for their comfort in health, or minister to their wants in times of sickness—no father to labour for their support, or guide them by his paternal counsel. Is it to be wondered at that these young persons should soon grow hardened under such circumstances, and become reckless about their future? That thousands should say, when rushing into sin, "what does it matter, I have no one to care for me," and thus with little compunction of conscience, give themselves up to a career of vice; I have known numerous instances of the kind, and were it possible and necessary to collect all the evidence that the workers in the reformatory movement in London could produce, the evidence in favour of the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency would be overwhelming.

And now, in conclusion, I am conscious that I have not enlarged upon the subject as I might have done, and as it merits even demands. I could have argued more fully, and brought forth many painful facts which have come under my notice, in illustration of each point; but I forbear, in compliance with the request of your committee, that I should prepare a paper which might be read over in fifteen or twenty minutes; but most fervently do I hope that my hearers will open their eyes to one plain and palpable fact, that just in proportion as our drinking customs prevail, juvenile delinquency will also prevail as one of its most natural fruits.

What is our duty then, under these circumstances? To labour on in the reformatory movement as though human misery were our only source of employment? To hug and sigh over it, as our pet hobby, and so to habituate ourselves as though its existence were essential to our pious life? So to spend our time, talents, and money, as to surround ourselves with an atmosphere of moral impurity, the natural tendency to which, is to disturb and depress, except as occasional relief may come, in the case of some romantic recovery of an erring brother or sister? Not so, dear hearers; let us labour heart and soul for the recovery of the outcast, regarding the human body and soul of such priceless value, that no sacrifice can be too great for its salvation, as shown in the gift of God, in our Lord Jesus Christ, but let us do more than this, and resolve that as we profess to be endowed with reasoning powers, that we will use them in

the case before us, in tracing our way from effects to causes, and grappling with them boldly and prayerfully, in dependence upon the Lord God Almighty. Now I think that the only conclusion to the proposition that we started with is, that there is an inseparable connection between the general use of alcoholic drinks as beverages, and juvenile delinquency, which if true, and we are sincere in our wish to get rid of the latter, we must set to work and attack the former, and in proportion as we succeed in this, our path will be comparatively smooth in dealing with the latter.

But ere I close, I think I shall hear the whispering of an objection. I will anticipate it. Some exceedingly well-disposed person says, "is not God's grace sufficient to keep us at all times and under all circumstances?" Certainly it is; it is like its great author, Omnipotent. But what is His order and will, as expressed in his holy word? Let one sentence suffice, which I am sure we all reverence, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." You observe here, that the prayer is that we may be preserved from temptation itself, and in the case before us, intoxicating drinks serve as the great source of evil; we therefore labour and pray that a generation may arise, so trained as to resist, and that successfully, the great temptation of our national intemperance.

There is one very common but useful saying, in every-day use among us, viz,—that "Union is strength," and in most cases we find it to be strictly true, and among others, in the work in hand. Thank God we live in a day when not only hundreds, but thousands are united together, for the accomplishment of great, glorious, and good objects, destined to bless, in time and eternity, millions of the human race; and so in the opposition to our drinking customs, we have a determined phalanx set up, one in heart and purpose to expose their ravages, and save the victims of this worse than beastly propensity, and among them we recognize the "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union," which has our fervent prayers for success in the prosecution of its mission of mercy, to wither up the poisonous roots of this Upas tree of alcoholic beverages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Dear Sir,—In the August number of the *Band of Hope Record*, the following words occur, as having formed part of the remarks contained in a paper read by me at the Conference of the Band of Hope Union Northern Auxilliary:—"There was one thing however he did not like, and that was the fact of the agents of the Union setting themselves up as exponents of the Gospel." Now as it was far from my wish to express any opinion as to the authority upon which the agents acted in preaching the Gospel, much less to do so in the offensive terms attributed to me, you will oblige me by giving the words as they stand written in my paper. I may here observe, that the mistake does not rest with you, but with the report in the Bishop Auckland paper from which you have taken them.

Having stated that in the rural districts most of the village schools were under the superintendence of the clergy, and expressed a fear lest our

cause might be impeded by an impression that it had a sectarian tendency, I observed—"Hence also I cannot but think that our agents would do well to confine themselves to their proper work, and to abstain from the practice of preaching, more especially in villages where their doing so might provoke an unfriendly feeling to our cause. By exercising due forbearance in these matters, and a becoming courtesy in our proceedings, there are few parishes, I am persuaded, in which we should experience any serious difficulty, while in the majority of cases we might hope to meet with a friendly welcome."

Whatever difference of opinion there may be upon the soundness of this advice, I am anxious that our friends should not think that I had made use of words open to so offensive an interpretation as those contained in your report.

Yours faithfully,

East Cowton, August 13th, 1863.

T. HOLME.

NEGLIGENT SECRETARIES.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Sir,—I am one of those who try to do their best to render help to some of the London societies, by giving an occasional address at the Band of Hope meetings. I consent each month to take appointments, but very often have a walk of many miles for nothing, besides wasting time. This is through the negligence of secretaries of societies. If I am informed rightly, each London subscribing society to the Union is provided with a monthly speaker, and on the first of each month each society is informed who the speaker will be, and when he may be expected.

Considering that one of the chief wants of local societies is the services of those who can interest and instruct the children, and that most of your speakers are well qualified for this, I wonder so little care is taken to get a good meeting, and thus bring about as large an amount of good as possible. But I still more wonder that sometimes, when circumstances prevent the meeting being held, that the secretary has not sufficient consideration for the comfort of speakers, to write intimating this fact.

During the past six weeks I have been to several meetings of the Union, some of them extremely interesting, and where I thought real good was being done. I will however give you a few reports of meetings I have been at, where, through want of exertion, forethought, interest, &c., I believe there might as well have been no meeting at all.

One night I went about twelve miles (there and back), and at time of commencement found two children outside, and the door locked; half an hour later there were five; ten minutes later a gentleman came up, but not the manager, and at three quarters of an hour after time I gave an address to fourteen; five minutes before time of closing, the secretary came. Is this a model Band of Hope?

Another:—went six miles (there and back), found seven children. There was neither pledge book nor hymn book to be seen. This was in a neighbourhood abounding with children, who would count a real Band of Hope meeting a great treat. A friend of mine went a month before I did, and found a similar meeting. If I were secretary to a Band of Hope, and could not do better than this, I should take it I was out of my sphere, and might as well give up.

I went again about fourteen miles; found four children. How encouraging! I wondered how the conductor could look me in the face, and seem so delightfully agreeable!

Once more:—A Band of Hope in one of the most thickly-populated districts of London, begins at seven. (I mean it ought to do so). I got there at ten minutes past seven, and found two boys dancing in the pulpit. We had nine boys by eight o'clock, and gradually increased in number till half-past nine o'clock.

I went to a Band of Hope in Belgravia, where I expected to find things done aristocratically. Perhaps they are, but although the secretary knew I was going, there was no meeting, and the person who should have written to this effect, I suppose thought five minutes' time in writing a letter was worth more to him, than my travelling expences and losing three hours and a half.

There are several cases where I have been similarly treated; and I could tell you of six other cases where other friends have been served in the same way.

My only object in writing is, that secretaries may see the need of doing things in a more systematic and proper way. There are many other things I could mention as faults of our conductors. A friend told me the other day, that although he visits Bands of Hope far and near, he has never once been thanked, or offered his travelling expences.

I hope our friends will in future be more careful.

Yours truly,

ONE OF THE SPEAKERS.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has attended meetings at the following places, besides others of which we have not yet received a report:—Hurworth-on-Tees; Cockfield; Ingleton; Middlesborough; Gainford; Coxhoe; Silsdon; Bolton Wood; Bingley; Farm Hill. At these various meetings, Mr. Affleck has had an opportunity of addressing 8,300 persons on the principles of our movement.

Mr. W. BELL has attended meetings as follows:—Northampton; Wolverton; Harrold, Beds; Great Gedding; Wynwick Old Meston; Polebrooke; Washton; Luddenden Foot, Yorkshire; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Deverell Street, New Kent Road; Moor Street; and Whitfield Chapel, Wilson Street, Long Acre.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Amicable Row, Kent Street; Bloomsbury Refuge; Camden Town; Denmark Street, Soho, twice; Southville, Wandsworth; St. Clement's Danes; Banner of Peace, Paddington; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre, twice; Peel Grove, Bethnal green; Calthorpe Street; Star of Temperance; Prospect Row, Walworth; Lansdowne Place; King Street, Long Acre; Kent Street; Barnsbury; St. Mathew's School, Old Pye Street; and Southgate; he has also taken part in three adult meetings, preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday schools.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as follows:—Old Ford Congregational Chapel; Union Hall, Bishopsgate; Spa Fields Sunday school, Clerkenwell; Lant Street, Borough; Cross Street, Blackfriars Road; Esher Street, Kennington; Haverstock Hill; Exeter Buildings, Chelsea; Northey Street, Limehouse; Fox and Knott Court, Holborn; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Deverell Street, New Kent Road; St. Paul's National School, Clerkenwell; Good Samaritan Temperance Hall; Star of Temperance, King Street, Long Acre; and Little Wild Street.

KENT STREET.—On Wednesday, August 5th, the two Bands of Hope, holding their meetings in Kent street (one in Lansdowne place and the other in Amicable row,) went together to Shirley to enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery of that well known place for excursionists. They numbered in all, children and friends, about 240, and filled seven covered vans. Mr. G. M. Murphy, of Surrey chapel, accompanied the party, who all sat down in the afternoon to a bountiful tea, provided for them under the shade of an immense oak tree, for which the place is famous; the party then proceeded home in the vans, singing as they came, after having spent one of the happiest days in their lives.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The annual meeting of the Cape Town Band of Hope was held in Sydney Street Chapel, on Wednesday, the 1st July. At five o'clock the children had tea; after which the public meeting was held. The Hon. S. Cawood, M.L.C., presided; and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. Cameron, and Messrs. W. Brittain, D. McKay, and J. Smithers. Several melodies were sung during the evening by Messrs. Easterbrook, Thomas, Hosking, and Lewis; and a portion of the Temperance Catechism was recited by some of the boys belonging to the Band of Hope. The report stated that 17 meetings had been held, and 65 signatures obtained. A number of medals, temperance publications, and tracts had been distributed; and a lending library had been opened. A branch had also been established at Rondebosch, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Cameron. The committee for the year were:—President, Mr. J. Filmer; Secretary, Mr. J. B. Smithers; Treasurer, Mr. J. Hosking; Messrs. J. Ball, T. Ball, W. Brittain, G. Brittain, Cornwell, W. Hosking, Josh. Hosking, Andrew Jackson, B. Lawrence, C. Lewis, G. Stubbs, T. J. Simly, T. A. Thorne, J. Wright, and W. Wells, jun. The collection at the close of the meeting amounted to £2. 1s. 1d. [We feel sure our readers will be delighted to hear of the continued prosperity, and the active and zealous workers there are, in Cape Colony. Some of our friends at home may not be aware that there are few English settlements in any part of the world, where Bands of Hope are not in existence, and where our melodies are not sung by youthful voices, striving to drive the curse of drink away, wherever its evils are found. We wish our friends in Cape Town a hearty God-speed!—*Ed.*]

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. C. GARRETT, OF PRESTON.—At a large public meeting, there has been presented to this eloquent advocate of Bands of Hope, a testimonial consisting of the following works, handsomely bound:—Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, 8 vols.; Steir's Words of the Lord Jesus (translated from the German), 8 vols.; Lange's Theological and Homiletical Commentary on Matt., Mark, and Luke, 5 vols. (translated from the German); Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, 3 vols.; The Temperance Works of Dr. F. R. Lees, 4 vols.;—in all 28 volumes. The books bore the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Chas. Garrett, by the Preston Wesleyan Band of Hope, and other temperance friends, on his removal from Preston, August, 1863, in testimony of their high regard for him, and in thankful acknowledgement of the great services rendered to the temperance cause by his eloquent and fearless, yet always temperate and Christian advocacy, resulting in the formation, during his residence amongst us, of a Wesleyan Band of Hope, embracing 1,000 members; with the prayer that his life may long be spared, and may still be successfully employed in elevating and blessing his fellow-men."

WILTON, NEAR SALISBURY.—The society here have had the pleasure of presenting to Lady Herbert, of Lea, a copy of the Report of the Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention,

which held their sittings in Hanover Square Rooms, London, in September last. Her ladyship very kindly accepted the volume, and entered into a long and interesting conversation with the deputation as to the progress of the temperance movement, and was much pleased to hear of its usefulness and success. The book is beautifully bound in morocco and gold, and was got up at the Alliance Office. The following inscription is on a tablet on the volume:—"Presented by the Wilton Total Abstinence Society to the Right Honorable Lady Herbert of Lea, as a token of their high respect for her general goodness and Christian benevolence, and in remembrance of the great and successful temperance *fête* held in Wilton Park, on Monday, June 29th, 1863, which was kindly granted to the above society for that purpose by her ladyship."

CREWE BAND OF HOPE.—The monthly meeting of this society was held in the Town Hall, Crewe, on the 5th inst. The large room was densely crowded, and many could not obtain admission. The chair was occupied by Mr. D. Mann, president of the society, supported by N. Worsdell, Esq. superintendant of goods department, London and North-Western Railway; Mr. Pottie, foreman millwright; Messrs. Griffiths, P. Jones, Skeldon, &c. The Tonic Sol-Fa Choir, under the able leadership of Mr. Skeldon, contributed largely to the entertainment. After interesting speeches from several gentlemen, Mr. Pottie took occasion to announce the intention of the Rechabite Society to establish a juvenile tent in Crewe, and recommended members of the Band of Hope to join it; thus holding out still greater inducements to remain true to their pledge. At the close of the meeting fifteen signed the pledge.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND "LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST."—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept of a neatly bound copy of the Rev. J. B. Kane's Temperance story, "Love's Labour not Lost." The following letter, received on Saturday, must be very gratifying to the committee of the Irish Temperance League:—"August 20.—Mrs. Bruce is desired by the Princess of Wales to thank Mr. Church and the committee of the Irish Temperance League for the book they have been so good as to send to her Royal Highness."

THE BEDFORD BAND OF HOPE.—This society, from its formation, has steadily increased in numbers, and a more extensive work could be accomplished if means were forthcoming for its support, but in this, as well as in a place of proper accommodation for meeting, we have been exceedingly straitened; our difficulty in not having a commodious place has passed away, the Lord has made our way clear, and we take courage. Financially we are at fault; up to the present time we have derived our main support from Joseph Tucker, Esq., Mrs. and Miss Tucker, to whose kindness we owe our annual festival; 500 children incur considerable expense on such an occasion. We meet once a week; our meetings are conducted as follows:—Opened with singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, after which short addresses, recitations, singing, &c. We owe the secret of our success to commending our cause to God in prayer. There is a scriptural bearing in all our meetings. The conduct of the children is uniformly good; we have little complaint to make. Our singing is conducted by one who well understands music, and our melodies are set to cheerful but chaste tunes; we endeavour to lead them in the pathway to all that is moral, and above all prayerfully direct them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,—to that Saviour who said, "Suffer these little ones to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

BRITISH LEAGUE OF JUVENILE ABSTAINERS.

By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS.

This society, which from its name seems to have been at first intended to embrace the British Isles, was formed at Edinburgh, in October, 1846, and speedily secured an important position. Two thousand children joined its ranks in the course of a few months, and on July, 3rd, 1847, a grand fête was held, in which twelve thousand juveniles took part. Even this demonstration was surpassed on the 5th of July 1851, at a gathering in the Queen's Park, when about 70,000 persons, adults and juveniles, were estimated to be present, including delegations from the various juvenile societies of Scotland. The working of the Edinburgh movement is as follows:—The city is divided into districts of convenient size, and a meeting in each is held weekly under the charge of a paid agent, who is called the superintendent, commencing at 5.30 p.m. and closing at 6.30 p.m. Singing and prayer occupy $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; reading a temperance lesson, 15 minutes; singing and addresses by the children, 15 minutes; address by the superintendent, marking the roll, and intimations, 15 minutes; singing and prayer, $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; in all 60 minutes. The enrolment of new members takes place at the close of the meetings. The attendance has been regular, the improvement marked, and the results altogether most satisfactory. A reading or temperance lesson consists of four pages, commencing with an appropriate text of Scripture, then follows a simple description of intoxicating liquors, or of *alcohol a poison*, or of tobacco, snuff, opium, or of the physiological effects of these, or of the success of the Maine-law, or of the immorality of the Liquor-traffic, or of the duty of Abstinence, or of anecdotes, stories, facts, and testimonies bearing on the subject, concluding with a few questions. The reading having been placed in the hands of all in attendance, the best readers are selected, and in succession read aloud short sentences; while each child, paper in hand, follows the reader, prepared to answer any questions the superintendent may put. The text of Scripture is committed to memory. Temperance melodies were composed for the League in 1847, and the superintendent teaches the children to sing them to appropriate tunes. Two or three short addresses are delivered by the children; when careful preparation is

made, the effect is very perceptible upon their companions, and the news at home is no less beneficial upon parents. The superintendent's address is very brief, and may be said to be a commentary on the leading ideas of the reading of the children's addresses, and of the melodies sung, fastened upon the minds of the young by some observation or anecdote. There is a children's committee in each meeting, chosen by the children themselves, to assist the superintendent to visit absentees, to distribute notices through the district, and to aid in increasing the attendance, and securing the good conduct of all who are present. By arrangement with the directors and teachers of thirty-six schools, including some of the largest in the city, one hour each week, during the regular school hours, has been granted to the temperance superintendent for the purpose of imparting temperance instruction, by readings, melodies, and suitable addresses. Meetings are held for young men and women at a later hour of the evening, and have been carried on with much success, forming the connecting link between the children's and the adult meetings. They last for two hours, and the time is thus appropriated:—Prayer, 5 minutes; reading-lesson and examination, 30 minutes; address by the superintendent, 15 minutes; melodies, 20 minutes; address and recitations, by young men; essays by young women, 45 minutes; prayer, 5 minutes; total, 120 minutes. To aid the young men and women in the selection of suitable subjects, a list of fifty-one subjects is printed, with notes, outlines, and references to authorities; and to give facilities for thorough preparation of essays, compositions, or addresses, free access is given to an excellent library of standard temperance literature. All the young men's essays, compositions, or addresses, must be delivered extempore; the young women's are read. Examinations take place regarding the attainments in temperance knowledge both of the children and the young men and women, and prizes are awarded to those who most distinguish themselves in proficiency; there are also written competitions on the readings, essays, and speeches, and honourable mention is made of those who, by regularity of attendance, good behaviour, and zeal in the cause, have merited it. There are four evening schools for young men, and one for young women, where all the ordinary branches of a good English education are imparted free of charge, under the care of thoroughly qualified teachers. One night each week is appropriated to the Temperance cause, thus combining reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography,

composition, with Temperance as a branch of education in a regularly established series of evening schools, which have been conducted for a number of years, and largely availed of by those who desire to continue and extend the education they have obtained at the day schools. There are two or three teachers in each school, according as the attendance or other circumstances may require, and they, with the temperance superintendent, conduct the instruction given on the night devoted to Temperance. There are thus 20 children's meetings; 36 children's hours in day schools for temperance; four young men's meetings; one young women's meeting; 61 meetings in all held week after week, or 2,867 throughout the session of eleven months. At these meetings total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium, in every form and degree, is the temperance taught and enjoined. The extermination of the Liquor-traffic is inculcated, and, as a simple act of justice on the part of the Government to the people, it is demanded. The young are encouraged by every possible means to seek the entire overthrow of the drink-making, drink-selling, and drink-using system as a gigantic wrong. There is no pledge; each member of the society is such while he abstains, and ceases to be a member when he ceases to abstain. The following were the actual numbers present at one week's meetings in each of the months of the session of 1860-1:—September, 5,807; October, 6,585; November, 6,685; December, 7,072; January, 6,469; February, 6,689; March, 6,353; April, 5,776; May, 5,523; June, 6,110; July, 6,021; giving an average presence of 6,281 at each week's meetings. Making allowance for such irregularity of attendance as occurs in schools, there could not have been less than 8,000 children and young persons under this instruction during the session; and these, at the most moderate computation, could not fail in some degree to bring the principles they were taught under the notice of 30,000 persons. The meetings are all under the charge of *paid superintendents*, who meet weekly for the study of the subject to be taught in the meetings, and to interchange their views as to the best mode of illustrating the reading, essays, or compositions, and generally for taking counsel together as to the work. They have access to the library of temperance literature, and are encouraged to seek out whatever can promote the welfare of those committed to their care. They report weekly in writing whatever transpires of interest. There has been a regular monthly meeting for prayer, attended by the superintendents, teachers, the youth and

their friends. In the month of July there are two excursions to the country ; and on the first of January the British League adds a special indoor festival, with an excellent supply of fruit, speeches by the young people, singing of temperance melodies, and performances by the band. The expenditure for the three years, ending with the 31st August, 1861, and exclusively paid by John Hope, Esq., was £4,698. 18s. 2d., or an average of £1,565. 6s. per annum. From 1847 to the present time Mr. Hope's contributions to this one object have exceeded £20,000.—*From the Temperance Dictionary.*

SIGN, JOHN.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

AIR—"Nay, John."

Sign, John ; Sign, John ; Nay do not decline, John ;
But boldly write your name in full, and drink no more of wine, John.

For a curse it ever proves

To all who love the glass, John :

The heart to sin it ever moves

And ruin brings to pass, John.

Bright and rosy it may look ;

But, oh ! it is a snare, John ;

Which our Maker's holy Book,

Oft bids us to beware, John.

CHORUS—Sign, John ; Sign, John, &c.

See, John ; See, John ; I stand erect and free, John ;

Yet ere I dared to sign the pledge, none viler were than me, John.

On the sloppy alehouse bench

I parted with my wealth, John ;

Swilling drink from morn till night,

I quickly lost my health, John :

With it too, my place and work,

And reputation high, John ;

Those who once would speak with me,

Would scornful hasten by, John.

CHORUS—Sign, John ; Sign, John, &c.

Then, John ; Then, John ; I cursed my fellow men, John ;

And beat my wife, and kicked my child, for months a weary ten, John ;

Hating all, I hugg'd the glass,

My daily boast and pride, John,

'Till its stings made me mad ;

And then I should have died, John,

If my poor, devoted wife,

My bedside had forsook, John,

Nor soothed my wild and anxious fears,

With love's caressing look, John.

CHORUS—Sign, John ; Sign, John, &c.

Long, John ; Long, John ; the angel I did wrong, John,
 Attended patiently on me, till I grew hale and strong, John.

Then, for her, the pledge I sign'd,
 And learned to keep it too, John :

Happiness it brought to me,

And so it will to you, John :

Masters gave me work again :

Kind friends to me would speak, John ;

And in my pleasure I forgot

Each former weary week, John.

CHORUS—Sign, John ; Sign, John, &c.

Now, John ; Now, John ; unclouded is my brow, John ;

I stand erect in liberty, nor more to drink I bow, John.

But poor drunkards help to save,

And lead them to the light, John.

Nor will I falter on my way,

Nor flinch from foes in fight, John.

For I know that God and truth

Are ever on our side, John :

That each future age will bless,

And think on us with pride, John.

CHORUS—Sign, John ; Sign, John, &c.

THE OPEN AIR MISSION.

A more interesting Report, than that just issued by the committee of the Open Air mission, we never read. It is full of interest. It is crowded with startling facts. It is enough to make every christian man shudder and weep. That our readers may judge for themselves, we will furnish them with some extracts from its pages. The secretary, writing of the efforts made opposite the scaffold on which Joseph Brooks was executed, says :—

“ Our operations consisted of tract distribution, preaching, reading aloud the Scriptures, and individual conversation. About fifty Christian men, and one or two women, were engaged in the work. Some were preaching on Sunday morning, the 26th ; others on Sunday evening. A few gave the whole of the night to these self-denying labours, while the majority worked from six till eight o'clock on Monday morning. These devoted helpers consisted of one minister, the Rev. G. W. M. Cree, a few gentlemen and tradesmen, several city missionaries and evangelists, and a good number of working men. They came from Deptford, Bermondsey, Walworth, Southwark, Lambeth, Clapham, Wandsworth, Chelsea, Paddington, Marylebone, Islington, Kingsland, Hoxton, the various districts in the East End, and other outlying districts, as well as the nearer ones. They came together actuated by love to their Saviour and to the souls and bodies of men, knowing that no other reward awaited

them than the testimony of a good conscience, and the approval of the Master they delight to serve. Some of them would lose half a day's wages; but this they suffered cheerfully, remembering, as one of them observed, 'I didn't mind losing a great deal more when I was in the devil's service.' We had more preaching than I ever remember on a similar occasion, either in London or the country. There could not have been fewer than thirty addresses on Sunday evening and Monday morning. On Monday there was continuous preaching at four stations for nearly two hours. The principal one was in front of the drop, and consequently in the centre of the vast crowd. It was interesting to notice the style and manner of the different speakers. Some spoke chiefly in the words of Scripture, selecting simple and solemn passages; others began by relating some startling incident; while others read the confessions of criminals, on which they founded strong and telling appeals. Those who were most earnest and natural, using illustrations freely, gained the ears of the people most readily, while those who spoke in an assumed or affected tone did not succeed in this respect. The crowd probably numbered 15,000 persons at least. Although composed of the usual rough elements, it was a remarkably orderly one on the whole. *Many were under the influence of drink*, and some laughed and joked while the most solemn things were being spoken, uttering mock 'Amens' while prayer was being offered for the poor culprit, but the majority lent at least the outward ear, and some were moved to tears. I heard of only one preacher who was roughly handled by the crowd, and he appears to have been young and indiscreet."

What do our readers think of this picture of modern London? We quote from a statement made by the London City Missionary labouring in Cow Cross, Clerkenwell:—

"Broad Yard is called 'Hell' by many of the inhabitants of the place. In June, last year, there was a prize fight on that very spot, between two men living in the district, which lasted about two hours. Both men were stripped, and one was actually seconded by his father and his own sister. I saw this myself. The young woman is now converted and working for Christ, and the two men have become reformed. I have seen women lying in a row of five or six, with their heads to their houses, in a beastly state of intoxication, and the children dancing at their feet. But they still more de-file themselves by what proceeds from their mouths. My Superintendent also one day witnessed a scene of this kind, with which, of course, he was filled with disgust. It was in this court or yard that Mrs. T——, on Sunday, March 8th last, knelt down and openly called on God to paralyze her. She was very drunk at the time, and her prayer was answered in judgment. I visit her now in the workhouse, where she lies in a frightful state, with one arm withering and her power of speech gone. But, thank God, she is very penitent."

An agent of the Mission, writing from the Isle of Wight, says:—

"I don't remember visiting any fair or race before where so much drunkenness prevailed at that early hour among those returning. On

the course things were worse. Several fights were going on among drunken men while I was preaching. There were only six or eight places where drink was sold. The number of persons in attendance might be from 3,000 to 4,000. I don't know whether you or any of your townsmen can do anything towards the suppression of these races, but if you can I beseech you to set about it. Leaving religion out of the question, they ought to be suppressed on the ground of morality and order. It would be an act of real kindness to the people of the island to have them done away with, especially to the working classes. While races are held they will go, and as long as they go they will get drunk. Not only is drunkenness but immorality promoted by the races: immoral persons come and corrupt others, young women and young men lose their characters, working men take to drinking, and are often at it several days afterwards, and the fearful responsibility of much of this rests upon the heads of those who are instrumental in getting up the races, either by arranging for or subscribing money towards them. And let not the respectable persons who go and come, as they say, without getting any harm, think they are guiltless; by their presence they are sanctioning what takes place."

Here is a scene from Peterborough fair:—

"The fair-field was visited on the morning of the third day, between half-past six and eight o'clock. Then the real fruits of the fair were seen. The dregs seemed to have settled down into one particular tent—a drinking booth, where from thirty to forty persons were found in different stages of drunkenness. If the respectable attendants of such gatherings—those who frequently bring their children and leave in good time, priding themselves upon their respectability and their good hours—could have spent a few minutes in this drinking booth, they would pause before they again patronized by their presence gatherings which are productive of such fearful evils. The occupants consisted chiefly of men, some drinking, others sleeping on the benches, some engaged in angry or senseless conversation, others walking backward and forward restlessly. One man was trying to stitch his coat together, which had been torn off his back in a drunken fray. Another was brought in almost senseless, having been set upon by a pugilist. He was laid on a bench, and some spirits poured into his mouth. He shook his head, and beckoned for something else. Water was then given to him. There was a vacant stare in his eyes, and his whole frame shook convulsively, and many expressed their fears that he would die. The pugilist was brought in by the collar and threatened with vengeance."

"But the most painful and affecting sight was that of several girls who seemed to have lost all sense of modesty and propriety. Probably the day before they were happy in the smile of their parents or employers; now they were ruined and blighted."

What do our readers think of these revelations? Surely temperance men will arise and work still more diligently in their great cause. We must work now—now, for the night cometh when no man can work.

DRINK NOT!

BY J. P. HUTCHINSON, Darlington.

AIR—"Love Not!"

Drink not; Drink not; but throw the bowl away;

Oh injure not the body God has given;

Improve thy mind, now in its healthful day,

And guard thy soul that it may live for heaven.

Drink not!

Drink not, oh father! for thy children's sake,

The blushing daughter sitting by thy side,

Oh! taste not that, you would not have *her* taste.

If he, thy son, thou would'st in safety guide,

Drink not!

Drink not, oh mother! let no thing impure

Pass o'er thy lips, from which nought vile should come;

Touch not the unclean thing. Oh! be thou sure

The serpent shall not enter in thy home.

Drink not!

Drink not! oh, drink not of the foaming glass,

That ever does the source of sorrow prove;

But live in soberness, till called to pass

Into the world of everlasting love.

Drink not!

"CAN NOTHING BE DONE?"

A SAD STORY.

In a room, whose furniture betrayed at once present poverty and past affluence, lay an emaciated young man, whose last sands seemed fast running out. His sister sat at the top of the bed, keeping his head in an easy posture. His mother was at his side, and two younger brothers were employed rubbing his legs to afford him ease. The face of the dying youth was like ivory. Great beads of sweat were upon his brow. His forehead was of the class from which phrenologists form high expectations. His eyes were illumined with a brilliancy often observed to precede death, and at this time lustrous with tears. And altogether, there was a strange, restless, unsettled, and unearthly appearance about him. The minister, under whose care he had been when a boy, had just been engaged in commending his soul to God, and had risen from his knees, and was about to leave, when, shaking hands with him, he said,—

"O George, George, I am so glad that you are enabled to indulge hope in death; yet to this moment, I cannot conceive how, with all your good principles in early life, you could have been led astray as you have been."

All appeared grieved at the good man's reference ; but he proceeded,—
 “Of all the young men I have ever known, you were the most promising, and the least likely to be led astray.”

An expression of agony seemed to pass over the face of the dying man. His eyes were closed for a few moments ; when, looking up to his sister and mother, they understood him to express a wish that he should be raised up.

“No, George!—no!” his mother said, “you are not able.”

“Gratify me; I am dying!” he said; “Mr. M’Naughton may do others good by a knowledge of how I was led astray ; and an hour longer or shorter of life makes little difference to me now.

“It were long to tell you, Mr. M’Naughton,” he said, “how I was led astray. Perhaps I read scripture less, and prayed less, and realized less of the divine presence, after I left home than before. Many things may have contributed to my first departure from rectitude ; but my ruin, you are aware, was effected through strong drink.”

“I know it, George,—I know it, and that principally surprises me ; because before you left home you were so rigid an abstainer. You have refused wine in my house.”

“Yes ; I was right at home,” he said ; “but from my earliest years, in this town and elsewhere, I have continually had temptations presented to me to induce me to use strong drink. Even in your own family, as you have mentioned ; and of course in others. The licence that a clergyman takes in cases of this kind, his people will carry out to a far greater extent than his example warrants. Abstinence in a minister will scarcely influence all his people to be temperate ; the use of strong drink at all will, in a vast number of cases, be taken by them as a justification of their own intemperance. At home, consequently I was constantly urged to drink *as a favour* ; I was *laughed at* for not drinking, and sometimes *frowned upon*. My conduct was ascribed to my inability to use intoxicating drink without becoming a drunkard,—to a desire to assume a position of superiority over my equals,—to a mean desire to save money,—and many other motives of a similar, unworthy, and dishonourable character.”

“Still you resisted all these !”

“Only, perhaps, as a stronghold resists for a time attacks made upon it, each of which nevertheless weakens it, and prepares it for its ultimate fall.”

“It should have had the opposite effect, George.”

“Yes, that is the general view I daresay. I think it was my own ; but contact with evil, and exposure to evil counsels, does not leave the mind unaffected. The man that has had the fewest temptations to a wrong course presented to him, in my opinion, is the least likely to yield to such persuasives when addressed to him on any new occasion. Practically, I have found that, when my mind was *not inclined* to consent to such inducements, they still haunted the memory afterwards, and exercised a prejudicial influence upon me ; and when *inclined*, the temptation was generally the *occasion* of my consenting to evil. The many temptations to use strong drink at home, and the known practice of the best

men there, I can assure you, often caused me to falter before I went to my new situation, and I solemnly believe, conduced to my ultimately abandoning my abstinence principles, and to my ruin. I blame no one; Mr. M'Naughton," he said, looking up to him. "It would ill become me to *blame*. I am myself the chief of sinners. In commencing the use of strong drink, at every step I violated my convictions of right, and silenced the voice of God within me. At the great judgment, I dare say nothing, but 'Unclean, unclean! God be merciful to me a sinner!' But, O, Mr. M'Naughton! *could nothing be done* to take these temptations out of the way of others?"

He became weak and fell back, but soon recovered, and would not be persuaded to cease speaking.

"When I went to M——," he said, "my temptations multiplied. Among the circle of my acquaintances not a single soul practised abstinence. It was never spoken about but for mockery. A scheme proposing to teach how man could be supported without food could scarcely have been treated with more scorn. Abstainers in Scotland occupy not only an easy, but an *honourable* position, compared with those in England. Every person in the office where I was, not only used intoxicating drinks, but could not do without them, and both avowed this, and gloried in it! My practice alienated me from some of them, and lowered me, at *first*, in the estimate of all. As I rose in the office, I was sometimes at my master's table. My practice there made me singular. It was noticed, and, as I believed, not to my advantage. At least this was the conclusion at which I arrived, and I was *influenced* by it accordingly. Everywhere my conduct was the subject of wonder, ridicule, or censure. I became attached to a young lady, who herself and her relatives were very stern opponents to abstinence. No *demand* was made that I should surrender my *practice* but I knew well that it would seriously interfere with my success. I came to know that nothing else would do so. Personally, I had never experienced the misery of drunkenness, and could not *fully* estimate it. The cost of securing the advantages of temperance I was inclined to exaggerate. I gladdened my friends by abandoning my abstinence practice! I never viewed my temperance principles as wrong; but tried to convince myself that the world was not ready for their adoption, and that consequently it was about as vain to struggle for this, as to expect a crop by sowing in winter. I knew all the while the weakness of my own reasoning:—that the advance-guard of truth must ever expect to meet with an unprepared world; and that it was by the maintenance of what I was abandoning, that other generations would find the world better prepared for the reception of these principles. Indeed, the reasons which I assigned were more for my justification in the sight of others, than for pleading at the bar of conscience. Fearful have been the consequences to me of violating my convictions of right. But why should customs of this kind be allowed to continue to tempt individuals, some of whom are sure to be overcome by strong drink if they use it at all? For it, I had no inclination, and would have vastly preferred to live and die without it, if this could have been done without lowering my position in the estimate

of those around me. Why should Christian men allow the continuance of a state of society, in which a man must appear singular and unsocial, and lose *caste*, or expose himself to habits which will ruin him for time and eternity?

"At every table where I sat, intoxicating drinks in some shape were to be found. I could not use these in one place and not in another—I drank everywhere! I knew that a given per centage of those that used these drinks would be ruined by them; but supposed, as every one that uses them does, that I should prove an exception. I thought that my knowledge of the danger put me in a position of greater safety than those who were ignorant or sceptical about it. I thought as I knew the character of the stream, that I should certainly keep out of the rapids. My work was often very exhausting. I had frequently late hours. When I got home, I found myself much refreshed by wine. I used it—used it often; was often overcome by it before the public came to know anything about it. It became known at length, however, as drunkenness invariably does, and I lost my situation!"

He paused, as if unable to proceed further, but after a little resumed his narrative. "After I lost my situation, doors that were always before open to me were shut; and those whom I had abandoned my principles to please, ceased to notice or know me. How low I sunk I need not tell; but in my lowest state I still felt my degradation, and desired to escape from it! I got engaged as under-steward in a temperance vessel bound to India. I reformed—returned—got employment from my old masters, and was advanced from one place to another, till I had nearly reached my old situation."

"How, then, George, could you fall a second time?"

"Possibly I cannot tell you *how*. My resolutions were sincere, so far as a man can be a judge of his own sincerity; but I thought after a time that I might use a little without danger. I tried to do this, and succeeded. I tried again and again, and found I could take a little and stop at the right point. I knew that my friends around would not give me credit for being reformed, unless they saw that I could take a *little*. It was sad ignorance on their part, but great guilt on mine! The views of others ought to have been a very secondary matter with me, and sobriety everything. If abstinence had brought death, to die a sober man should been better—a thousand times better—than to live a drunkard! It is the curse of the intemperate man, that his reason becomes dimmed by the presence of intoxicating drinks, as the sky becomes dark by the withdrawal of the sun; and resolutions melt away as snow before the heat of summer. I began to use intoxicating drinks openly. I drank more and more. Reason and conscience lost their supremacy, and appetite again occupied the vacated place. I had no more power to resist this tyrant, than the paralyzed arm to obey the will!"

"Still, George, you were a man."

"I was,—I was,—a responsible man! I tried hard to think otherwise, and sometimes thought I had succeeded; but I never did. Still the appetite for intoxicating drinks raged, as you may conceive of the desire

for food to dominate in men long deprived of it. The sight of drink—the smell of it—even conversation about it—made the desire for it a species of madness. And drink in some shape or other was everywhere! Had I lived where all were abstainers around me, and the occasions which excited the appetite withdrawn, I might possibly have been saved. The world in which I was was different. I fell, and sunk deeper and deeper. I became a profligate, a cheat, a beggar, a criminal; and never reformed till in the cell of a prison, from which I have only been released to die. It was thus I fell. You are a man who may exercise influence upon influential men, to induce them to do something to remove temptations out of the way of the young—something to facilitate the reformation of the half million of miserable drunkards in our land, and to prevent them from being tempted again to return to their evil ways! Surely there are Christian men enough in this country to change the custom of continually using intoxicating drinks at our tables; and Christian principle enough to lead to the exercise of the amount of self-denial which may be necessary to secure such an increase to human happiness, and such a diminution of human misery, as would be effected by the abolition of drunkenness!”

He looked again at Mr. M'Naughton, and said,—

“Surely something more *could* be done!” These were his last words. He sunk down totally exhausted, and almost fainting. He never after recognized any of his relatives. His work was done. Death woke him next morning as the sun rose.

Reader! permit the writer to address the question to you which George put to his minister—“Can nothing more be done?”

THE WORDS OF A FRIEND.

*ADDRESS read at the BAND of HOPE GALA at ASKE HALL,
August 21st, 1863.*

In the present aspect of the Temperance movement, the attention of its thoughtful promoters is fixed upon the efforts which are now being made to train up the rising generation in the principles and practice of teetotalism. There are two circumstances calculated to encourage our friends in the prosecution of this object. In the first place they have a material to work upon untainted by inveterate habits and craving appetite; and in the next place, as a general rule, parents, even those who are inaccessible to the appeals of temperance reformers, are too sensible of the dangers of the drinking system not to rejoice in seeing their children fenced in as it were from its besetting allurements. Encouraged by these favourable circumstances, and impressed with the vast importance of securing the adhesion of the young, Bands of Hope are now regarded as a necessary adjunct to every temperance association, without which it would not be complete. Isolated, however, from each other, and conducted upon no regular system, it was apparent that their efficiency was greatly impeded, and that a closer co-operation and a special organization were necessary in order to the full development of their power. With a view to accom-

plish this object, the Band of Hope Union was established in London, in 1855, since which time it has done good service to the cause. A deputation from this society, in the person of its zealous and talented hon. sec., the Rev. G. W. McCree, met several friends of the movement, chiefly from the rural districts at Darlington, on the 24th of June, 1862, when our Band of Hope Union Northern Auxiliary was formed under the presidency of G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth. The objects contemplated by this society, like those of the parent society, were:—1. To form new bands of hope. 2. To assist bands of hope already in existence. 3. To employ agents qualified to interest the young, and to organise, on a right basis, new bands of hope. 4. To circulate approved publications. 5. To employ authors of acknowledged talent in the production of works adapted to the present state of the movement. Till we have more ample funds it is obvious that our efforts must be confined to the first four of these objects. It is much to be regretted that in consequence of some misunderstanding, the society was not so fortunate at its commencement as to meet with the countenance and support of any influential body of temperance men. Notwithstanding this discouragement, its friends felt it to be their duty to prosecute the work upon which they had entered, leaving the issue to Him under whose blessing they had determined to act; and they have now the satisfaction of thinking that the numerous associations which have affiliated with it, are an unmistakeable evidence of the deepfelt necessity of such an organization, especially in the rural districts, and at the same time a gratifying testimony of the confidence which has been placed in the conductors of the society. At the first annual conference, held at Bishop Auckland, on the 16th of June last, reports from the several affiliated associations gave an encouraging view of the healthy working of the society, while the proceedings of the conference were marked by a spirit of harmony, and by a determination to carry on the work with increased zeal. To the deep regret, however, of the assembled delegates, their president signified his intention of resigning his office in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of his health. His resignation was accepted with great reluctance, and, in the absence of a more influential individual, I was requested to fill the responsible post. Feeling it to be my duty to place myself at the service of the conference, I accepted the honourable position in a deep sense of my deficiency, but, with a determination to use my best exertions to co-operate with the friends of the society in promoting the interests and usefulness of our important mission.

The Band of Hope Union is based on the principle of a catholic comprehensiveness. While each separate denomination of christians may feel it desirable to organize a Band of Hope within its own fold, the common weal and safety seem to require that there should be a general association in which the several bands might be united to each other, and that from time to time they might meet together to present a consolidated front against the inroads of a common enemy that makes no distinction of rank or sect, but introduces wherever he prevails immorality, degradation, and misery. Against such an enemy, christians may well recognise

an opportunity where, without any compromise of principle, they may join together in order to accomplish a victory that it would not be possible to achieve by their separate and disunited exertions. The more frequently they are brought together to promote some common good, the more likely are they to be disabused of their prejudices, and to acknowledge in each other the lineaments of a common fatherhood, and of experiencing towards each other sentiments of courtesy and brotherly good will.

I have already mentioned that our society, at its commencement, had failed, from some misapprehension, to receive the support of those whose countenance might have obtained for it a cordial welcome amongst Temperance men, as being prepared to occupy a portion in the field, which seemed to be in danger of running to waste from the absence of adequate means to cultivate it. Now, if we would hope to allay any unfavourable impressions which we may have had the misfortune to incur, and if we would win the confidence of our temperance friends, it is evident that in the prosecution of our work we must show that we are influenced by no party feelings or jealousy, but on the contrary, that it is our desire not only to act in harmony with existing Temperance societies, such as the British Temperance League, the Northern Temperance League, and the United Kingdom Alliance, but whenever the opportunity presents itself, to co-operate with them in their work, and promote their interests; for assuredly the well-being and the success of all are inseparably linked together. This seems to be a point misunderstood, or too much overlooked by Temperance men. A sort of jealousy, it is to be feared, prevails amongst the different societies, as if the success of one interfered with the prosperity of another, and, as if the funds of one society could not be increased but at the expense of another. The reverse of this is proved to be the fact by the testimony of experience in the case of other philanthropic institutions. Look, for instance, to the two great missionary societies in the Established Church: the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands, and the Church Missionary Society. When the latter society, embracing a different field of labour was formed, an outcry was raised that it would cripple and embarrass the funds and the usefulness of the old society. But what has been the result? Both the societies are flourishing, and in many places working side by side, while the funds for missions have been increasing tenfold. May we not hope that something like this will be the case with the increase of temperance organizations, where there is a deep-felt need of them? There has not yet been any extraordinary strain upon the generosity of the temperance public. There is a mine still to be worked; there are stores still to be unlocked, which are in reserve for those who, with well-directed zeal, are prepared to enter upon some new field of usefulness. If we wish the Temperance cause to be developed in its full strength, we must have associations adapted to *every phase* of its requirements. Moral suasion societies for adults; bands of hope for the young; the United Kingdom Alliance to destroy a traffic which would neutralize and frustrate the labours of the other two, each society devoting its energies to its special work, none of them ignoring, much less thwart-

ing the others; but on the contrary, each cherishing and helping each where opportunity offers, as brother workers in the same blessed cause. With regard to the future position and prospects of our society, we shall act most wisely if we leave these in the hands of Him who will not fail us in our work of love, if we have an eye to His glory, and labour on in a dependence upon His guidance and help. Duty is ours. Events belong to Him. Let us then go on prudently, zealously, trustfully, at the same time in a spirit of loving forbearance towards those who cannot or do not agree with us in our temperance views. Let us concentrate our efforts on the distinctive work of our society. The more strictly we direct our *own* attention, and the more earnestly we direct the attention of *our agents* to the work of organizing and assisting Bands of Hope, the more efficiently shall we be carrying out our mission; the more certainly shall we secure the confidence of our temperance brethren, and the deeper and surer shall we be laying the foundations of our society. This, however, is a work in which both we and our agents have had little experience, and we may be well excused if our first efforts have been marked with much imperfection: but I have such faith in the public, that if they see that we are honestly endeavouring to do our best, they will extend to us a large measure of indulgence. The great thing in order to accomplish our object will be to keep our eye steadily upon our *special* work, and to request our friends to favour us with any information and advice which they may think useful.

Let it be our great aim to raise our Bands of Hope to a *good position* with the *public outside*. As far as can be done without injury to principle, we should also strive to *popularise* and elevate the movement both with the parents and friends of the children, and with the public at large, but more especially with the children themselves. This is a very important point, and requires careful and delicate attention. If our Bands of Hope lose their prestige with the public, it is to be feared that the movement would prove a comparative failure, or at all events, would not yield the abundant harvest of which it now gives so cheering a prospect. By thus persevering in our labour of love, with a view to promote the welfare and happiness of the rising generation, and in a dependence upon God's blessing, we may hope that our labour will not be in vain, but that it will be honoured by God, and that in due time we shall be permitted to reap an abundant harvest in the affection and exemplary conduct of those whom we are seeking to guard against the besetting snares of the drinking system, and to train up in the paths which will lead to respectability and comfort in life, and, by divine help, to peace in death, and to inconceivable happiness in eternity through Jesus Christ our Lord.

T. HOLME.

THE REFORMATION OF ST. GILES'S.

By ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

Probably no parish in the metropolis has had a more infamous reputation than St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. For more than a

century it has been the reproach of London; it has been regarded as the dirtiest, most dangerous, and most degraded locality in England. No opprobrious term has been thought too harsh to apply to it. "As bad as St. Giles's," is a proverbial expression, ready for the lips, whenever a pithy sentence is wanted to fling at some hateful place or people. It may be proved, however, that the parish of St. Giles does not now deserve its traditional reputation. We do not wish to paint it in roseate lines, and to affirm that its moral transformation is complete; but we believe that its intellectual, sanitary, and moral progress will be found to equal, and in some cases, to surpass that of more highly favoured metropolitan parishes. It is vastly more clean than it was; its interlacing thoroughfares and alleys are quite as safe as those of Lambeth, Somers Town, Westminster, and Shoreditch. Drinking fountains assuage the thirst of its population; Day, Sunday, and Ragged Schools, Lending Libraries, Penny Banks, and Provident Funds, Mission Halls, Temperance Societies, and Bands of Hope, Baths and Washhouses, Singing Classes, Weekly Lectures, Model Lodging Houses, Mothers' Meetings, and other elevating agencies are in active operation, and rapidly moulding the daily life of the population, into higher and more beautiful forms. This change for the better must be ascribed to a variety of influences. The construction of New Oxford street, although fraught at first with much inconvenience and misery to many poor families, ultimately produced a beneficial effect, and dispersed hordes of thieves, beggars, impostors, and ruffians. Church lane remains in its primitive condition, and those who wish to know what Old St. Giles's was, may visit it, and will see at once what a wonderful improvement must have taken place in the parish. Church lane continues to breed filth, disease, and crime. Were the parochial authorities to do their duty, it would be rased to the ground, and its infamous houses entirely emptied of their present occupants. Few parishes in London are more favoured in the matter of ragged schools and refuges, than St. Giles's. A visit to the Irish Free School, in Charles street, Drury lane, the Irish Free School in George street, and the School and Refuges in Broad street, Little Denmark street, and Great Queen street, will convince any thoughtful person that the children of the poor and needy have troops of wise and kind friends, and are carefully instructed in everything which pertains to a virtuous life. The Seventeenth Annual Report of the St. Giles's and St. George's Bloomsbury, Refuges for

Homeless and Destitute Children, and Ragged and Industrial Schools, evinces the active operation of extraordinary efforts to benefit the poor of the parish.

During the last year, the average weekly number of inmates in the Boys' Refuge, 8, Great Queen street, has been 110. In addition to these taken from St. Giles's, and its neighbourhood, several were born in Scotland, nine in Ireland, two in France, one in Italy, one in Antigua, others in the provinces, and not a few in different parts of London; 179 boys, in the Refuge at one time were disposed of in the following manner:—1 entered the Royal Navy; 10 emigrated to South Africa; 9 emigrated to Canada; 2 emigrated to New Zealand; 6 entered the merchant service; 26 were sent to situations in London and the country; 12 were restored to parents and friends; 1 was sent to another institution; 8 left of their own accord; 1 was sent to the infirmary, and 102 remained in the Refuge. These boys are well fed, well clothed, and attend school, but they are also taught to work hard, and the institution is in some respects self-supporting. During one year, the boys made 1289 pairs of new boots and shoes, and repaired 1369 pairs. They made 366 new articles of clothing and repaired 1776 articles. They also made 31,000 bundles of fire wood, which were sold for the benefit of the institution. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the fact that the profits of their work more than defrayed the outlay for materials, and the salaries of the superintendent, industrial teachers, and schoolmasters. 118 girls in the Refuges at Broad street and Acton were disposed of in the following manner:—21 were sent to domestic service; 23 were restored to their friends, or left of their own accord; 1 emigrated to New Zealand; 1 went to Tasmania; 2 died; and 70 remained in the Refuges. The operations conducted at 19, Broad street, are most varied and useful. The large and handsome building was intended for a gin palace, but having been purchased by the committee, it is now the centre of the following operations:—A Girls' Day school and Night school, an Infant Day School, Sunday Night Schools for Boys, Girls' and Infants, a Mothers' Meeting, weekly Lectures to Working Men, Working Men's Benefit Club, Provident and Clothing Club, and a Penny Bank. The Lectures to Working Men are well attended, and are on interesting subjects, such as—the old Houses of Parliament—Education and Crime—London, past and present—China—Literature of Labour—Sir Walter Scott—Beauties of Temperance Song—the Prisoners of the Tower—Pilgrim's Progress—

Flowers—Civil War in America—the Poetry of Common Things—and an Hour with our Great Grandfathers. Such efforts to enlighten working men must produce immense good.

For many years past, the baths and wash-houses in Endell street have been very highly appreciated by the population. In one week in winter, namely, that ending January 24th, there were no fewer than 711 washers; 408 who took swimming baths, and 2283 private bathers. A powerful agency for good has been found in the Bloomsbury Chapel Domestic Mission, which employs two missionaries, and has connected with it about 30 visitors of the poor. Its operations comprise religious services in the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, Moor street, Five Dials; open air preaching on the Seven Dials; Household Visitation, Domestic Prayer Meetings Lectures to Working Men, Sunday School, Evening School, two Mothers' Meetings, a lending Library, a Bible and Book Society, and a Penny Bank. For the temporal relief of the sick poor, the Rev. W. Brock's congregation have distributed, during the last year, 1760lbs of meat; 1105 loaves of bread; 24 tons of coals, and an abundant supply of soup, tea, sugar, medicine, and blankets. Similar gifts have proceeded from the congregation of the Rev. A. Thorold, the Rector of St. Giles's; the Rev. Mr. Dibdin, minister of West street Episcopical Chapel; and the Rev. S. Garratt, of Trinity Church, Little Queen street. From all the chapels and churches in the parish there are sent forth visitors to the poor, and numerous city missionaries and scripture readers have long laboured for the spiritual welfare of the populations.

Drunkenness is the chief bane of St. Giles's, and it is probable that a thousand pounds per week, or fifty-two thousand pounds per year, at least, are spent by the people in intoxicating drink. In the region known as Seven Dials, and its contiguous streets, there are four Day and Sunday schools, three places of worship, three newspaper shops, ten bakers' shops, and *twenty-six places where intoxicating drinks are sold*. The Temperance Societies, however, have not been idle, and have succeeded in inducing a considerable number of persons to abstain from inebriating liquors. Some of the most notorious drunkards have been reformed, and their homes are now clean, well furnished, and happy.

Should the moral improvement of St. Giles's go on for the next twenty-five years as it is doing at present, it will become a model parish, and no longer deserving of an infamous reputation. As it is, we believe that it would stand well in a com-

parison with any other parish in the country inhabited by a dense population, and that it contains at this moment as considerable a proportion of honest, sober, hardworking men, virtuous wives, and happy children, as could be found in parishes with a higher fame.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

We would strongly urge the conductors of Bands of Hope to induce their young friends to write papers on appropriate topics. This is done with great advantage at Frome, and also in other towns, and, would, we have no doubt prove both useful and attractive when properly presented to members of our societies. We append the Frome list of essays for the present year:—

Grade I. Open to the competition of members of the society of any age. Adjudicator: The Hon. and Rev. E. Talbot, Evercreech. Subject—"Home—its Endearments, its Influence, and its Blight." First prize, value £1, William John Harvey. Second Prize, value 15s., Ellis Chapman. Third Prize, value 10s., Frank Pickford.

Grade II. Open to the competition of members of the society not above the age of sixteen. Adjudicator: The Rev. T. G. Rooke, B.A. Subject—"The Habits that Contribute to the Health of the Body, the Maintenance of the Reputation, and the Usefulness of the Life." First Prize, value 15s., Frederick Holiday. Second Prize, value 10s., Elizabeth Palmer. Third Prize, value 5s., Arthur Gregory.

Grade III. Open to the competition of members of the society not above the age of twelve years. Adjudicator: the Rev. E. Edwards. Subject—"Scripture Texts on the Evils of Drunkenness, and the Scripture Examples of Good Men who practised Total Abstinence." First Prize, value 7s. 6d., Walter Sims. Second Prize, value 5s., Emily Gage. Third Prize, value 2s. 6d., James Anderson.

LITERATURE.

The Sabbath School. By James I. HILLOCKS. W. Tweedie, Strand.—We have great pleasure in recommending anything from the pen of Mr. Hillocks. He is a sensible writer, and a zealous friend of the working classes. This excellent volume has been presented to, and accepted by, the Queen. The correspondence will no doubt interest our readers. The following is a copy:—

"TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

"May it please your gracious Majesty to believe it is with the combination of a fear of being considered presuming and a feeling of gratitude, I forward with this, by post, a copy of my *Sunday School from a Practical Point of View*, just published.

"The Preface contains the reason why I have written the book, and I forward it to your Majesty, trusting it will be accepted as an humble effort from the pen that wrote *Life Story*, the Autobiography which your Majesty was graciously pleased to acknowledge, and which acknowledg-

ment, in the providence of God, has helped me to widen my sphere of usefulness.

"As was lately stated in the *British Workman*, I am 'now engaged in a useful mission amongst the industrious classes of London;' and this is the very work for which God was strangely, and, as is now evident, kindly preparing me in Scotland, amidst the struggles I had and the hardships I underwent there.

"May He continue to guide, as well as preserve, your gracious Majesty and devoted subjects is the prayer of

"JAMES I. HILLOCKS.

"15, Leverton Street, Gloucester place, N.W.

London, *March 17th*, 1863."

The following is the prompt and kind reply:—

"SIR CHARLES PHIPPS has received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to acknowledge the receipt of the book which Mr. Hillocks forwarded on the 17th inst., and to thank him for it.

"Windsor Castle, *19th March*, 1863."

The Life Battle. By J. FENN HUMM. The Book Society, 19, Paternoster row.—This is a capital book for young men. It is full of fire and feeling. Let them spend fourpence upon it without delay, and learn its useful lessons. What do they they think of these words?—"A man is successful in his business and he's a lucky fellow; he has a reverse of fortune, and he is an unlucky dog. Here's luck to ye! is not only the toast of the tap-room sot, but of the refined kid-gloved dandy. Oh, I hate the very word, and I would it could be erased for ever from our vocabulary; but as it is so common amongst us, let us for a moment or two stop and inquire what it really means, and where the precious jewel is to be found. Luck is not to be found in spending twenty five shillings out of a pound—Luck is not in folding your arms and living in laziness, for everlasting complaining of the present, and sighing for the good old times—Luck is not laying in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning when your business requires your attendance at five or six.—Luck is not to be found in fast living, in acquiring the admirable and difficult art of squinting through an eye glass, and of being able to give utterance to the greatest possible amount of slang—Luck is not in spending your spare time—pouring over the sentimental nonsense with which our literature abounds—such as *The course of true Love never did run smooth; Always be off with the old Love before you are on with the new, &c., and so forth*—Luck is not to be found in wasting, nay, even worse than wasting your precious time in the bar parlour, the dancing saloon, the gin palace, the theatre, and too often in places worse still; no, no, all this sort of thing tends to what your believers in this mysterious spirit calls *Bad Luck*. What was it made Napoleon Emperor of France, when only thirty-three years of age, and the great Washington, when only twenty-five, Commander in chief of all the Virginian Forces? What was it made William Pitt Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-two, and Edmund Burke first Lord of the Treasury at twenty-three? What was it immortalized the name of Sir Isaac Newton, and at the age of thirty placed him in the mathematical chair of the University of Cambridge? In brief, what is it that has made a Bunyan who was a tinker? a Franklin who was once a journeyman printer? a George Fox who was once a shoemaker? a Shakespeare who

was the son of a butcher? a Thomas Moore, who was the son of a grocer? and a Rosseau, who was the son of a watchmaker? Was it this sentimental sickening belief in luck? No, no, it was nothing short of the luck of hard working, hard plodding, and hard toiling; it was their entering upon the Life Battle with an invincible energy, and a bravery of soul that placed upon their heads the victor's crown. Luck is to be found in working, and waiting." There's good sense and lively writing, and a fair specimen of the whole book.

Hymns and Sacred Poetry. By the Rev. T. HOLME, and Rev. J. HOLME. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.—Every temperance speaker should make himself familiar with good poetry. A line, a verse, or a complete poem is a great adornment to a speech, and will frequently attract and impress, when nothing else will. This small volume will prove valuable to our fellow-workers. The Rev. T. Holme, of East Cowton, has contributed a number of useful temperance compositions. In one of these we have a prayer for our cause, which we append as a specimen of the whole:—

"Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;

And through this favoured land,

By trophies won from drink's vile power,

Uphold and own our band.

Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;

And with thy mighty sway

Dispose our senate and the Crown

To cheer us on our way.

Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;

Thy slumbering church awake

In this our war with Britain's curse,

The fore front rank to take.

Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;

Be Thou our guide and friend,

Thine be the glory of the work,

Thy love our aim and end."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Exchange Buildings, Northampton, 21st Sept. 1863.

Dear Sir,—We feel much obliged for the gratuitous services of Mr. Blaby, which you were kind enough to place at our disposal for a fortnight. During that time he preached twice on one Sunday at the Independent Chapel, Stony Stratford, and addressed the Sunday Schools of the Independent and Baptist congregations; he also preached on another Sunday at the Reform Methodist Chapel, Wellingborough, to large congregations; he also lectured at Stony Stratford, Blisworth Gardens, Draughton, Harrington, Wellingborough, Finedon, Ringstead, Warrington, Rounds, and Wollaston, at most of which he had large and enthusiastic gatherings, and not a few expressed an earnest desire soon to see him again. His audiences numbered over 3000 souls. I am glad to say that the cause

in this county is now in a very hopeful state, and has received a very great impetus from the labours of Messrs. Bell, Murphy, and Blaby, all sent us by your Union. We are counting the time for the return of Mr. Bell, next month, when he will again be with us three months.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN RUTHERFORD,

Hon. Sec. of the Northamptonshire Temperance Union.

Whitechapel, Sept. 4th, 1863.

Dear Sir,—I should have written to you before this concerning the services of Mr. Bell, but I have had a severe cold and sore throat ever since Tuesday last, and have not cared to move or do anything since, but as regards Mr. Bell he was very highly appreciated both by the young and the adult audiences, which is very seldom the case in the same person. His closing sentences were given with great pathos and power, and will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing him. Hoping to hear him again before long, and that his labours may be abundantly blest,

I remain, yours respectfully,

H. H. TIPPER.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK writes as follows:—Since I sent my last report I have lectured at the following places:—Stopper lane; Sawley; Guisburn; Horton; Selside; Settle, also preached three times; Buckden; Starbottle; Kettlewell; Hebden; Batley, three times. The meetings have all been large and successful, and 150 signatures have been taken.

Mr. W. BELL has attended meetings as follows:—St. Matthew's School, Old Pye street, Westminster; Shadwell; Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Lansdowne Place, and Deverell Street, Old Kent Road; Bloomsbury Refuge; George Yard, Whitechapel; Union Hall, Bishopsgate; Old Windsor; Reading; Romsey; Frome; Hayle, for a week; St. Ives, for a week; and Mere, Wiltshire.

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Spa Fields, twice; Denmark Street; Earl Street; London Road; Lant Street, Borough; Collier's Rents, Little Denmark Street; Surrey Chapel; Bloomsbury Refuge; Whitfield Chapel; Southgate; and the following places in connection with the Northampton Temperance Union:—Stony Stratford; Blisworth gardens; Draughton; Harrington; Wellingborough; Finedon; Ringstead; Warmington; Rounds; and Woolaston. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed four Sunday schools.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as under:—Vauxhall Walk; Grange Road, Bermondsey; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Moor Street, Five Dials; St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell; Plough Yard, Lincoln's-

inn-Fields; Windsor Street, Islington; Tottenham; Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Little Denmark Street, St. Giles's; Prospect Row; Vauxhall Walk Wesleyan Sunday School; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; William Street, Poplar; Pond Place, Chelsea.

NEW AGENT.—Many of the Societies where Mr. WILLIAM LAY has kindly attended as an honorary deputation, will be glad to learn that the Committee of the Union have made arrangements with him, so as have at their disposal the whole of his evenings for attending meetings, &c.

MR. JOHN S. STURGES writes as follows:—Mr. Udall gave a capital address; I was especially pleased with his closing remarks. Alas! how many there are who think that total abstinence is saving, *i.e.* all we need to gain admittance into heaven; I fear that many of these will be found at last with the poor drunkard. Will you please thank Mr. Udall, and tell him, that I hope as often as he holds up the temperance cause, so often may he hold up the banner of the cross; this is often overlooked. We hope to have a prosperous time during the winter season; if God smiles upon us who can be against us? [Mr. Udall had kindly consented to address any Bands of Hope in the towns he might visit during his holidays. We wish more of our London friends would make a point of giving the Country Bands of Hope the advantage of their assistance whilst away on their holidays.—ED.]

BRIDGNORTH.—On Thursday, 20th of August, Mr. J. Child, an honorary deputation of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, delivered a very interesting lecture in the Wesley School Room, on "Self denial *v.* Moderation," and "Total Abstinence *v.* Intemperance." His earnest efforts to interest and instruct were seconded by Messrs. Smallwood and Knot; with the result that a Band of Hope for Bridgnorth will open its books for the names of its friends on Thursday, the 3rd of next month, at the above-named time and place. It requires but little attention to be convinced of the utility of securing the adhesion of our young inhabitants to principles which will ensure sobriety, and a great amount of good order not otherwise attainable.

UNION HALL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this society, held on Monday evening, Sept. 1st, at the hall in Artillery street, Bishopsgate, a lecture was delivered by Mr. W. Bell, a sturdy Yorkshireman, before an attentive and tolerably numerous audience of working people, some of whom appeared as though the adoption of teetotalism would greatly mend their condition. Mr. W. Rains having offered a very appropriate prayer, Mr. Rowden, the Vice-president, took the chair, and in a few words introduced Mr. W. Bell, who soon made himself quite at home with his audience. His address was interesting and edifying, and told upon the audience. Mr. Bell is not a half-and-half teetotaller, if such an expression may be used. He does not play fast and loose with publicans and gin-spiunners, but boldly denounces them as the greatest enemies of the working classes; as people whose trade is alike cursed by God and man. But whilst the lecturer spoke in strong terms against those who live by the vices of the people, his manner and his words proved

that his disposition is well-inclined towards all God's creatures, and he is not only very hopeful respecting the ultimate triumph of the cause he advocates, but believes that that triumph will be brought about chiefly by the multiplication of Bands of Hope, and the spread of religious truth. Fourteen persons have signed the pledge at Union Hall within the last fortnight, and a great many have done the same during the last few months.

THE ALBERT TEMPERANCE HALL AND HAVERSTOCK EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.—On Saturday, September, 19, the foundation stone of this hall was laid by George Cruickshank, Esq., in the presence of a large number of people. The proceedings were commenced by Mr. Dibley, who, after some introductory remarks, read a statement to the effect that the site of the hall was originally intended for a gin palace, on account of its prominent situation. The building would consist of two halls—one 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 22 feet high; another, 33 feet by 22 feet—and two committee-rooms. Mr. Cruickshank then proceeded to lay the foundation stone, beneath which were deposited, in an air-tight case, some coins, and packets of temperance tracts and newspapers; the stone having been lowered, the foreman of the works, Mr. James Kiddle, applied the plumb, the stone was declared well set amid three cheers, the brass band of the Havelock Rifles playing the National Anthem, to which air the assembly sang an inaugural ode. The Rev. J. Burns, D.D., in a few remarks congratulated all present on the event, observing that the best charity was that which enabled a man to help himself, and that the principles to be inculcated in that hall should be taught in every church, chapel, and meeting house in the land; concluding by reading a tail-piece he had composed for the occasion. The other speakers were J. R. Taylor, Esq., the Rev. Dawson Burns, F. Braby, Esq., Mr. Horner, and Mr. Noble. A substantial tea was provided in a marquee erected for the occasion, to which at half-past five upwards of 400 ladies and gentlemen sat down. A vote of thanks to Mr. G. Cruickshank closed the proceedings.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Bishop Auckland, on the 28th of August, 1863, Hannah Blair, after a protracted and painful affliction, which was borne with christian fortitude and patience. She was a consistent member of the Bishop Auckland Band of Hope, from its commencement to her translation to our Father's heavenly mansion. The last hymn she sung before her quiet sleep, was one of our favourite hymns, often sung at the Band of Hope meetings, viz., "There is sweet rest in Heaven"; and the last audible sentences she uttered, were words of dying love to her dear companions in arms, "The cold-water corps," exhorting them to remain faithful to the improvement of all their good graces, and to meet her in heaven. I watched her eye light up with hope, just as she entered "the valley of the shadow of death, and she feared no evil." W. B. AFFLECK.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

WHY SOME CHILDREN DO NOT JOIN THE BAND OF HOPE.

By JOHN PLUMMER.

The importance of Bands of Hope as a means of training the new generation in habits of temperance, has been fully recognised, even by many whose opinions are not, on the whole, favourable to the temperance cause. It is, comparatively speaking, so much easier in this way to *prevent* people from becoming addicted in after years to habits of intemperance, than to *reclaim* them from those habits when once contracted, that it is easy to perceive how, as knowledge and intellectual enlightenment increases amongst the industrial classes, the imperative necessity which exists for the establishment and efficient support of Bands of Hope will no longer be questioned. It is indeed a most encouraging thing that they should have made the progress exhibited during the last few years, especially if we consider the many difficulties which have hitherto impeded the labours of those who have been mainly instrumental in their formation. As a rule, the children are willing, nay, anxious, to come to Band of Hope meetings when properly conducted, but there are reasons why they do not. I am speaking of those who *would*, but *cannot* attend. This is a class which may be numbered by thousands, particularly in the manufacturing districts. There are also thousands of others who would attend but for the adverse influences to which they are exposed during the day. The nature of the obstacles thus indicated are revealed in the recently published Report of the Children's Employment Commission, from which we learn that immense numbers of children are sent to labour in workshops and factories at the age of seven, six, five, and even of four years.

These children are employed from *nine to fourteen hours per day*, and are frequently, if not generally, the offspring of intemperate parents. The long hours of labour which they are compelled to undergo, precludes them from attending Band of Hope meetings, in fact, it destroys all chance of their attending any educational institution, whether it be a school, a Band of Hope class, or anything else. Consequently, they are left entirely unprotected, to the mischievous influence of workshop drinking customs, and of the irregular habits of the adults.

The evil of this state of things, is acknowledged by every intelligent person who is acquainted with it. The children grow up in habits of ignorance, vice, and intemperance; and become in their turn the parents of children who, unless a saving hand be interposed, must inevitably be exposed to the same evil influences which tended to keep *their* parents in a state of poverty and degradation.

It is found that in nine cases out of ten, the parents expend more money weekly in beer and gin than is obtained by the labour of their helpless young. Not only do the parents destroy their own comfort and happiness, but likewise that of their children. No wonder, considering these things, that our Bands of Hope are not more successful; but who is to blame? clearly the parents. But then, they are not always aware of the full extent of the mischief which is committed by them. They were treated in the same way in *their* infancy; they have been exposed to the same influences, and their present state of apathy and ignorance is the result. The conduct of the parents is the effect of their defective moral training, rather than the result of natural viciousness, and it is not impossible that to some extent it might be partly overcome by the action of two agencies. The first of these would be the legislative prohibition of child-labour under a certain age; the second, a well organised system of house to house visitation, for the purpose of inducing the heads of families to allow their children to attend Bands of Hope. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the house-visitation system; if well carried out it is one of the most effective weapons which can be used by associations like that of the Band of Hope, but, unfortunately, the want of funds and workers must tend to prevent it from becoming properly developed—at least for some time to come. Still, our efforts must not be relaxed. The very knowledge that thousands of children are being trained to the love of alcoholic liquors, and removed from the influence of Bands of Hope and Temperance societies, renders it imperative on our part to do our utmost to meet the evil, and to lessen the amount of shame and degradation which clings to the social history of our country.

UNCLE TRUE AND HIS JOG TO JERSEY.

There are few things more agreeable than a country jaunt, and the pleasure of this is considerably augmented if there be agreeable company.—

Over the hills and far away,

Is a very pleasant time to play.”

And a very happy thing to realise when an August sun sheds his mellow light on the landscape. 'Tis then that nature appears more than usually lavish of her favours to man. The hill and valleys clad with waving corn, while here and there the busy husbandman has gone in with sickle and is either cutting, or has left it in shears and shocks. The season has not so far advanced as to divest the trees of their beauty; the gardens are still luxuriant, while orchards smile with their load of ruddy fruit,—the promise of apple damplings, if such an unpoetic idea may be put in print. But this paper is to be one on a trip to Jersey! so if you please we must just inform you that being a very social being, Uncle True preferred to go in company, and solicited the society of friends. You will not, of course, understand by this that he wrote to the Quakers, but simply sought among personal acquaintances to make a little party; the result of this was, that a party of seven was arranged.

It is needless to describe a railway journey now a day; suffice it to say ours was of the ordinary character, no incidents worth recording, and we were like most travellers glad when we reached the terminus. Our plan was first to visit the Isle of Wight for a day or two, and then go off to Jersey.

Many of the readers of the *Record* have probably never seen the Isle of Wight. If not, we say when you get a holiday don't fail to go; it is a charming place,—lovely walks or drives—fine old ruins—scenery romantic, poetic, rural and grand; and some of the neatest cleanest little villages in England, while the charming villas and gentlemanly residences in the vicinity of the sea-side towns, and the thoroughly English farms scattered over the island, together with the bold cliffs, the lofty downs, the wildness here, and the culture there, render it a spot unsurpassed for spending a holiday.

Uncle True and his friends spent a most agreeable time here, and in fact almost regretted leaving; but the destination was Jersey, so having had as much of the island as gave an appetite for a great deal more, Southampton was again sought with a view to the start for Jersey. Southampton reached, Flower's Temperance Hotel furnished an excellent post at which to put up for a little, to refresh ourselves before our voyage.

It may be as well here to describe our party, which consisted of U. T. and his better half—Mr. D. and his better half,—with three single young ladies. You may therefore see that U. T. and Mr. D. had enough to look after. Berths had been secured before we went on board, and when therefore we shipped ourselves, all we had to do was to look out for our comforts, and there appeared to be reason enough for this; the night was anything but promising; there had been heavy rain during the day, and before we started out of dock the rain came on again, and when darkness was setting in one of the men intimated we might expect a nasty night, and soon we were all ordered below. But it would be useless to describe the tediousness of that night. Most of the party were unwell; we were very glad when "Ease her," and "Stop her," saluted our ears in the morning, and were not long in finding our way off the boat. Fortunately a kind friend had been secured, who piloted us into comfortable quarters,

at No. 40, Belmont Road, St. Helliers, where we found economy and comfort combined.

The first day or two at the Island we had wet, but when it was fine, and we had an opportunity of getting out, we well explored the place, and found indeed many beauties, and much to deeply interest. The Island is very picturesque; there are magnificent bays, many curiosities, and much hospitality; in the interior simple and primitive habits. The Island is exceedingly fertile, the finest orchards abounding everywhere, and the fruit trees absolutely bending and breaking down under their load of fruit.

Our Temperance friends had made arrangements for our holding Temperance meetings during our stay; we did not witness such activity on the part of some of the friends as we could have wished, still some nobly exerted themselves, and we had an excellent meeting of the Band of Hope, and one very fair adult meeting. The Temperance friends were exceedingly kind; the work appears to be in the hands of a few working men chiefly. We made about a nine days' stay, and if it were not for that hundred miles of sea between England and there, we should feel very much disposed to go again.

The voyage home was much better than the one out, but we were very glad to land at Southampton. Here after a short stay, and a visit to Netley Abbey, where we rambled about for a short time, much to our delight, we sought the bosom of home and friends in noisy, smoky, but still fine old London.

UNCLE TRUE.

OUR FEMALE ALLIES.

By E. J. OLIVER.

"Two heads are better than one," is an old saying which our grandmothers have been at great pains to instil into our more youthful minds; and by the same rule, we see no reason why four should not be better than two—eight better than four—and so on *ad libitum*. But here grandmother informs us, with wondrous sagacity, that "Too many cooks spoil the broth." But this is not always the case. It is our opinion, and one which we hold to be incontrovertible, that a good cause cannot have too many helpers. But it is a vital necessity that those helpers should be really and truly such, not merely in name, but in deed also—not putting their shoulders to the top of the wheel, while they put their feet on the spokes at the bottom, and so while seeming to assist in pushing forward the cause, actually retarding its progress. We strongly suspect that these were the kind of cooks the old lady must have had in her eye when she was so anxious about the broth. Be that as it may, no ancient sayings will convince us that the proverb first quoted is not one of the truest in our language. It is recognised and acted upon, not only in the affairs of private life, but in the councils of nations, the investigations of philosophers, and the pursuits of scientific men. Above all, it is a truth that should not be lost sight of in any cause having for its object the moral elevation of the

young. That the Band of Hope movement is a good and great cause, few will deny. Its promoters have established an institution, the power of which shall be felt throughout the land. They have organised a standing army of young and energetic spirits, prepared to abide by their principles come what may against them. This result has been attained by hard and persevering labour, by much self-denial, by much anxious care and thought, and with much expenditure of valuable time and money. But what has done more than any of these things to contribute to our success, and what has been most overlooked, is the influence of the ladies who have given their aid to the movement. Our object in writing this paper is to urge the Conductors of Bands of Hope, who have not yet availed themselves of female assistance, to do so without delay. Let it not be supposed that we would ignore the masculine element altogether, or even assign it a subordinate position. Not so. Our purpose is simply to advocate the more general recognition of the ladies as our valuable and indispensable allies. Unostentatiously and quietly, without seeking or caring for applause, content to remain unnoticed in the background, while others receive the credit of the work, the ladies connected with the Band of Hope movement have laboured untiringly in the great cause. Few of them, it is true, have mounted the platform and pleaded with burning eloquence the cause of the drunkard's child, but by many a fireside hearth, in many a poor and lowly cot, in the highways and byeways of the great city, in the school and the factory, have they spread the truths of Temperance, and spoken words of love and comfort to fainting and despondent hearts. As visitors to the homes of the children, they have not only gained the affections of the little ones of the household, but they have led drunken parents to see the folly of their course, and to the gentle enquiry, "Will you sign the pledge?" they have given a cheerful assent, and faithfully kept their word. The influence of a true-hearted woman in such a cause as this is beyond calculation. In the care and instruction of the young, she is in her proper sphere. Softly and melodiously do the words of love and wisdom fall from her lips into the pliant and yielding hearts already prepared to receive them. She comprehends in a moment the wants and difficulties of the young—their character, temperament and capacities—in short, she is in all respects fully qualified to instruct the youth of both sexes, not only in those Temperance principles which, next to our holy faith, we love so dearly, but also in those matters of love and kindness one to another which we of the opposite sex too often forget to inculcate.

We hope to see the day when every Committee of every Band of Hope shall combine the feminine in equal proportions with the masculine element. We shall then hear no complaints of non-success. Societies will not then be started to struggle for a short time, and then expire without a sign. But thus working together our Societies shall prosper, and in time overthrow the kingdom of drunkenness.

Let us ask those ladies whose sympathies we already have, but who, from timidity or other causes, have not yet become "workers with us," to join our ranks at once. It is true your names may not be inscribed on the roll of fame, nor any marble monument be erected to do you honour.

But better than all this, happy mothers of happy children will raise their hands to bless you, and mingle your name in their prayers, while, better still, the Divine Father will behold your self-denying work. His arm will be always ready for you to lean upon in the hour of your weariness, and when your labour is done, and you leave the work for other hands to carry on, His voice will welcome you into everlasting habitations.

THE GREAT CURSE OF ENGLAND.

A TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—Gal. v. 19—21.

You have perhaps seen a field overgrown with thorns and thistles—a barren, rough, and noxious wilderness.

You have, perhaps, seen a sea-shore strewn with the fragments of a wreck—broken timbers, torn sails, and dead bodies exposed on the sands, and scattered on the rocks, and blackened by the sun.

You have perhaps seen a city desolated by a plague—houses closed, mourners weeping, and graves opened for the reception of the dead.

But no barren field, nor wrecked ship, nor desolated city can present such lamentable, such revolting, such disastrous, or such appalling scenes as are witnessed daily in England in connection with, and springing from, our national curse—Drunkenness.

That I may justify this statement let me ask you to give your thoughtful attention to—

I. THE MORAL POSITION OF DRUNKENNESS.—See where God has placed it. Not, mark, where man places it. Many persons speak of personal intemperance as "an unfortunate propensity"; as a "little weakness"; as "fondness for company"; as a "failing"; as "indiscretion"; and, as "gaiety of life." Be not deceived. Drunkenness is much more than all that. It is a folly, a profligate habit, a foul transgression of physical laws, an offence against decency and virtue, and a sin—a great sin before God. Look at the text, and see where God places the drunkard and drunkenness. Just where God places "adultery and murder," there does He place drunkenness. Human law and human opinion does not put it in the catalogue of sins which expose us to the wrath of God, and the loss of everlasting happiness, but the Divine Word teaches us that every drunkard is

in the sight of God guilty, condemned, miserable, and lost. And that is the view of drunkenness which I wish you to take. It is a wasteful folly. It is a degrading pleasure. It is a brutalizing vice. It is a disgusting indulgence. It is a gross and damning sin, and, "they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Let me now ask you to give your thoughtful attention to—

2. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—Probably no sin presents so many melancholy and frightful aspects as that now before us. It is an evil tree with mighty boughs stretching far and wide, and thickly laden with much evil fruit.

1. *There, for example, is Physical Disease.*—God has so organized the human body, that when placed in suitable conditions, and adequately supplied with fresh air, wholesome food, proper warmth, and harmless liquids, and not allowed to rust in idleness, it becomes and continues healthy, strong, and beautiful. But look at what intemperate habits do for the body—the body which God framed in wisdom and love, and intended for a monument of power—an exhibition of goodness—and an illustration of symmetry and grace. The Rev. Dawson Burns, in a carefully prepared paper, entitled "The Vital Statistics of Strong Drink" shows the annual loss of life in the United Kingdom as follows:—

By Intemperance directly	27,050
By disease, accidents, &c. induced by Intemperance ...	20,251
By limited drinking	6,962

Thus finding a total of 54,263 persons whose health, bodies, and lives have fallen a miserable sacrifice to strong drink. Look, I say, at the habitual drunkard, and see what a curse has fallen upon his body—a blotched face, a blood-shot eye, a palsied hand, a diseased heart, a trembling footstep, and a form prematurely bent towards the earth and the grave. And mark the fell diseases which, like raging foes, follow in the track of the drunkard. There is paralysis. There is fever. There is consumption. There is asthma. There is cholera. Intemperance predisposes a man to all these, and many have been stricken down by them who might have been living to this day; but they drank of the sparkling cup, and found it filled with a fatal draught. They drank—turned weak, and sick, and pale—lay down—fought hard with death—lost the battle, and died. And thus does drunkenness enlarge the dominion of the grave, and multiply the congregation of the dead.

2. *There, for example, is Mental Disease.*—The mind is the

glory of man. With it he counts the stars, and measures wide—wide seas. With it he discerns between good and evil. With it he thinks, loves, hopes, and worships. And yet he suffers this magnificent possession to become the prey of drunkenness. Consider the various forms of mental malady induced by intemperance. There are two of them of which I wish to remind you, namely,—Idiocy and Frenzy.

1. WHAT A DISTRESSING THING IS IDIOCY!—The mind is then a cold, stagnant, dreary blank. No glorious thoughts, no mighty inventions, no sublime poetry flow from it then. An idiot! We shudder at the word. Now, drunkenness often produces idocy. Dr. Howe, in his able Reports on Idiocy, informs us that out of 300 idiots whose history he could learn, 143 had intemperate parents, and he mentions one drunkard who had seven children, and all of them were idiots! The historian of a sober generation would not have to record such a scandalous fact. And,

2. WHAT A DESTRUCTIVE THING IS FRENZY!—When excited and even maddened by drink, what fearful things men do. They will then swear, outrage public decency, steal their neighbours' goods, rush into awful danger, and perpetrate even murder itself. Take a case in point. A young working man went to spend the day at Rotherham fair. Some friends and he went into a public house to partake of a social glass. They took one—two—three and more. Night came, and he commenced his journey home. He was mad—mad with drink. He sang, jumped, danced, and swore. He met with a young woman, sprang upon her, bore her to the ground, knelt upon her breast, and then drawing his knife he cut her white throat from ear to ear. He rose. She lay at his feet a pale and bloody corpse. He was tried—condemned—sentenced—executed. And now listen to this. A christian man went to the prison and saw him. He said, "How ever could you do such a sad thing as take away the young woman's life?" "I cannot tell, Sir," he replied; "I have a perfect remembrance of being in the public house, but from that time to my coming to my senses in the lock-up, I have no knowledge of what I did or where I was." "How long," asked the visitor, "had you been a hard drinker?" "I was not a drunkard, Sir; I took very little liquor indeed in a general way, and therefore what I took at the fair had such a sad effect upon me." "Ah! my friend," replied the visitor, "what sorrow you would have avoided had you been an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. I am thankful to say that I have never

tasted them for many years past, and I recommend every one to adopt my example." The poor murderer pressed his hand to his head, burst into tears, and wept bitterly. Had that young man been taught by his parents to shun the drunkard's drink, he might have lived and died a christian man. As it was he was hanged like a dog. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

3. *There, for example, is Social Disorder.*—Let it be granted that there are many causes of social disorder, it is still true that its chief cause is drunkenness. The profanity, the quarrels, the fights, the robberies, the disturbances, and the murders which disgrace and shock the land, flow mainly from the drinking customs which prevail around us. That it is so is proved by the records of our newspapers, and the testimony of our judges. Look at the hideous facts recorded in our newspapers. From about 20 of them, in 52 weeks, there was obtained a list of outrages and crimes. Here it is:—

Seven hundred and eleven brawls or violent ASSAULTS, including many cases of stabbing, cutting, and wounding;

Two hundred and ninety-four ROBBERIES by or upon drunken persons;

Two hundred and thirty-seven cases of atrocious CRUELTY upon wives or children;

One hundred and sixty-six cases of serious ACCIDENT or striking bodily peril;

One hundred and sixty-two actual or attempted SUICIDES.

Five hundred and twenty premature DEATHS, generally with horrible accessories; and

One hundred and twenty-one MANSLAUGHTERS and MURDERS.

With regard to the sentiments of our Judges, I will content myself with quoting the testimony of Baron Platt, who, at the Newcastle summer Assizes of 1855, observed:—

"It is the practice of gangs of thieves to infest the public houses and beershops of this town on a Saturday night, and to take the opportunity of throwing themselves into the society of industrious men, who come there *intending to drink a glass of beer, but ending, very likely, in intoxication.* The thieves watch them to the public houses. They go thither, perhaps, without them, but they fall into their company; and the unfortunate man, if he happen to take a glass too much that night, is sure to be dragged to one of the arches, not far distant from the spot where I am, and there he is knocked down, throttled, his life put in peril, and his purse endangered. It does seem that you will find by the calendar, *that drunkenness is at the bottom of one-half of this mischief.* Thieves would go home without their plunder if men would keep sober; but we find either that the thieves themselves make themselves desperate by *inspiring themselves with drink*, or else the unfortunate man who has the plunder to be taken from him, makes himself a victim by his conduct on the Saturday night. It is grievous conduct; but DRUNKENNESS HERE, AS IT IS ALMOST ALL OVER THE KINGDOM, IS THE VICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Need I add a word to these facts and this testimony? No, they clearly prove how great is the social disorder which springs from drunkenness.

4. *There, for example, is Domestic Misery.*—We sing of “Sweet Home.” And home ought and might be sweet, bright, and happy. Every home might be marked by cleanliness, order, love, and religion, and where these are you may sing—“There is no place like home.” But where drunkenness is—what then? Poverty, scolding, jealousy, ignorance, dirt, profligacy, blows, misery, and death. The facts of every day prove this, and they prove also that juvenile delinquency is generally the poisonous fruit of parental drunkenness. Sir A. Alison, speaking of the records of the Glasgow House of Refuge, says:

“These highly curious annals of crime show, in the clearest manner, the fatal influence of the drinking of whisky upon the lowest classes of the people; for out of 234 boys, who at present are in the institution, it appears from their own account that the drunkenness of their parents stood thus:—

Had drunken fathers	72
Drunken mothers	62
Both fathers and mothers drunken	69

So that upwards of two-thirds of the whole boys in the institution have been precipitated into crime, through the habits of intoxication of one or both of their parents.”

And the Rev. John Clay, of Preston gaol, quotes thus from the confession of a child:—

“My mother is dead: my father often got drunk: he used to lick us with a rope: he used to bring women into the house—drinking—on Saturday nights. I have broken into two houses. I got in [on the last occasion] through the back door, about twelve at night. I went upstairs into the man’s bedroom, and took 13s. 6d. from his pocket. *I bought something to eat with the money.* I slept out every night. I have four sisters and a brother; and I am the youngest but one. Is aged nine.”

Have I an intemperate father or mother here? O think of your sons and daughters—think of your little children, and forsake your folly and sin lest they should rise up in the day of judgment and condemn you. Let your home be made “sweet” by the abiding influences of a sober, affectionate and holy life.

5. *And there, for example, is Premature Death.*—How often does the drunkard inflict sudden and premature death upon either himself or others. “Come, Sir,” said a woman to me one night, “and see my husband—he is dying.” I went. He was still a young man, but he died—died in consequence of his irregular habits. In his case death—premature death fell upon himself, but sometimes, nay, often, the drunkard brings “sudden destruction” upon the innocent, the worthy, and, the happy.

Not far from where I stand, you might have seen a widow and her three fatherless children. "What," she used to say, "shall I do for my poor boys?" The answer came. A relative in America sent a kind letter inviting her to come to his home, and assured her that she and her children would then do well. Some religious friends found her the passage money, and, full of hope, the widow and her boys set sail. A sister and her child went with them. All seemed bright and safe, when, alas! the captain of the ship got drunk—the ship was wrecked, and the widow, her sister, and their children went down into the deep, and are buried there until the sea shall give up its dead. And thus it is that drunkenness plays into the hand of death, and crowds with victims the yawning grave. Surely it is wise not to touch the drunkard's drink.

Let me, in conclusion, ask your thoughtful attention to—

3. THE AWFUL PENALTY OF DRUNKENNESS.—"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." Such is the verdict of Holy Scripture. How can one who has defiled his body, wasted his time, squandered his money, blighted his moral beauty, seared his conscience, destroyed his usefulness, and forgotten his God, expect to enter the kingdom of heaven? How can a woman, whose life has been rendered vile by drunken habits, hope to dwell in honour and joy above the skies? Is there a crown of life for the drunkard? No! Is there a white robe for the drunkard? No! Is there a throne of brightness for the drunkard? Is there even a hiding-place in heaven for the drunkard? No! What then? Outer darkness—weeping—wailing—gnashing of teeth—fiery indignation—everlasting burnings—woe, darkness, and hell—the smoke of torment which ascendeth for ever and ever. When he dieth let him say—Farewell sun, and moon, and stars! Farewell fragrant flowers, and sunny hills, and waving trees, and singing of birds! Farewell hope, and love, and life! Farewell men and women, and little children, and tender friends, and holy angels! Farewell earth, and sea, and rolling clouds! I die—I perish—for "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

There may be drunkards here! O, my friends! do turn, this day, unto God! Behold! He will look well-pleased upon your repentance—on your confession to Him of your sins; and when you ask for mercy, and peace, and heaven, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Go unto Him even, unto God at once, and entreat Him to enable you to lead a sober, honest, useful, religious life. Amen.

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One Summer morning, early,
 When the dew was bright to see,
 Our dark-eyed little Charlie
 Stood by his mother's knee.
 And he heard a robin singing
 In a tree so tall and high,
 On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
 Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
 In the very tree-top there;
 'Glory! Glory!' it is saying,
 And that is all its prayer.
 But God will surely hear him,
 And the angels standing by,
 For God is very near him,
 Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer
 To robin on the tree,
 And does not hear him clearer
 Than he does you and me.
 For he hears the angels harping,
 In sun-bright glory drest,
 And the little birdlings chirping,
 Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
 Away down in the dark,
 And leave no lamp beside me,
 Would God then have to hark?
 And if I whisper lowly,
 All covered in my bed,
 Do you think that Jesus holy
 Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little lisper,
 God's light is never dim;
 The very lowest whisper
 Is always close to him."

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better,

Always to hope, than once to despair!

Fling off the load of Doubt's heavy fetter,

And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:

Never give up! or the burthen may sink you—

Providence kindly has mingled the cup,

And in all trials or troubles bethink you,

The watchword of life must be—Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes

Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,

And through the chaos high wisdom arranges,

Ever success—if you'll only hope on;

Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,

Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,

And of all maxims the best as the oldest,

Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,

Or the full thunder cloud over you burst;

Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle,

Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up! if adversity presses,

Providence wisely has mingled the cup,

And the best counsel in all your distresses,

Is the stout watchword—Never give up!

CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENTS.

For the most part, the employment of children in particular trades is a matter of accident. That is to say, parents more frequently than otherwise, are guided in the selection of employment for their children, by the vicinity of the work to their houses, the remuneration which may be received, the fact that the parents, or some relations, are already engaged in the trade, and other circumstances of that description. A number, undoubtedly, have regard to their child's inclination. But very few, we think, sit down to a deliberate enquiry into the healthiness or suitability of the employments which are presented.

The Lucifer Match Manufacture seems to us so very objectionable, that we should think no parent or guardian would ever consent to his child or ward being put to it. It is of quite modern date. It originated in 1833, when the discovery was

made of applying phosphorus to matches. A large number of children and young persons from the first were engaged. Little capital, comparatively, was required for the manufacture, and hence great irregularities occurred. Frequent night work prevailed. Children were sent to the work so young, that they were deprived of all opportunities of education. It was not till 1845 that medical attention was distinctly called to a disease incident to the trade. That disease is "necrosis of the jaw," or "the phosphorous disease"—so painful, hideous, and loathsome, as to call for the utter extermination of the manufacture, or for such strict, thorough, and extensive regulation, under severe statutory penalties, as shall put down all but properly constructed works. Dr Henry Letheby says—

"All these are dangerous processes, on account of the children and young persons employed being exposed to an atmosphere charged with phosphorus. It caused irritation, cough, and in numerous instances it accelerated, if it did not produce phthisis (consumption). The irritation in the alimentary canal was characterised by purging, griping, and loss of appetite. The second class of effects followed on these; great prostration of vital power, loss of appetite, and general wasting. The third class manifested itself by pain in the jaw resembling toothache; afterwards inflammation of the jaw, with abscesses of the gums, and finally death of the jaw took place. There is a case of this kind in the London Hospital at the present time. It is that of a man *whose jaw was removed* a few days ago. After the removal of the jaw he nearly died from secondary hæmorrhage."

There are about 1800 children, employed by the recognised firms in the trade, and even as to the largest and best conducted establishments, it is reported that circumstances and arrangements were observed, against which specific regulations enforced by law would be the only security. No parent who has the least affection for his offspring, will send his child to a Match Factory until that security is afforded.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 15.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

STATISTICS.

Statistics in general are usually voted not only "a bore," but like the bones in Ezekiel's vision, "very dry." Some go so far as to say that the subject is positively wicked, adducing for illustration the example of David; but such objectors forget that it was not merely for numbering the people that the king and his nation were punished, but for the impure motive which prompted the deed. In point of fact the numbering of Israel

was not only commended but commanded, and rules laid down regulating the census. (Ex. xxx. 12; Num. i. 2, &c. &c.)

Figures, indicative of social or political progress, or retrogression, are of the utmost importance to the merchant and the statesman, nor are moral calculations one whit less valuable to the philanthropist and christian reformer. It is true that the returns of the latter must, in the nature of the case, be incomplete and sometimes illusory, from the very fact that it has to do with mental and spiritual interests, whereas the former simply deals with what is material and tangible, and can therefore balance ledgers to a unit, a sovereign, or a pound. Nevertheless moral statistics cannot be, and must not be, despised or ignored.

To temperance reformers statistics are especially valuable, and while, perhaps, they would be more admired by a meeting, if we could set them to music and sing them, yet, as this is impossible, we must bring them forward in the good old way. The propounder of statistics, should, however, be well aware of the foundation on which his figures rest, and divest them of formality as much as possible when introducing them into an address.

Our present paper will comprise a few important statistics which may be used *ad libitum* by speakers, for the information of friends; but both time and space forbid extended comment on the facts. And here we would gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to *Tweedie's Almanack*, for its annual digest of parliamentary documents, containing the statistical information of most value to the teetotaler and Band of Hope advocate; these returns alone are worth more than the cost of the whole.

The statistics of the census of 1861 give the following as the numerical state of the country:—

COUNTRY.	Houses.			Population.		
	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.	Males.	Females.	Total.
England and Wales	3,739,505	184,694	27,305	9,776,259	10,289,965	20,066,224
Scotland	393,220	13,220	3,224	1,449,848	1,612,446	3,062,294
Ireland (unrevised)	993,233	39,984	3,047	2,804,961	2,059,582	5,764,543
Isle of Man and Channel Islands	23,012	1,309	170	66,140	77,307	143,447
	5,148,970	239,207	33,746	14,097,208	14,939,300	29,036,508

Of the 29,036,508 persons in Great Britain nearly one-tenth, or 2,803,989, are to be found in the metropolitan district. If it be true, as is commonly supposed, that the money spent in intoxicating liquors, and the time lost in spending it, represents

£100,000,000 per annum, this would be about £3. 10s. a head for each individual yearly.

In the decade England and Wales have increased in inhabitants 2,138,615. In 1851, the quantity of spirits charged duty for the United Kingdom was 28,760,224 gallons; while in 1861 the quantity returned as for home consumption of British and Foreign spirits, is 24,668,098 gallons. If these Governmental returns are correct, we have a decreased consumption of spirits with an increase of population, which is an encouraging fact to the friends of Temperance.

Another encouraging fact to the friends of the people must be the increasing consumption of the non-intoxicants; the importations of these show the following astounding figures:—

Tea.	Coffee.	Cocoa.	Total.
1861—96,577,382 lbs. ...	83,532,525 lbs. ...	9,080,288 lbs. ...	189,190,195 lbs.

To sweeten the decoctions extracted from the foregoing, and other purposes, 1,164,880,160 lbs. of raw sugar was introduced into the country.

It may be safely affirmed, that notwithstanding the vast consumption of unintoxicating liquids to be inferred from these figures, the criminal returns are not swelled from *their* use; but who would dare assert this of the consumption of spirits, beer, and wines? The *Birmingham Daily Post* of August 20th, in an article on the judicial statistics for 1863, contains the following table in reference to the eleven largest cities and towns in England, and upon which we may remark how different might have been the moral condition of these centres of industry but for the drink! There are eleven places in England containing populations of more than 100,000. Arranged in order of population these are as follows:—

NAME OF PLACE.	Population.
1. Metropolitan District (Postal) ...	3,104,923
2. Liverpool ...	443,938
3. Manchester ...	338,772
4. Birmingham ...	296,078
5. Leeds ...	207,165
6. Sheffield ...	185,172
7. Bristol ...	154,093
8. London (City) ...	112,063
9. Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	109,108
10. Bradford (Yorkshire) ...	106,218
11. Salford ...	102,449

The number of police officers in these districts are as follows, and it should be borne in mind that but for the drink the great majority might be much more advantageously employed:—

PLACE.	Number of Constables.	Total Cost.	Received from Government.
Birmingham ...	377 ...	£24,900 ...	£5,414 ...
Metropolitan District ...	6,566 ...	489,590 ...	141,322 ...
Liverpool ...	1,002 ...	71,480 ...	15,992 ...
Manchester ...	671 ...	41,330 ...	9,211 ...
*London (City) ...	628 ...	50,296 ...	— ...
Bristol ...	303 ...	18,248 ...	4,081 ...
Leeds ...	228 ...	14,055 ...	3,104 ...
Sheffield ...	191 ...	11,372 ...	2,693 ...
Newcastle ...	140 ...	10,538 ...	2,151 ...
Salford ...	104 ...	7,221 ...	1,648 ...
Bradford ...	119 ...	7,131 ...	1,733 ...

* The city of London receives no aid from Government towards the cost of its police force.

The moral state of these localities, as reported upon by the officers enumerated, is placed broadly before us; a gloomy catalogue indeed it is:—

	Known thieves.	Receivers.	Prostitutes.	Suspected Persons.	Vagrants.	Total.
Birmingham	923	191	428	883	1,652	4,077
Bristol	172	35	395	101	290	974
Liverpool	340	65	2,151	94	340	2,989
Manchester	685	247	1,024	235	517	2,731
Salford	209	64	119	147	12	541
London (City)	53	12	48	37	64	214
Metrop. District	2,584	267	5,747	1,864	1,412	11,863
Newcastle	142	37	364	119	146	808
Bradford	91	5	151	141	491	779
Leeds	294	62	340	315	837	1,848
Sheffield	104	78	170	72	165	549

A popular writer has said that “gaols are monuments of neglected duty;” and if this be correct, and I am hardly prepared to question it, what can be the fact with these poor wretches? Their hands against every man, and every man’s hand against them. The account of their haunts is as follows:—

HOUSES OF BAD CHARACTER RESORTED TO BY THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

	Receiving Houses.	Public Houses, &c.	Brothels.	Tramps’ Lodgings.	Total.
Birmingham ...	191 ...	228 ...	184 ...	236 ...	839
Bristol ...	28 ...	82 ...	158 ...	27 ...	290
Liverpool ...	58 ...	413 ...	912 ...	184 ...	1,567
Manchester ...	208 ...	229 ...	425 ...	370 ...	1,232
Salford ...	40 ...	64 ...	16 ...	23 ...	143
London (City) ...	11 ...	43 ...	9 ...	14 ...	77
Metrop. District ...	188 ...	493 ...	1,535 ...	379 ...	2,595
Newcastle ...	37 ...	78 ...	77 ...	53 ...	245
Bradford (Y.) ...	5 ...	20 ...	58 ...	45 ...	128
Leeds ...	62 ...	100 ...	47 ...	40 ...	249
Sheffield ...	31 ...	56 ...	96 ...	18 ...	201

Public houses stand out alarmingly conspicuous here, notwithstanding the extreme respectability of "the trade," and no one who is at all cognisant of the facts but must be well aware that the above is an under-statement rather than an over. Mr. Alderman Wire, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee of 1854, acknowledged to 1000 out of the 6000 publicans of London being men of exceptional character; While Mr. Bishop, the beer-sellers' solicitor, said that 5000 out of the 6000 was nearer the mark, and on being re-called by the committee, both reiterated their statements.. It would be erring entirely on the side of charity to "split the difference" between these "honourable" witnesses; the wickedness of licensing, approving of, and supporting such a traffic, must thus be painfully apparent.

The next return shows the number of indictable offences, and cases that the magistrates dealt with summarily, during the year, towns being arranged according to their moral aspect. It would be interesting to have the correct number of public houses and beer-shops in each place, in order to show how the number of drinking places influence the criminal returns:—

	Offences, indict. & minor.	Total.	Population	Proportion (about)
1. Bradford	247			
"	1,499	1,746	106,218	1 in 61
2. Sheffield	450			
"	4,325	4,775	185,172	1 in 38½
3. Birmingham	863			
"	6,923	7,786	296,078	1 in 38
4. Leeds	800			
"	5,351	6,151	207,165	1 in 33½
5. Newcastle	421			
"	2,879	3,300	109,108	1 in 33
6. Salford	1,129			
"	1,947	3,076	102,449	1 in 33
7. Bristol	236			
"	4,517	4,843	154,093	1 in 32
8. Metropolitan Dis.	12,230			
"	84,356	96,586	3,104,923	1 in 31
9. Manchester	6,430			
"	10,375	16,805	338,772	1 in 20
10. London (City)	1,059			
"	6,914	7,973	112,063	1 in 14
11. Liverpool	4,034			
"	31,645	38,679	443,938	1 in 11

The more serious of these offences are thus classified:—

	Burglaries.	Breaking in to shops, &c.	Highway Robbery.	Larceny.	Offences agst. person.
Birmingham	167	99	30	312	30
Bristol	39	25	1	157	8
Liverpool	89	179	—	3,061	218
Manchester	524	553	128	4,501	91
Salford	20	40	4	963	10
London and Metropolitan district	349	108	81	9,598	465
Newcastle	9	19	5	348	17
Bradford	3	20	4	173	5
Leeds	46	81	19	554	19
Sheffield	44	37	6	261	18
	1,290	1,161	278	1,9928	881

The cases which we may fairly attribute uniformly to the drink are given below, and while it does not give in any way an adequate return of the drunkenness and violence arising from the use of intoxicating liquors, it is sufficiently awful.

	Drunken cases.	Assaults.
Bristol	599	1,717
Liverpool	12,076	3,383
Manchester	3,373	2,184
Salford	603	425
London	353	896
Metropolitan District	20,294	16,456
Newcastle	824	792
Bradford	163	419
Leeds	1,475	1,330
Sheffield	890	753
Birmingham	1,266	813

An aggregate of 71,084 in a population of 5,159,979 persons, or one drunken criminal to every 72 inhabitants, which would give for the entire population 403,285 violently-disposed and intemperate persons; but it is well known that scarce one in fifty persons who get drunk are taken into custody, and men and women who add to their drunkenness brutality, are frequently tolerated for months, and even years, before they are brought before the bench; and what a fearful view of the prevalence of intemperance is here! The unknown abominations of the drink are possibly and probably even worse than its publicly exposed villanies. Thank God for the temperance movement, even though it were but for a protest against this demoralizing and devilish drink! Had no drunkard ever been reclaimed,—had no child ever been forewarned of the danger,—had no political protest ever been made against the intoxicating cup, by the temperance reformer, I would still bless God for

the noble band who have wept and prayed for the arrest of the mighty woe; but when I remember the noble stand taken by multitudes who will give themselves no rest until the evil is known and acknowledged, and the remedy seen and embraced, I would in the name of the myriads of drink-stricken and perishing souls, say to such,—Brethren and sisters, labour on! Though we may not be saved from the gulf into which we are fast plunging, for the sake of those who are not in such imminent peril, labour on! For the sake of the peace of families, labour on! For the sake of the church of God, labour on! For the sake of the dear children, labour on! For the sake of your country, labour on! And if you should not live to see the victory, be true! you'll miss not the rest and the reward.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has lectured and preached at the following places since our last report:—Farm Hill; Cononley; Cross Hills; Birkenshaw; Kettlewell; Colne; Lisburn; Stopper Lane; Sawley; Yeadon; Guiseley; Rothwell; Desborough, &c. Many of these places were attended more than once. The total number addressed in the four weeks amounted to 8,050.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL is again engaged by the Northamptonshire Union for three months. He is now lecturing in connection with the Societies belonging to the Union, and from various reports, is giving great satisfaction, whilst numbers are being added to the different societies.

During the month, Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark Street, three times; Fetter Lane, twice; Union Hall, Bishopsgate; Whitfield Chapel; Broadway, Westminster; Neckinger Road, Bermondsey; Fox and Knot Court; Carr Street, Limehouse; Adam Street, Manchester Square; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; St. Paul's, Clerkenwell; Hayes; Old Ford; Nunhead; Shadwell; and Tottenham. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday schools.

Mr. F. SMITH has lectured, and addressed Bands of Hope as follows:—Nunhead Green; Forest Hill, twice; Shadwell; Spa Fields; Deverell Street; Lansdowne Place; Ogle Mews, Tottenham Court Road; Three Colt Lane, Mile End; Bloomsbury Chapel, Sunday School; Angel Alley, Bishopsgate; Whitecross Place, Finsbury; George Street, Lambeth; Wandsworth; Hayes, Middlesex; Crayford, Kent; Amicable Row, Kent Street; Slough, Bucks; Herne Bay, Kent.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.—The autumnal soirée of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st, in the large saloon of Shirley's Hotel, Queen square, Bloomsbury, which was filled with ladies and gentlemen interested in the

operations of the Union. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree made a statement respecting the present and prospective operations of the Union, and gave an interesting account of the three weeks' tour he had just concluded in Devon and Cornwall, where he had held seventeen numerous-attended meetings, and found the cause in a healthy and hopeful condition. Mr. M'Cree stated that the executive of the Union intended to appoint, as soon as they could find a suitable person, an agent who would devote his entire time to the promotion of temperance in connection with Sunday schools. Mr. W. J. Haynes passed a high eulogium on the character and labours of their honorary secretary, Mr. M'Cree, and presented that gentleman, in the name of a few friends of the Union, with a gold pencil-case, and a purse containing 75 sovereigns. Mr. M'Cree suitably and feelingly acknowledged the gift of his friends, which he said was entirely unanticipated; and the meeting afterwards was addressed by Messrs. Shirley, Dunn, Tweedie, Rae, Campbell, Murphy, and the Rev. J. Clifford. There was some excellent music by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Messrs. Thwaites, sen. and jun., and others; and the proceedings, which were of the most interesting and agreeable character, were brought to a close about half-past ten o'clock by the usual vote of thanks.—*Morning Star*.

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT IN PLYMOUTH.—A number of ladies and gentlemen met in the chess-room of the Mechanics' Institute, Plymouth, on Tuesday Oct. 6th, to consider the best means of forwarding the Band of Hope movement in this town; Samuel Eliott, Esq., in the chair. After tea the Rev. G. W. M'Cree (of London), the secretary of the Band of Hope Union and the editor of a large amount of temperance literature, gave an interesting account of the rise, progress, and present state of the Union. On the conclusion of his address, a conversation ensued. Various suggestions were made, and a resolution carried in favour of inviting Sunday-school superintendents and teachers to a tea and *conversazione* as soon as arrangements could be made for that purpose. The object of the *conversazione* will be to discuss the propriety of forming Bands of Hope in Sabbath-schools, as a means of protecting the children from the baneful influence of strong drink, public houses, and their associate evils. The object is one which commends itself to the support of all who interest themselves in the education of the young. It is to be hoped that whenever this *conversazione* is held, all the schools in the town will be well represented, and that a thoroughly free interchange of opinion will take place on this very interesting and important subject.

BAND OF HOPE FESTIVAL.—The seventh annual festival of the Highworth Band of Hope, or Juvenile Temperance Society, was celebrated in the British School Room on Friday, Oct. 9, when about 80 children were regaled with an ample supply of tea, cake, and bread and butter. This important operation concluded, a most agreeable evening was spent under the efficient superintendence of Mr. John Reynolds, who seems to possess the happy but comparatively rare quality of being able to sustain the interest of children, and at the same time blending instruction and wholesome advice with amusement. We cannot speak too highly of Mr.

Reynolds's unwearied exertions in behalf of the Band of Hope, as he never grudges time, labour, or expense in promoting its welfare. During the evening several temperance hymns and melodies were sung to the accompaniment of an harmonium, kindly lent by Mr. Reynolds; and most ably presided at by Miss Amelia Smith and Mr. George Rogers, the organist of our parish church, who also executed several admirable voluntaries. Appropriate recitations were also delivered by various members of the youthful band, and reward books were distributed to those who have most distinguished themselves as reciters during the past year. At the close of the meeting the National Anthem was most heartily sung, and the proceedings terminated with deafening cheers for the Ladies' Committee in general and for Miss Smith and Messrs. Reynolds and Rogers in particular, all of which we may add, were thoroughly deserved. We must not omit this opportunity of thanking those kind friends who have so liberally assisted us by their contributions, thus enabling us to provide innocent enjoyment for so many, and encouraging them to stand fast to their principles. We feel that our cause is a good one, and we therefore the more boldly ask not only for a continuance of pecuniary support, (grateful as we are for that) but also for sympathy, for next to the assurance of God's favour, nothing is so cheering as the approval of earthly friends; and, on the contrary, nothing so depressing as the being regarded with coldness and indifference by those to whom we naturally look for support and co-operation.

KETTLEWELL BAND OF HOPE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—The members of the above society having had their esteemed friend, Mr. W. B. Affleck, agent for the Northern Auxiliary, once more labouring amongst them, have held a series of meetings at the undermentioned places:—In the Wesleyan Chapel, Buckden, on Monday the 14th ult., a meeting was held, presided over by Mr. T. Milner, after whose excellent introductory speech, several temperance melodies were sung by the lecturer, interspersed with recitations by his son, which had a good effect upon the audience. Then a very soul-stirring lecture was delivered by Mr. Affleck.—On Tuesday evening the 15th ult., a meeting was held in the School-room, Starboston, presided over by Mr. R. Calvert, when melodies and pieces were again sung and recited by the father and son, after which the lecturer again gave an address, being at times very serious but plain and pointed, and bringing important truths very closely home to his hearers. At the close of the meeting a number of young persons signed the pledge, which gave proof of the effect of his address.—On Wednesday evening the 16th ult., a meeting was again held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Kettlewell, presided over by Mr. R. Wiseman, president of the above society, when singing and reciting were again introduced with greater energy and more lively influence, the son being greatly applauded. During the meeting addresses were delivered by Messrs. R. Calvert, T. Milner, R. Hardacre, and W. B. Affleck. The lecturer not only spoke of the duty of abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks, but also advocated total prohibition of their sale as beverages. He compared intemperance to a mighty river, whose source is in the safe

of drinks, which create intemperance, and contended that the easiest way was to stop the fountain, then the river would cease to flow. At the close of the meeting a number joined the Band of Hope. This meeting ended for the present the labours of our excellent friend, who has displayed more than his former eloquence and zeal. A meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Kettlewell, on Saturday, September 26th, presided over by Mr. Thomas Milner, when several temperance melodies and excellent pieces were sung by Mr. W. B. Affleck, Mr. James Affleck, of Bishop Auckland, and Miss Baldwin, of Kildwick, who gave great satisfaction to the audience (numbering upwards of 300 persons). During the meeting addresses were delivered by Messrs. John Pratt, James Affleck, and our highly-esteemed friend, W. B. Affleck, who spoke at great length on the evils of intemperance. The meeting was concluded at a rather late hour, by singing the doxology and pronouncing the benediction.

THE REV. G. W. M'CREE'S TOUR.

At the request of the Committee, Mr. M'Cree consented to hold a series of meetings in Berks, Somerset, Devon, &c., and to meet for social intercourse and conference the leading friends of the movement. We present a brief summary of his labours:—

READING.—Mr. M'Cree had interviews with several influential supporters of Bands of Hope, and lectured to a crowded audience in the public rooms.

BATH.—About forty ladies and gentlemen, eminent for their attachment to the temperance cause, met Mr. M'Cree at tea at the Guildhall. A large public meeting subsequently took place, presided over by J. H. Cotterell, Esq.

BRISTOL.—Henry Wethered, Esq. presided at a conference, preceded by a tea at which about eighty ladies and gentlemen were present. The conference was of a prolonged and interesting character. The company then adjourned to the Broadmead Rooms, when about 1200 persons gave a cordial reception to Mr. M'Cree, who delivered his lecture on "Day and Night in St. Giles's." Robert Charlton, Esq. presided, and the platform was filled with ministers, influential citizens, and ten students from the Baptist College. The daily papers gave copious reports of the conference and lecture.

FROME.—Mr. M'Cree spent three days in this town, during which he had interviews with all the active friends, lectured to a large audience, preached to an overflowing congregation, in the Rev. J. Burton's Chapel, and conducted a devotional service in the Mechanics' Hall, which could not contain the people who desired to attend.

BRIDGWATER.—F. J. Thompson, Esq., of Hamp Green, kindly entertained Mr. M'Cree at his house, and presided at a conference with the committee of the Bridgwater Temperance Society. Mr. M'Cree lectured on "Parents and Children," in the Independent Chapel, which was crowded in every part.

PLYMOUTH.—Samuel Elliott, Esq., of Trafalgar House, presided at a conference in the chess room of the Mechanics' Institution, at which about

fifty well-known supporters of the movement were present, and at which much information was afforded by the various speakers. The conference resolved to invite all the Sunday school teachers in Plymouth to a social meeting, in order that the claims of Bands of Hope might be brought before them, and cordially invited Mr. M'Cree to revisit Plymouth on that occasion. Mr. M'Cree afterwards addressed a public meeting, at which six hundred persons were present, all of whom paid for admission.

LISKEARD.—The committee met Mr. M'Cree for conference, and he afterwards lectured in the Temperance Hall to a large audience, all of whom were charged for admission.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL.—A tea and conference took place in the school room of the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, succeeded by a public meeting in the Chapel. The meeting was very effective and enthusiastic.

HAYLE.—Some friends met Mr. M'Cree at Mr. Wyat's, and then adjourned to the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, when the Rev. John Butterworth presided. The audience filled every part of the large building, and manifested intense sympathy with the object of the meeting. The Band of Hope here comprises 500 members.

MERE, WILTS.—Charles Jupe, Esq. hospitably entertained Mr. M'Cree at his house, where some active and liberal supporters of Bands of Hope met him for mutual counsel. The meeting was held in a spacious and beautiful hall recently erected by John Rutter, Esq., which was filled in every part. During some parts of this meeting, the audience were completely subdued by their feelings, especially during the singing of a christian melody.

POOLE, DORSET.—About 200 friends drank tea in the Temperance Hall, and a conference between Mr. M'Cree, the committee, conductors of the Bands of Hope, and other friends, took place in one of the smaller rooms. The meeting was presided over by John Harker, Esq. The audience was so large, that many of them had to stand all the time.

CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.—Mr. E. Lane took the chair at a most excellent meeting held in the school room of the Independent Chapel.

WINCHESTER.—A large and highly respectable audience assembled in the British Hall, presided over by Mr. J. Roberts, and listened with profound attention and sympathy to Mr. M'Cree's address.

This meeting concluded Mr. M'Cree's tour, which had occupied him from Monday, September 28th, to Thursday Oct. 15.

LITERATURE.

The Temperance Dictionary. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS. Designed to present a Condensed Record of Facts and Arguments, in alphabetical order, on Topics relevant to the Temperance Movement; embracing References Historical, Biblical, Biographical, Scientific, Philological, Statistical, &c. &c. Nos. 1 to 28. London: J. Cudwell, 335, Strand, W.C.—This admirable work is issued in Penny Numbers, and should form a part of every library. When finished it will be the most complete exhibition of the Temperance movement in our language. We wish Mr. Burns every success in his enterprize, and trust that his work will remain as a memorial unto all generations.

J. BALE, Printer, 76, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE MEMORY OF FORMER SINS.

Now many years since, a large steam vessel crossing the Atlantic Ocean was caught in a fearful storm and wrecked. All on board perished, except a few, who, clinging to portions of the wreck, were rescued by a passing vessel, and brought safely to land. One of the survivors relates that during the time he was thus floating on the water, lashed to a spar, now engulfed in the roaring waves, then violently cast to the surface, expecting every moment to be his last, there seemed continually ringing in his ears the inquiry, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?" The hurricane raged around him, the wind howling in fearful blasts, which blended with crashing peals of thunder; but, loud and clear above the tumult of the storm, again he heard a well known voice inquire, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?" He had heard that question before, but many years had passed since then. He had grown to man's estate, travelled over many lands, and had passed through strange adventures and vicissitudes, and amidst the change and turmoil of active life had entirely forgotten it; but now that he was upon the very verge of eternity his senses were absorbed in the thrilling reminiscences awakened by this appeal. The words recalled with all the vividness of yesterday, the incident which occasioned them. Whilst yet a lad, his sister was very ill, and a neighbour sent some grapes to cool and moisten her feverish lips. These his mother put aside for use during the weary watches of the night; but the boy, though well acquainted with the purpose for which they were sent, stole, and ate them. They were not missed until required late in the evening; and then his mother coming to his bed-side, and in tones of tender rebuke asked, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?" As he opened his eyes the light of the candle shining on her face, he saw the tears trickling down her cheeks; he lay expecting further reproach, but, without another word she sorrowfully retired. And now, with nothing in the circumstances by which he was surrounded to recall it—alone—buffetted hither and thither on the waves of the Atlantic, this sin of his boyhood was rising up in judgment against him.

HOME.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Poets have sung, orators have grown eloquent about, the one beautiful word, *Home*! We are accustomed to think the French a less affectionate, less comfortable, less happy people than the English, and when we want to prove it, we point to their language, and ask for a word like *Home*. They have it not. "*Chez nous*," "*a la maison*," are both wretched substitutes for such a comprehensive, complete, and harmonious word as *Home*.

What pictures it makes on our brain as we say it over! How the fire blazes up on the clean hearth, the little lamp, with its clear light, stands on the snowy table cloth, the tea-things are set, baby is asleep in the cradle, the other children move quietly about the room, or peep behind the curtain out into the dark night to watch for father, who, afar off, follows the guidance of that tiny lamp with thankful, longing heart, and loving thoughts; and the gentle woman who has so much to do with making home worthy of its name, stands by the table cutting with her own kind hands the plentiful supply of plain wholesome food for the evening meal; and then the door is opened, and in walks the happy owner of so many treasures: and kisses, and greetings, and fond enquiries fall on our ear. As we turn to another picture of a home, there is sickness in this second dwelling; a little girl lies stretched on a low bed, her small thin hands quietly playing with a few toys on the covering, her whole appearance neat, pleasant, and orderly. Moving gently around her, caring for every want, smoothing each roughness in the pillows, administering every possible consolation, is her widowed mother, forgetful of self, exhibiting those noble qualities so wonderfully conspicuous in the character of a good parent, she devotes herself entirely to her child; no moan passes unheeded from the fevered lips, none of the restless tossing of disease is unsoothed, no cry is unanswered. In their little lonely dwelling, God sees a *Home*; for love, that sunshine of the heart, His own chief attribute without which no house, however grand and splendid, can be a true home, lightens the suffering, softens the hardships, and irradiates the mother and her sick child with its glorious beauty.

Another picture:—A lawn smooth and soft, with its carpet of green grass, studded with fair white daisies, golden eyed; and on it a group of three, a young couple and their first-born child. How merrily their laughter rings out at the pranks of the wee boy beside them! how gaily the father tosses him in his arms! how playfully the young mother twines the daisy chains with her jewelled fingers to throw around his fat white neck; and how, as her eyes wander over hill and dale, the stately elms, the murmuring river silvered by the sunlight, and the old ancestral mansion with its towers and turrets, now so joyous with the young fresh life that finds in it a *Home*, does her heart swell with gratitude for the blissful happiness of her career. What dark tints strong drink would cast over all these pleasant pictures, if it once entered and obtained the

mastery in these sweet homes. How comfort, and contentment, and peace would flee, terrified, from the gentle mother and her children, if they waited at an empty board for a drunken husband and father! how, instead of little merry faces pressed against the window panes, there would be lowering brows, and sullen mouths, and scared eyes, and as the staggering step drew nearer, little bare feet would hasten to the worn, and wan, and weary mother, and hide around her sheltering form, with the most fearful apprehension of dread. Alas! for the father whose children are afraid of him! Alas! for the children who have no love and respect for their father! he who should be to them by turns counsellor, friend, adviser, protector, deliverer, playmate, helper, guardian, as they need.

And in the home made so sacred by love, where the little sick girl lies nursed and cared for so tenderly, there would be, if that good mother once gave her attention to the poisonous cup, instead of to her daughter, only wretchedness, squalor, and misery, neglected disease, a lonely, destitute, unhappy child, and a mother she dreaded to see enter, lest her pillow should be pawned for more drink, and her clothes torn off her for the same cruel destiny. This is not exaggeration. Many a parent, made fiend-like and unnatural by the bottle, has taken away the few comforts of a dying child for yet another dram, and left them deprived of warmth and sustenance, and unwatched in their last agony, save by the pitying Father who made them, and without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground." Oh! cursed be the system that can produce such terrible results as these!

And even in that magnificent home, where wealth, and luxury, and love seemed to dispute the honour of possession, where happy hearts, and boundless affection, heightened each charm of natural loveliness in the scene around, alcohol would work a withering, blighting change. Let that beautiful child, heir to these vast domains,—heir too to what is worth so much more than mere worldly goods, the love of his parents and his God,—but become a slave to strong drink, and hope and joy would be alike banished. How many a youth so circumstanced, with power for good so largely bestowed, has become a curse instead of a blessing! Safely guided, perhaps, through the dangers of infancy, and childhood, and even boyhood, the fair bark has made shipwreck, amidst the temptations of his early manhood. Sent to college, he has been led astray, victimised, and too often utterly destroyed through the enticements and allurements of the dissolute and dissipated around him, who have trod the paths of vice and immorality, and yielded themselves up to degradation and infamy, for the sake of its transient pleasures or fleeting joys.

Little hands, playing with sweet flowers,—little lips, answering smile with smile,—baby voice echoing glad laughter,—baby eyes, opening wide with astonishment at all the beauties of a glorious world,—alas! that ever you should lose your loveliness!—that ever proud parents should hide their faces with shame at the mention of their son, their once idolized boy playing beside them on the green lawn, in the dear old home, now let to strangers in order to pay disgraceful debts.

What fond mother, as she gazes on the pretty baby in the cradle, the

sweet child at her knee, the tall youth at the fireside, could bear to believe that he would one day be a drunkard? Is there anything too great to be sacrificed,—any fashion too powerful to be broken through,—any singularity to be deemed worthy a thought, when the interests of your child are at stake? when by sacrificing (if it be a sacrifice,) your own glass of wine,—by being unfashionable in the one respect of not giving to your friends the alcoholic liquors that are placed on other boards,—by manifesting singularity in throwing in your lot with those fanatics, the teetotallers, you may remove one stumbling block from your child's pathway to heaven,—one temptation that might induce him to turn aside to hell.

There is no influence in our land more potent to destroy the happiness of little children, than strong drink,—none which so curses their young life,—which so often deprives them of the comforts of home. Home is essentially the place where little children should be, not out as we so often see the drunkard's child, wandering along the gutter, seeking for amusement in the mud-heaps and dust-bins; finding their food by pilfering, and their destination in the lock-up. Oh! when we think of our own wee pets, so happily nurtured, so tenderly cared for, so daintily fed, so comfortably clothed, so carefully instructed, and then turn to the little lone wanderers driven from out the mean, unhappy, comfortless dwellings that never have been *homes* to them at all, do not our hearts ache, our lips and pens grow eloquent with the sorrows of these poor ragged, hungry darlings, who are homeless in this great wide world, yet for whom, as much as for the richest, healthiest, happiest child on the earth, the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Any cause that has the children at heart must be dear to true men and women; for do we not all of us naturally love the dear little ones? and to some of us with whom this love is almost a passion, is not their distress mirrored in our own, their sorrows in our grief? We cannot forget their tears, and the wail of their agony sounds perpetually in our ears. Teetotalism, by the blessing of God, has done much to make homes happy, to render them fit abodes for precious children; it has, by its Bands of Hope, prevented very many from falling. Hundreds and thousands, to whom the world will soon be looking for the maintenance of its stability, its honour, and its religion, are now growing up amongst our ranks, as our juvenile abstainers.

Our homes should be the nurseries of our children, the abiding-places of loving hearts, the type on earth of the everlasting home that awaits the good beyond the portals of death and the grave; and lest the tyrant, intoxicating drink, should mar their blessedness and peace, let us each resolve to introduce no such mocker into our midst, that our children may ever dwell in safety, unassailed henceforth by the insidious tempter in their father's house, and turn with the trustfulness and faith that children so largely possess, to God-fearing, sober, loving parents, in "Home, sweet Home."

Plymouth.

M. A. PAULL.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

John and Mary and Fanny were all in a pet together, and there seemed a fair prospect of the baby's being awakened to add his music by way of chorus. Now what do you think mother did? Punish each of the little offenders for their fretfulness; this oppressive summer day, when she found it so hard to preserve her own temper unruffled? She took a different expedient.

"Come here, Fanny," she said to the youngest, "and let mother tell you a funny story she read the other day." Of course all were by her side directly.

"A lady who lived on a farm," she began as she softly jogged the cradle, "baked a very large loaf of bread one day, and as she took it down after a few days, to cut up for the table, she found a curious little hole on one side: she cut round it and followed it up to the middle of the loaf, and what do you think she found?"

The little ones exhausted their ingenuity in guessing, when mother said at last,

"She found an old mouse and five young mice."

O how the children laughed at the idea of a mouse's nest in a loaf of bread!

"She had taken a leaf of an old copy-book and nibbled it up to make their bed of," said mother; "and there was no fear of their being hungry, they had only to turn about and eat up their house."

The fretfulness was all gone, and the children went out in the garden to play as happy as could be. What a wonderful thing tact is, especially for a mother! Every mother should cultivate the habit of telling little amusing stories to her children, or those calculated to awaken tender, sweet emotions. Though they may be ever so simple, children delight in them, if they are told with a pleasant voice, and interesting manner. It will save you hours of valuable time, often, and will be a blessing to your own heart as well as your children, giving them food for pleasant thoughts and conversation. Tell a story the next time the little company get "so cross you do not know what to do with them," and see if it does not answer a world better than a sharp reproof.

FROM LONDON TO THE LAND'S END, AND BACK AGAIN.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

On Monday morning, September the 28th, I left London to visit a number of towns in the West of England, on behalf of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The objects of my journey were as follows:— To investigate the condition of the Band of Hope movement; to hold conferences with the active promoters of Bands of Hope in the various towns; and to address public meetings on the physical, domestic, sanitary, and religious condition of the poor, and to stimulate ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and the Christian public generally, to greater efforts on behalf of total abstinence. In the pursuit of this mission I first visited Reading. One of the first objects which strikes the eye in this town is a handsome drinking fountain, erected at the expense of W. Palmer, Esq., who is extensively known as the manufacturer of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. He is a consistent and liberal supporter of the temperance movement, and a man of great personal worth. There is a good temperance hall in connection with a Temperance Coffee-house. I was glad to find here a large and well selected library, with a separate shelf for temperance works, and I was equally glad to find that all the books were in great demand. I saw numbers of intelligent young men, coming for them and evidently able to appreciate the merits of the respective volumes which they took away. Surely every temperance society might have a lending library; the perusal of good books prevents the waste of leisure hours, and the study of temperance literature would keep hundreds from violating the pledge. From Reading, I went to Bath. I had the pleasure of being entertained in the house of J. H. Cotterell, Esq., who has long been known as a disinterested and zealous advocate of every branch of the temperance enterprise. About forty friends met me at tea at the Guildhall, when Mrs. Cotterell kindly presided, and hospitably entertained the company. I then made a statement relative to the rise, progress, and present position of the Band of Hope movement throughout the country, and also gave some practical information as to the best mode of conducting Bands of Hope. A free conversation then took place in reference to various practical matters affecting the order and usefulness of juvenile gatherings. After the conference, I lectured to a crowded audience in the Guildhall, on "Lights and Shadows of Life in London."

I was glad to find that a clergyman, the Rev. J. Fleming, has established "Penny Readings," which have proved a great success. He is himself a splendid reader, and has trained a number of working-men to read aloud with fluency and force. His meetings are always crowded, and appear to be effecting much good.

I went to see the chapel in which the Rev. Wm. Jay preached for so many years, and I did not forget that he said, "The subject of teetotalism I have examined physically, and morally, and Christianly, and after all my reading and reflection, and observation, and experience, I have reached

a very firm and powerful conviction that, next to the glorious gospel, God could not bless the human race so much, as by the abolition of all intoxicating spirits." I heard him preach his last sermon in Surrey Chapel.

"He seemed in years, yet in his years were seen,
A vernal vigour, and autumnal green."

The good man is gone, but his name is fragrant in Bath even unto this day.

During my stay in this interesting city, I visited a home for young girls, situated near the Victoria Park. It contains 16 inmates, and is supported by a number of benevolent ladies. Every girl is the offspring of intemperate parents, and the object of the institution is to remove them from the influence of wretched homes, and to prepare them for domestic service. All the girls signed the pledge after my lecture in the Guildhall.

Bristol was the next place on my route. It is neither a clean nor a beautiful city, and seems to be infested with a large number of low, dirty, wretched public-houses. I was also grieved to see a large number of abandoned women, in gay and flaunting garments, walking up and down opposite some of these houses. It was one of the most painful sights which I witnessed during my journey. About 80 ladies and gentlemen met me at tea. Among those who were present I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Revs. W. Rose, J. Edwards, Jenkin, Poole, W. Hill, Rowe, and J. Cort; also to Robert Charlton, Esq., a well-known philanthropic member of the Society of Friends: Henry Wethered, Esq., of Devon House, King's Down Parade, and the President of the Bristol Band of Hope Union; F. V. Jacques, Esq., President of the West of England Temperance Association; G. Thornton, Esq., Sec. of the West of England Temperance Association; J. T. Grace, Esq.; — Clarke, Esq. H. J. Brown, Esq.; S. Capper, Esq.; W. L. Harris, Esq.; and ten students from the Baptist College. The conference was presided over by Henry Wethered, Esq., and afforded an opportunity for the communication of valuable information as to the state of the Band of Hope movement in Bristol. My own statement as to the progress of the movement in London, the publications of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and the labours of its agents was most courteously received. After the conference, we adjourned to the Broadmead Rooms, which are the largest in the city, where I delivered a lecture on "Day and Night in St. Giles, London." The audience filled every part of the building, and were kind enough to give me a hearty welcome. Three reporters were present, and the daily papers gave copious reports of the lecture. The Bristol and West of England Temperance Association, formed June 19th, 1837, is active and useful. The "Western Temperance Herald" is the monthly organ of the Association, and the affiliated societies number fifty-nine. The secretary and editor is Mr. John G. Thornton, Redland, Bristol. I was entertained at the house of Mr. Wethered, the partner of Handel Cossham, Esq., who unfortunately was absent from Bristol, and could not attend our meetings.

When I was at Bristol, I felt much interested in the mission to the

navvies, who are constructing the South Wales Union Railway. A few gentlemen formed themselves into a committee in the early part of 1861, and commenced their good work by inviting the navvies and their wives to a tea meeting. It was then agreed to begin an evening school for them; and shortly afterwards, a wooden house was erected on the works at Narrow-way hill for the sale of cocoa: at the request of the navvies, a school was also opened in connection with it; as also prayer meetings on Sunday morning, and one evening in the week. These meetings were often largely attended, and the room filled to overflowing. Besides these agencies, special preaching services were held along the line two or three times every Sunday, and a missionary was employed to distribute tracts, and to carry cocoa round amongst them two or three times during every week day. The amount of cocoa sold during the past year has been 2,644 gallons, and the total amount since the commencement 5,266 gallons. Through these and other agencies, many of the navvies were induced to sign the pledge; and not a few comfortable homes were thus made, and temperance proved to be the handmaid of religion. Some of the men have kept all the tracts given to them, and had them bound together to read in other parts of the country, where, as one of them said, "There won't be none of you gentlemen to look after us chaps." In the early part of the mission, obscene and blasphemous language was heard along the work; but in a short time scarcely an oath or an impure expression was used. When a fresh navvie came to work, and employed such objectionable language, he was soon corrected by some of his companions. "Jack, thee be'st come to the wrong shop for that," or, "Hold on there, we can do without that." It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of universal publication, that, although for the last three years, five hundred of these men have been working in the neighbourhood, not a single case has in any way come under the notice of the police. A very interesting meeting of the navvies and their wives, was held at the Broadmead Rooms, when together with the "Sewer Navvies," they partook of tea at the special request and expense of Mr. Robert Charlton. Six hundred and forty of them were present; and the impressive addresses which were delivered by various friends appear to have attracted the attention and touched the hearts of all who were present. The expenses of the mission for one year, "including a cork leg for one of the men," amounted to £219. 8s. 7d. The history of one of the men is very interesting. He was known as a rough, swearing, drinking man, always poor, and his family was in a wretched condition. He was invited to attend the religious services, but he used to say, "Not this time, perhaps next week;" or, "My boots ar'nt cleaned, and it's too late to clean 'em now;" or, "My missus ain't washed my slop, and so I can't come to-night." It was found, however, that his real excuse was, that he had not a black coat, whereupon, one of his visitors offered to lend him *his* black coat if he would only go. He answered, in a peculiarly decisive way, "I'll come, and will be there this evening." But he came in his slop, having, as might have been expected, declined the offer of the black coat. Having signed the pledge, he soon managed to purchase a black coat, trousers,

and waistcoat, attended the temperance meetings and religious services, and both he and his wife have become converts to Christ, and are journeying towards the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Such missions as these are essential to the reformation, health, social order, and future welfare, of this important class of men. But for them our magnificent railway system would not have existed; their labours have added immensely to the wealth, safety, and enjoyment of all classes, and to them, therefore, we owe a debt which should be discharged with a cheerful heart. We would especially commend both the navvies and their wives to the attention of Christian abstainers. Under the influence of kindness the rough navvie becomes as a child, the baser parts of his nature are purified, and the nobleness of the man is developed. Why then should he be allowed to become the prey of drunkenness, debt, disease, and death?

At Frome I had the pleasure of being entertained at the house of Mr. W. B. Harvey. He is an active and successful promoter of Bands of Hope. In the town and its immediate neighbourhood, there are above 200 children and young people who have signed the pledge, and, so far as can be ascertained, have been faithful to its obligations. A system of visitation has been instituted and carefully developed, which brings the habits of every child under the benevolent observation of a suitable visitor. If therefore any child should happen to be sick, or enduring severe temptation, or should it have violated the pledge, proper steps can be immediately taken for its comfort or restoration. I am persuaded that until a similar system be established in connection with every Band of Hope, much of what we do will fail to produce permanent results. When a child is sick, the medical man, the parent, or some meddlesome neighbour, often presents wine or brandy, and the child is thus made to like wine and stroug drink, and in such a case it is almost impossible to retain it in the Band of Hope. Children are often, also, severely tempted by parents, relatives, employers, and mischievous persons, and in such a case an opportune visit by a firm and loving friend, will probably prevent the child from becoming unfaithful to its pledge. Besides, the visitor, if diligent and thoughtful, and comprehensive in his efforts to do good, will, in a large number of instances, induce the parents of the child to abstain, and thus, double good is effected.

During my stay in Frome, I delivered a public lecture, preached to a large congregation in the Rev. J. Burton's chapel, and conducted a devotional service on the Sunday evening in the Mechanics' Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The services of Sunday, Oct. 4th, will I trust, be long remembered by some who then heard the everlasting gospel.

Sitting in the parlour of my friend Mr. Harvey, I composed a poetic trifle on "Beautiful Things," to the air of "Beautiful Star." Here are the words:—

Beautiful morn ! with golden light,
Filling the world with beams so bright;
Calling to early prayer and praise,—
Now, to God my song I raise.
Beautiful Morn !

Beautiful child ! Thou art my love,
Sweet and gentle as a dove,
Honour and peace shall be with thee,
Years of plenty thou shalt see.

Beautiful Child !

Beautiful Stars ! Lamps of the sky,
Shining in darken'd clouds on high,
Telling of power and love divine,
As o'er the earth ye sweetly shine.

Beautiful Stars !

Beautiful Home ! Home far above,
Glowing with light, and full of love,
The smile of God is there for aye,
And chaseth falling tears away.

Beautiful Home !

I next went to Bridgwater, where I was welcomed to the house of Mr. F. J. Thompson, of Hamp Green. One of the first sights I witnessed produced a painful impression on my mind. A fair had been held in the town, and I saw a number of young people of both sexes, assembled in and before the tap-room of an inn. Their behaviour was disgusting, and evinced a deplorably low moral condition. The committee of the society were kind enough to entertain me at tea, and we had a long and interesting conversation on the movement, which I think is in a healthy state. The Independent chapel was lent to us for the first time for a temperance meeting. The subject of my lecture was "Parents and Children." We had a large audience, and for nearly two hours the attention was unabated. I was glad to find two booksellers in this town who give great attention to the sale of temperance literature. The ministers of the Gospel, I am sorry to say, do not seem to do much for the promotion of our good cause. When will the servants of the Most High come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty ?

My visit to Plymouth presented some features of remarkable interest. I was met at the railway station by Mr. W. Saunders, and Mr. Richard N. Bailey, of London. Mr. Bailey is a most useful and popular advocate, and his history is given in No. 329 of the Ipswich Temperance Tracts. He is now holding a series of meetings in Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, &c., and appears to have been made the means of turning many to righteousness. Hundreds of the worst and roughest of the population cheerfully pay their admission money, to hear him lecture on temperance. The evening before I arrived, he had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting, when £7. was taken in twopences, besides what was taken for reserved seats. He has had some meetings with the navvies employed on the fortifications, and induced some of them to sign the pledge. He had also been preaching the Gospel in one of the largest chapels in the town, where an overwhelming congregation of the common people heard him gladly. Samuel Elliott, Esq., of Trafalgar House, favoured me with a hospitable welcome, and also presided at the conference, which

succeeded a tea meeting, in the Chess Room of the Mechanics' Hall. I was most favourably impressed with the intelligence and influential character of this gathering. All seemed earnest, and willing to do their best for the good of the cause. After tea, addresses were delivered, and the following proposition was put to the meeting, and carried unanimously:—"That the friends of the movement do form into a committee, and invite the superintendents and teachers of the Sunday schools of the town to a meeting, to discuss the subject of forming Bands of Hope."

Such an effort to enlist Sunday school teachers will, I am confident, be worth all the time and money which may be expended upon it. Nothing like social meetings for promoting temperance principles. After the conference we had a large meeting in the Mechanics' Hall, when, as I think, most wisely, charges were made for admission. Why not charge more frequently? Good meetings are often secured *because* a charge is made, and the "free admission" system is one which has been greatly abused. The *Western Daily Mercury* gave a copious report of my address, and also of the conference.

During my stay in Plymouth, I made some inquiries as to the prevalence of immorality. Wherever large numbers of soldiers and sailors congregate, we invariably find glaring profligacy; but I was scarcely prepared for the statement, that in Plymouth, Devonport, and Shorthouse, there are 3,000 fallen women! What waste, disease, moral ruin, miserable hearts, and desolated homes must be produced by such an amount of immorality. Truly we need a REFORMATION. Who will arise and lead us? We need a Moses, a Paul, a Luther, a Knox, a Howard, or a Chalmers in every town, to overthrow the altars of Satan. Alas! many ministers will not move a finger against them. Leaving Plymouth on October 7th, I crossed Isambard Brunel's splendid bridge, at Saltash, entered Cornwall, and arriving at Liskeard, was welcomed to the beautiful villa of Miss Elliott. There is here a very good temperance hall, and an excellent society. Two of the most influential friends drank tea with me at Miss Elliott's; and we then adjourned to the hall, where I met the committee and friends for conference. Very eager were they for information about Bands of Hope, and the best mode of conducting them. This is one of the chief problems which temperance men have to solve. *How can we gain the young? How can we interest the young? How can we keep the young?* Who will answer these questions in a satisfactory manner? The friends at Liskeard have found a small ticket, entitled "Reward of Merit," to have a good influence. A badly conducted child does not, of course, get one. A good child does; and in time a tea is given, when holders of the marks of honour are entitled to attend. Where a Band of Hope contains many unruly members, this ticket might prove to be of much use.

No sooner do you enter Cornwall than the name of James Teare is found to be a household word. He was the pioneer of the movement in rough places. Through good report and evil report he pleaded our cause, and did so with such success that thousands flocked to the temperance standard and enlisted for life. James Teare's converts may be found to

this day, and staunch and true men they are. Honour, then, to a good man for noble work, nobly done.

I must not, however, forget Liskeard. After the conference, the people came in and filled the hall. Mr. Elliott presided. Here again the audience all paid for admission. Nor did this exclude the working classes, for they cheerfully paid too, and walked off to their seats. We had an excellent meeting.

My next place was St. Ives, a fishing town on the coast. I rode from Hayle in a fly, kindly engaged for me by Mr. Daniel, and got to my home in time for tea. I then went to the New Connection Methodist Chapel, where I met a number of fellow-workers, and enjoyed most profitable intercourse with them. I gave them an account of the proceedings of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and they in return told me of their own doings. From what I saw I think that teetotalism must have wrought moral miracles in St. Ives. It is the seat of the pilchard fishery, and as a single seine will bring to shore 1,500 hogsheads of fish, it is evident that unless checked by the restraints of total abstinence, such sudden wealth would certainly lead the fishermen to indulge in alcoholic excesses. This was formerly the case. It was customary to give two drams per day to every man, woman, girl, and child engaged in selling and packing the pilchards. Great evils occurred from this foolish practice. James Teare's mission led to its abolition. Money, coffee, &c., have long been given instead of spirits, and with decided physical, moral, and pecuniary advantage to every one concerned.

One fact will demonstrate the great prevalence of total abstinence in St. Ives. After the conference, I lectured in the chapel, a large building. Four hundred persons are in connection with the Christian society which assembles within its walls, and *all of them are pledged abstainers*. I do not know of another instance of the kind out of Cornwall.

On Friday, October 9th, I visited the Logan Rock and the Land's End; thus realizing one of the dreams of my youth. I went in an open carriage from St. Ives by way of Hayle, Marazion, Penzance, and St. Biryans. It was a charming ride. The sun lit up St. Ives Bay, glowed on the tinted foliage, brightened the faces of little children as they went to school, and shone gloriously on all the hills. I had a fine view of St. Michael's Mount, and the great bay full of tossing waves. Through Penzance and away up hill and down hill until I arrived at the Logan Rock Inn! Off to the Logan! There it is, a great pile of rocks rising from a jutting cliff, and the famous rock itself—eighty tons weight; on to the summit, up goes the guide, and I follow him. By and bye I pass him, and he looks at me with surprise and exclaims, "Sir! are you a sailor?" He did not know I was a PARSON! Nor did I look like one just then. A black tie, turn-down collar, tweed cap, rough blue overcoat, with an orange silk handkerchief streaming from the breast pocket, and a face brown with robust health, did not make me look like "one of the cloth." Away we went again up the rocks, until I stood at the top, with my back to the Logan. Glorious scene! Lands, rocks, clouds, blue waters, and distant horizon bathed in sunlight. "This is beautiful, sir," said the guide, as he saw

my emotion and delight. "Yes my friend," I answered, "it is, but,—**GOD'S LOVE IS BETTER THAN ALL.**" Then he found out I was a parson! The great rock is so exactly poised that you can move it with your shoulders. This I did. Henceforth, when any moderate drinker calls me "a weak brother," I shall tell him I can move a stone eighty tons weight! This fact will convince him of his mistake.

Off to the Land's End. As we drew near to it, wild flowers, fruit trees, and dense herbage disappear, and I see nothing but bare fields, sombre whins, rough stone walls, and, then a wild, desolate, rocky point of land. I leap from my carriage, rush past the inn, and away down the slope, and then, perched upon a rock, I survey, with rapture, the sublime scenery of the Land's End. Mighty rocks, beetling cliffs, foaming waters, white-sailed ships, distant headlands, and far-stretching hills, form a panorama of sublime grandeur. Alone, I long for some one to rejoice with me. One who would know better than any other what rapture I feel in the contemplation of this scene, is not here; I therefore sit down on a rock, and write a letter to her, and thus make another partaker of my joy. But I must not linger. I returned to the inn, and dined, and then went to the Land's End, a point of the cliff which projects into the Atlantic like the prow of a mighty ship. I crept along it on my breast; far down on either side, the stormy sea, and laid my hand on the extreme point of Britain. Here, so saith tradition, Wesley stood when he wrote his hymn:—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,

'Twixt two unbound'd seas I stand,

Secure, insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,

Removes me to yon heavenly place,

Or, shuts me up in hell.

See! here comes a storm! In a moment the sun, the light-house, the Brisons, Cape Cornwall, the gallant ships, and the distant purple hills were blotted out, and the Storm King, arrayed in dark clouds, came flying on the wings of the wind. I fled for shelter, and, as I viewed the tempest, cried from the depths of my heart:—

Jesus! lover of my soul,

Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the billows near me roll;

While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into the haven guide,

O receive my soul at last.

But I must leave the Land's End, and hasten to Penzance. I there took the five o'clock train, and went on to Hayle, where I lectured to a large audience in the Methodist Chapel, the Rev. Mr. Butterworth presiding. On the Saturday I proceeded to Bridgwater, where I preached on the Sunday. From thence I went to Mere, in Wiltshire, to the house of Charles Jupe, Esq., where I met with Mr. and Mrs. Jupe, Mr. J. Jupe,

Mr. and Mrs. Rutter, Miss Gilpin, and Mr. Goldsborough—all of them earnest workers in the good cause. The new lecture hall, built by Mr. Rutter, was crowded to the door, and I lectured for more than an hour.

Poole was my next place. Two hundred of the friends took tea, and I then met some of them for conference respecting Bands of Hope, after which I lectured. John Harker, Esq., presided. In the morning, I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Rees, better known as Cheap John. Mr. R. had his splendid waggon, which cost £700, with him and was doing a good business every night. I then started for Bournemouth, "the Madeira of England," where I spent a pleasant hour, and then proceeded to Christchurch, where I mounted the church tower, and surveyed the Solent, the Needles, and the Isle of Wight. I then took tea at Mr. Josling's comfortable Temperance Hotel, and lectured in the school room of the Independent Chapel. Mr. Lane presided, and the mayor was present. A more lively, appreciative audience I never addressed. Then came the last day but one of my holiday. Away I went by railway to Southampton, where I hired a fly, and drove through the town, saw the beautiful statue to Dr. Watts, visited the docks, went over the Ripon, one of the splendid steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, dined at Flower's Hotel, and then took the railway for Winchester, where, after attending divine service in the Cathedral, I drank tea at the Rev. W. Thorn's, and afterwards lectured in the British Hall. We had a very good meeting, and I was glad to find temperance publications were sold at the close.

On the next morning, Friday, October 17, I arrived in London, ruddy with health, and thankful to God for a pleasant journey from LONDON TO THE LAND'S END, AND BACK AGAIN.

THE GREAT CURSE.

In the year ending at Michaelmas last 94,908 persons—260 a day—were proceeded against before justices in England for drunkenness, or for being drunk and disorderly, and 63,255 of them were convicted. The great majority were only fined, but above 7,000 were committed to prison. The returns show a great increase over the previous year, for only 82,196 were then charged with drunkenness, and only 54,123 convicted. Of the persons thus charged in the last year 22,560 were females, and more than 10,000 women were convicted for being drunk. Coroners' inquests in the year 1862 found 211 verdicts of deaths from excessive drinking; 145 men and 66 women thus ended their days.

TEMPERANCE GLEANINGS.

DOUBTFUL ADVICE.—At a public-house near Grantham, where London porter is sold, the landlord has for his sign a figure of Britannia in a re-

clining posture, as if greatly fatigued. Underneath is the inscription, "Pray stop, and sup-porter."

A GOOD OLD AGE.—William Hutton, of Birmingham, says in one of his works:—"The reader will be surprised when I tell him that during my stay in Scarbro' I never tasted porter, ale, tea, coffee, wine, or any kind of liquors, and yet, at four-score, I can with ease walk thirty miles a day." The excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable thirty years after date, with interest.

FATAL FOLLY.—A man has been killed at Rochdale through drinking rum for a wager.

PAUPERISM.—A gentleman said, at a meeting of the Town Council, October 23, 1849,—"There are *thirty-four parishes in Scotland, without a public-house*, and the effect upon the parishioners is, that they have not a penny of poor's rate in one of them. Before I came to Edinburgh, I have lived eight years in a parish where there was no public-house, and *during all that period I never saw a person the worse for drink*. There were no poor's rates in the parish then; but now there are five public-houses, and a poor's rate of 1s. 8d. in the pound.' At a meeting of the Parochial Board, Nov. 2, 1849, Mr. Blackadder, Ex-Lord Provost, said:—"As to the causes of the pauperism, first among the grizzly throng I would place drunkenness. I verily believe that, out of 2,700 paupers, 2,000 were made so by drink: so that we are, in fact, not so much supporting the poor, as we are supporting the public-houses."

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR FEMALE ALLIES.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Sir,—I have read with interest the article in your last impression on the above topic, by Mr. Oliver. There is a manifest dislike in some places, to admit ladies on our Committees. Why it is so I cannot imagine. I hope Mr. Oliver's article will tend to break down all obstacles in the way of their labours being appreciated. Our society here has been established for upwards of ten years, and from its commencement ladies have formed part of our Committee, and I can say that they have worked with great earnestness in furthering our noble cause. They have attended our committee meetings as regularly, if not more so, than the gentlemen. We distribute tracts in connection with our society, in which labour they take a very prominent part; in collecting subscriptions they are always foremost, and on our festival days they toil most assiduously, in helping to supply the wants of the little ones. The success of our society is indeed greatly owing to the female portion of our committee, which number about thirty; although it is large, I am glad to say it does not hinder us from working harmoniously together. Should any member of it leave, we fill the vacancy from the elder Members of our Band of Hope.

I am Sir, yours sincerely,

N. H. BIG GLESTON, *Secretary.*

Hayle, Cornwall, Nov. 5th, 1863.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Rochdale Sunday School Band of Hope Union,
November 17th, 1863.

Sir,—I am very much obliged for the addresses you have sent me, and also for the copy of the report, and the samples of your publications. Your cards are used by most of our Societies, as are also your hymn books, and when visiting the various Bands of Hope, either in town or country, connected with us, if they have not got them, I advise them to do so. I am trying to persuade each of our Committee to take one copy of our *Record* a month at least.

I am of opinion, that if you could make your Union more like the Sunday School Union, so that our Town and District Unions could be connected, it would be better; then we could feel that there was a bond amongst us. I also think we could help each other better by being brought into closer sympathy.

I remain, yours truly,
THOMAS THORLEY, *Secretary.*

[We shall feel glad to have suggestive letters from our readers; let them write to us, and we will be glad to hear from them. Ed.]

To the Editor of the "BAND OF RECORD."

1, Surrey Buildings, Old Kent Road,
18th November, 1863.

Dear Sir,—I visited the Band of Hope in Clifton street, Wandsworth road, and a very pleasant evening I spent. There were about 130 to 150 children, and the platform was filled with speakers who kindly gave way to me on my presenting my card, which was as follows:—

"MR. WILLIAM H. ELLIOT,
Honorary Speaker,
From the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union."

I may state that I purpose always presenting a similar card when I go out. I may also state that I found the friends very warm hearted, and to have the happy art of making strangers feel at home. At the close of the meeting, the chairman, Mr. Hunt, asked me to come again, and so did several other friends who were present. Mr. Hunt further asked me if I would wait a little for him, when he would have great pleasure in having my company to his home, to spend the remainder of the evening, but as it was getting late, I had to forego that pleasure.

I tell you these facts in order that you may know what kind persons they are. I shall be most happy to pay them another visit, when you may want another speaker to go there.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. ELLIOT.

[We think this a very pleasing letter—a credit to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Hunt, and all concerned. Ed.]

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LAMBETH BATHS.—Our next number will contain a full account of the great Meetings held on Friday evenings. In the meantime we quote the following from the *Morning Star* of Nov. 14th:—

“Last night a grand demonstration of the children belonging to the various Bands of Hope, Sunday schools, day, and ragged schools, took place at the Lambeth Baths, New Cut, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The meeting was the first of a series of similar gatherings to be held weekly during the ensuing winter, to which the children attending the several schools, &c., in the South of London will have gratuitous admission. On this occasion the chair was occupied by W. West, Esq., and a most interesting lecture was delivered by Stephen Shirley, Esq., illustrated by a splendid series of dissolving views, which appeared to afford immense gratification to the vast concourse of juveniles who were present, which on a moderate calculation we should place at nearly 3,000. The proceedings were enlivened by singing temperance and other hymns, and also recitations, in which the children joined with that hearty gusto indicative of thorough enjoyment, which must have given great satisfaction to Mr. M. W. Dunn and the committee of gentlemen who have the management of these gatherings.”

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the past month, Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has been lecturing and preaching to crowded and enthusiastic audiences, in connection with the Northern Auxillary.

Mr. W. BELL is still engaged by the Northampton Temperance Union; he is now lecturing in connection with the societies belonging to the Union, and from various reports he is giving great satisfaction, while numbers are being added to the different societies.

Mr. WILLIAM LAY has commenced his labours, and attended the following meetings:—Old Ford; Forest Hill; Earl Street, London Road; Bloomsbury Refuge; Balls Pond; Walthamstow; Shadwell; Lambeth Baths; Working Men's Club, Westminster; Laystall Street; Mill Pond Bridge, Rotherhithe; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Whitfield Chapel; Offord Road Sunday School; St. James's, Aldgate; and Eden Street, Hampstead Road.

During the past month, Mr. F. SMITH has given lectures as under:—Maidstone; Whitstable; East Grinstead; Romsey; Christchurch; Weymouth; Bristol; Stow-on-the-Wold; Wolverhampton; Newtown; Preston; Belfast; Dromore, Co. Down; Bessbrook, near Newry; Crumlin; and Larne. The lectures have been illustrated by the Union Dissolving Views, have been well attended, and in most cases given very general satisfaction.

During the month, Mr. G. BLAIR has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Denmark Street, twice; Lambeth Baths, twice;

Working Men's Club, Westminster, twice; St. Paul's, Clerkenwell; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Ogle Mews; St. Matthew's School, St. George's-in-the-East; Southville, Wandsworth Road; Esher Street, Kennington; Barbican Chapel; Surrey Chapel; Dagleish Place; Limehouse; Exeter Buildings, Chelsea; Lant Street, Borough; Cross Street, Blackfriars; One Tun, Westminster; Kentish Town; Commercial Road; and Vauxhall Walk. He has also taken part in four adult meetings, preached six sermons, and addressed three Sunday schools.

CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.—We are sorry that a notice of this important gathering did not appear in the *Band of Record* for November. We hasten to supply the omission. Harper Twelvetrees, Esq., and the Rev. T. W. Matthews, of Boston, represented the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and Messrs. Taylor and Rae, the National Temperance League.

The proceedings of this gathering of the friends of temperance from Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England, Russia, Germany, Switzerland and Prussia, commenced Sept. 29, at 9 o'clock, by a sermon in the Egidien Church, Hanover; after which the members of congress, numbering about 300, adjourned to the hall of the Lyceum, when Paster Bootcher, of the Kirchrode, was elected chairman of the congress. The delegates from distant parts were then welcomed, and the English representatives (the Rev. T. W. Matthews, of Boston, Messrs. Harper Twelvetrees, R. Rae, and Joseph Taylor of London,) invited to the platform. Their excellencies the ministers of state were present; also the chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Hanover; Baron de Lynden, chamberlain to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands; Lord de Borries, late Minister of the Interior; his Excellency the State Minister of Oldenburg; Baron von Geld, Potsdam; Dr. Filly, member of the Hamburg Chamber of Deputies; Professor Stolz, of Baden; and numerous distinguished gentlemen, with a great number of pastors and Roman Catholic clergymen from all parts of the continent. Reports were then presented by the delegates, and the progress and position of the temperance movement in different countries were reviewed, which occupied the whole of the first day's sittings. On Wednesday, September 30, the proceedings were devoted to discussions and resolutions bearing on the social and sanitary aspect of the question, as to pauperism, lunacy, taxation, disease, &c. On Thursday, October 1—the last day—the attention of the congress was directed to the various matters by which the temperance movement might be promoted—to the position of the legislature in reference to distilled spirits in the individual states, and the principle on which their action has been, or should be governed—and to a review of the different measures of the governments, with the results of such legislative action, and regulative arrangements. In the course of this day's sittings a resolution, introduced by the English delegates, and supported by his Excellency the Minister of Justice, was adopted—viz.; that the congress

considers it desirable to reconsider the basis of their operations, with the view of practising and advocating abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, in addition to distilled liquors.

ANCHOR BAND OF HOPE, CAMBERWELL.—A meeting of rather more than ordinary interest was held on Monday, Nov. 9, at Waterloo street School-room. Invitations had previously been given to above one hundred young people connected with the society, or having been once members of it, their eligibility generally consisting in being or having been in place, and thus having entered, more or less, into the temptations incidental to this position. A goodly number of these, therefore, assembled on the appointed evening, and, after having been regaled with tea and its usual accompaniments, an interesting meeting was held, which was addressed first in a suitable manner by the Rev. Mr. Rowe, afterwards at some length by Mr. Caines, and Mr. Samuel Steele, from the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The speeches were interspersed with songs, and a few recitations were also given, which helped to enliven the proceedings. The Committee sincerely hope that this meeting may have strengthened the members in their resolution of total abstinence, and that it may also induce those who had not remained firm to it to re-consider the matter, and again join the ranks of so glorious a cause.

NOTTINGHAM SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE ASSOCIATION.—The fourth annual meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall, on Nov. 2. The object of the association is to assist the teachers of Sunday Schools in encouraging the young in the principle and practice of abstinence from intoxicating drinks and tobacco. After tea George Herbert, Esq., F.C.P., took the chair. Addresses in advocacy of the movement were delivered by Rev. C. Burrows, of Lenton; Rev. A. B. Marshall, of Parliament street Chapel; Rev. C. J. Trevaile, of Shakespeare street Chapel; Mr. W. Richardson; Mr. W. Mart, of Derby; and Mr. J. Harrap, of Leicester. Mr. R. Mellows, the secretary, gave an account of the position of the cause in the societies connected with Stony street, Colwick street, Leen side Mission, Circus street, Shakespeare street, St. James's street, the Baptist Schools at Daybrook, Hyson Green, Basford, Lenton, and Carrington; Lenton Primitive, Hyson Green Free Church, Arkwright street, &c. Mr. W. Johnstone, the treasurer, read the cash account, which showed £11. 5s. 0d. in hand, although no subscriptions had been received. Prizes consisting of good books, such as the *British Workman*, 8 vols., "The Land and the Book," by Dr. Thomson, "The Shepherd King of Israel," "Kester Lane, a tale of Nottingham Life," by the Rev. C. J. C. Street, a Nottingham man, &c. The prize "For repeating in the best manner, the greatest number of complete passages of scripture, showing the evils connected with the use of intoxicating drinks, and the benefits of abstinence therefrom," 10s., was obtained by Kate Cross; and two prizes of 5s. each, by F. Townroe and Ebenezer Stevenson. Four prizes of 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d. respectively, for selling the greatest number of temperance publications, were awarded to Thomas J. Lawrence, number sold, 3,579; Samue.

Birmingham, 2,050; Arthur Ward, 1,031; Walter Sheppard, 577. Children from various schools gave recitations of a moral and religious character. The audience were apparently highly pleased with the cause and its advocates, and concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.—*Nottingham Daily Express*.

BRIDPORT BAND OF HOPE.—Mr. S. Insull gave a lecture in the School-room connected with the Independent Chapel, on Friday Evening, November 13th, to a large audience, composed principally of young people. The subject was "Home, what it was, and what it became," shewing the blessings of Temperance; a series of dissolving views were exhibited to illustrate the lecture, which was highly interesting to those present. Mr. Insull agreeably diversified the entertainment by singing several melodies. The committee of the Band of Hope are worthy of hearty commendation, for providing for the young people so excellent in every respect an entertainment, and we hope others of a similar character will follow in the coming winter months.—*The Bridport News and Advertiser*.

ST. GEORGE'S BAND OF HOPE, BRANDON HILL, BRISTOL.—Miss E. S. Price, writes:—Again have we had the pleasure of receiving Mr. F. Smith amongst us, with his interesting dissolving views. On November 12th, he gave us two exhibitions; the first at half-past five, especially for the young, was the series, "Lights of the World," and again at eight, those entitled, "London, Past and Present," particularly for the profit and pleasure of the parents and friends of the Band of Hope children. The adults are not able to determine which they admired the most of the views, but we dare say Mr. Smith with his knowledge of children's nature, will not be surprised to hear that the juveniles pronounce emphatically for "Betty and the Bear," or for one or other of his comic pictures. The acclamations and clapping of the young people, on first sight of Mr. Smith, evinced that he was recognised as a welcome *old* friend. And so he is; for the last three years, he has paid us a yearly visit, which visit is always regarded by superintendent and children as an epoch in their Band of Hope annals. Mr. Smith's descriptive lectures were much liked, abounding as they did, in pleasant illustrations, and *little bits of* moral, and christian sentiment takingly dealt out. Our Band of Hope is now two years and a half old, has grown in numbers and popularity, and is now become a recognised institution in "our parish." Since January of the present year, 160 members have joined; and by Christmas will have paid into the Penny Bank in connexion with it, upwards of £40. Many of our little ones have proved in their neighbourhood, young Temperance missionaries; and those interested in them trust and pray, that from amongst them may rise a band of sober, godly, christian men and women, whose lives may adorn the doctrine of their God and Saviour, in all things.

THE
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NO. 17

THE HISTORY OF THE

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ST. MARY-LE-BONE.

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.....	Last Glass
.....	Old Time
.....	Boy's Tact
.....	Widow
.....	Makes the Best of It

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

A PLEA FOR BAND OF HOPE LIBRARIES.

By E. J. OLIVER.

"Knowledge," saith the wise man, "is power," and as individuals or communities grow in knowledge, so does their power increase in an equal proportion. It is no argument against knowledge that many of its possessors have used it for a bad purpose, or that its power for evil is equal to its power for good. Fire, when used aright, is one of the great blessings of civilization, and no sensible person would say, that because of the frightful consequences that have at times resulted from it, we should cease to make it minister to our requirements.

The alphabet once mastered, a prospect boundless as the mighty ocean, lies before us. Step by step we climb the hill, and every time we advance, the beauty of the view increases. Temptingly hangs the rich fruit on the surrounding trees, lovely are the flowers, and delightful the fragrance they exhale. Is it to be wondered at, that we should pluck those nearest to our hand, nor stay to enquire too curiously as to their ultimate effect. With our minds informed, and our eyesight dazzled by the loveliness of the scene, we seek not for wisdom, but only crave for food wherewith to satisfy our newly awakened desires. Of quantity there is no lack—turn which way we will, we have but to put forth our hand, and take of the abundance so lavishly provided. But quantity is one thing, and quality is another. As at this period we are incapable of judging for ourselves, it is needful that those who have travelled in the same path, and gained experience, should point out that which shall be for our advantage, and while gratifying the taste, form and improve the mind.

The quantity of worthless periodicals that issue from the press, is truly alarming; and not only are most of them of a foolish and trifling nature, but many are positively vicious, and full of impurities clothed in fascinating forms; thus, insidiously undermining all pure thought and feeling. Boys and girls *will* read, and halfpenny journals and low novels in penny numbers, are unfortunately too often the companions of their leisure hours. Do they gain knowledge by the perusal of such works? Yes,

but it is a knowledge that shall corrupt their minds and hearts, a knowledge that shall be one of the greatest allies of the powers of darkness, and that shall render them powerless to acquire that higher, and better knowledge, without which, man is little better than the brutes that perish. Would that it were possible to sweep them entirely off the face of the earth, or to subject the authors and publishers to heavy penalties! But as we cannot do this, the next best thing is to provide good and cheap reading in such an interesting form, and in such quantity, as to rival the wretched trash that fills the market. The importance of such a proceeding has been felt, and much has been, and is still being done, to bring about such a desirable result. But it is not enough that we have a supply, we must do our best to create a demand. Those who have been accustomed to the highly coloured sensational literature, that freely abounds in the cheap periodicals, will not willingly leave it for the more ennobling food we would provide. Such being the case, we must bring it to them and point out its beauties, and there is no better way of doing this, than through the instrumentality of our Bands of Hope.

We cannot fully estimate the importance of supplying the young with good reading. The impressions they receive at this period will remain with them, more or less, throughout their lives, and must have a great influence in forming their character. The mind insensibly takes up, and absorbs into itself, the spirit of a book; and although we may not observe it at the time, and the words we read may pass from our memory, yet, if the book has been read with any interest at all, a certain something which we cannot define, remains with us, and may have more power over our thoughts and feelings, than we imagine. It has been well said, that our earliest impressions are often the most lasting; and so those books which will make the deepest mark upon our hearts, for good or evil, will be those we read in the spring-time of our days, before the storms, and cares, and trials of the world have overtaken us. It is then that we lay the foundation on which the whole after structure shall be raised; and according to the quality of the first stone, so shall the whole building rise in beauty and strength, the admiration of all beholders; or like some squalid and ruined hut, excite no emotions, but those of scorn and contempt.

There are many ways by which a persevering Conductor might get a small library together. A request to friends may often secure a volume or two—quarterly entertainments, the

proceeds of which shall be devoted to the purpose—small contributions by the children themselves—these, and many other plans if adopted and persevered in, would be sure to be successful.

But while we do our best to stop the stream of trashy literature, let us not run into the opposite extreme, and expect the children to delight in theological, or philosophical treatises. Ponderous and learned volumes, with high sounding titles, are all very well for those who can take their seats, by right of learning, in the temple of knowledge; but those who only behold the temple afar off, and whose footsteps are only on the first round of the ladder, must be urged to further effort by very different works from these. Judicious selections made from the Religious Tract Society; the Pure Literature Society; Mr. Tweedie's list of Temperance Publications; the Sunday School Union, &c.; will secure such a supply of good and wholesome literary matter, that shall be quite as interesting as "Sixteen Stringed Jack," and quite as instructive (to them) as the works of Archbishop Whateley, or John Stuart Mill.

THE VERY REV. DR. SPRATT, of DUBLIN.

By JAMES HAUGHTON, Esq.

This good man—whose name has been for forty years or more associated with many of the charitable associations existing in his native city, but who has, during the last three and twenty years, crowned a life spent in active benevolence, by his earnest, his persistent, and his able advocacy of the total abstinence reformation—was born in Dublin, in the year 1798.

Father Spratt is one of those benevolent spirits, whose mission is to calm down irritation; and in this good work he has taken a quiet, unobtrusive, but no mean part for the past quarter of a century.

When John Spratt arrived at an age when it was necessary to commence his school education, it was difficult, if not impossible, for Irish Roman Catholics, to receive even a very limited education in their own country. The penal laws against the religion of his fathers were then in full force, so that the lad was sent to the College of Cordova in Spain, where, we believe, he remained for several years.—He seems to have been early destined for the priesthood; for we find him on his return to Dublin, in 1821, engaged in the sacred office; in which he has with zeal and earnestness performed his duties to the present time. The wretchedness of the people committed to his charge, has, for many years past, caused him to labour heart and soul for their relief. He has been the founder of some of our many charitable associations. His name has been long associated with our "Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society." He

and the Protestant Dean of St. Patrick's are its honorary secretaries. His last labour of love in this direction, and one of which he is himself the architect—is a “night asylum for females.” It is situated in the Liberty—one of the poorest districts in Dublin; and many hundreds of destitute women receive shelter there every week. The institution is on a large scale, and was built many years ago, by a wealthy benevolent citizen, as a drying house for the poor weavers, who were then a numerous body in the district referred to.

Father Spratt, by appeals to the people, has succeeded in obtaining voluntary contributions to sustain this charity; and when the funds admit of it, the inmates are given a breakfast of bread and milk, before they leave the institution in the morning. A night's shelter, is however its main object.

The useful labours of the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, have culminated the last three and twenty years, in the great cause of Teetotalism. Daily he is to be found at his post, at the Chapel house in Aungier street, administering the “Pledge” to all comers; and every Sunday evening, during that long period of his life, with very few exceptions indeed, he has, to the knowledge of the writer of this memoir, attended in the Old Chapel in Cuffe lane, now and for many years a temperance hall, exhorting the people, and encouraging them to shake off their drinking habits, which have been their ruin for many generations, and the curse of old Ireland for ages. Thousands cheerfully respond to his appeals.

In this labour of love, Father Spratt has been most successful; and although 1,100 public-houses in his beloved native city counteract his labours in this work of mercy, yet thousands of his fellow-citizens are annually rescued by him from those traps which lead myriads into sin and misery, and have reason to bless him, and do bless him, for their deliverance from the foulest degradation to which man is subjected, and from which he must be saved before his feet can ever be placed on the rock of prosperity and happiness. It is in vain that ministers preach, and that other benevolent men labour, in the cause of our down-trodden humanity, while the drink demon is abroad to counteract this work by sowing tares among the good seed they are scattering abroad.

Of late years Father Spratt confined his advocacy of teetotalism almost entirely to Dublin; but he has frequently visited many of our provincial towns, and is ready to do so again whenever invited by proper authority.

He more than once visited Drogheda, and Armagh, and Belfast. In this latter town he received, a few years since, a complete ovation—all its inhabitants turning out to hail his arrival. He held an open-air meeting in the neighbouring town—Holywood—and for two days in succession he gave the “Pledge” in Belfast to many hundreds, in a large unfinished factory yard that was lent for the occasion.

In concluding this short and inadequate memoir, of a worthy and most excellent citizen, and a zealous and beloved Catholic priest, we would observe, that although much remains to be done before the great masses of the people of Ireland can be placed in a condition of happiness and comfort, yet that much was done by the late Father Matthew—our great

pioneer in the Temperance reform—who laid a good foundation, which is still firmly held to by multitudes, and that much is still being done by Father Spratt in Dublin, who is unceasing in his efforts to establish the love of perfect sobriety in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

In the provinces, especially in Ulster, a revival of teetotalism is apparent. The clergy of the Presbyterian Church, in that quarter, have, in large numbers, given in their adhesion to its principles; many of the laity earnestly giving them their cordial assistance. In the capital, also, many Protestants are earnestly and successfully engaged in this good work.

In Cork, too, we learn the cause has lately received a fresh impulse: and that large meetings are held, at which considerable numbers join the ranks of teetotalism. The people are really anxious to be helped to get rid of their drinking customs; and they would rejoice to have the temptation of the public-house taken away from them by legislative enactment, which great benefit to the nation, it is to be hoped, the "United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors"—(of which association Father Spratt is a member)—will soon succeed in having placed upon our statute book.

A DEAD YEAR.

I took a year out of my life and story—
A dead year, and said, "I will hew thee a tomb!
'All the kings of the nations lie in glory;
Cased in cedar, and shut in a sacred gloom;
Swathed in linen and precious unguents old;
Painted with cinnaber, and rich with gold.

"Silent they rest in solemn salvatory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse—
Each with his name on his brow.

'All the kings of the nations lie in glory,
Every one in his own house;
Then why not thou?

"Year," I said, "thou shalt not lack
Bribes to bar thy coming back;
Doth old Egypt wear her best
In the chambers of her rest?
Doth she take to her last bed
Beaten gold, and glorious red?
Envy not! for thou shalt wear
In the dark a shroud as fair;
Golden with the sunny ray
Thou withdrawest from my day;

Wrought upon with colours fine,
 Stolen from this life of mine;
 Like the dusty Lybian kings,
 Lie with two wide-open wings
 On the breast, as if to say,
 On these wings hope flew away.
 And so housed, and thus adorned,
 Not forgotten, but not scorned,
 Let the dark for evermore
 Close thee when I close the door!
 And the dust for ages fall
 In the creases of thy pall;
 And no voice nor visit rude
 Break thy sealed solitude."

I took the year out of my life and story—
 The dead year, and said, "I have hewed thee a tomb!"

'All the kings of the nations lie in glory;
 Cased in cedar and shut in sacred gloom;
 But for the sword, and the sceptre, and diadem,
 Sure thou didst reign like them."
 So I laid her with those tyrants old and hoary,
 According to my vow;
 For I said, "The kings of the nations lie in glory,
 And so shalt thou."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE SALTMARKET DANCING SCHOOLS.

(From *Memoir of a Female Convict, by a Prison Matron.*)

Entrance to these dancing "skeels" is generally by an unlighted close, up a common stair to a large room on the first floor. The door of this room—on which "DANCING HERE" is legibly inscribed—is kept by a scowling individual—probably the proprietor of the establishment—who receives the pennies of his young patrons, unlocks the door, admits them, and locks them in. In this room, lighted by gas or candles according to the taste or means of the proprietors, a hundred or a hundred and fifty are speedily assembled—ranged around the room on forms placed against the wall. They are of all ages, from the boy and girl of seven or eight years old, to the men and women of two or three and twenty, but the majority are girls and boys averaging from twelve to fifteen years. The boys are chiefly apprentices or young thieves; the girls are of the usual poor class—more than usually poor perhaps—three-fourths of them without shoes and stockings, and all of them bonnetless, as is usual amongst the

Scotch girls. The boys are several degrees removed from clean, but the "lassies," as they are generally termed, are, without an exception, bright-faced, glossy-haired damsels, who have evidently been at no ordinary pains to render themselves attractive and presentable. Here and there is evident a little effort at finery in the shape of a pair of ear-rings, or a necklace of sham coral, and their poor and scanty garments are in many cases destitute of any signs of raggedness. The master of the ceremonies, carrying a fiddle or kit under his arm—occasionally bag-pipes are substituted for the violin—calls out the dance: in all cases a Scotch dance of the simplest character is chosen; the dancers are arranged, music is struck up, and the festivity begins with a hideous clatter of thick soles and heels from the masculine portion, and a soft pattering of naked feet from the majority of the feminine. There is much setting to partners, and an infinitude of solo performances, winding up with the usual twirling and twisting common to Scotch dances in general, and in the midst of all this heat and dust and bustle, the man sits perched above his scholars fiddling rapidly, and glaring at them like the evil genius of the place. They are all known to him—every face is familiar. To the elder girls who may have encouraged strangers there, he is friendly, and fatherly, and watchful; he knows that before the evening is out the strangers will probably be robbed, and there will be an uproar, and it may be necessary for some kind friend to turn the gas out or knock the candles over, and leave the entire company to grope their way down the common stair into the close—or the man at the door, who is a prize-fighter by profession, will be called in to keep order, silence the remonstrants, or turn them out of the room. As a rule, the proprietor objects to robbery in the "skeel" itself, and has a room on the other side of the landing, where such things may be conducted with greater ease, and save the "skeel" from falling into disrepute. Night after night, in these Scotch cities, still goes on this hideous revelry; still are attracted boys and girls from their homes, still are engulfed the heedless youth of both sexes. Many innocent children of poor, even respectable parents, are lured hither to imbibe a love for dancing and bad company. The apprentice robs to get here, the girl begs in the street, or thieves her way to admittance; step by step to ruin surely and swiftly proceed these untaught, uncared-for children, and they are past hope, and have left all childhood behind them, at an age that is horrible to dwell upon:

HAPPY HOMES.

Happy the home, when God is there,

And love fills every breast;

Where one their wish, and one their prayer,

And one their heav'nly rest.

Happy the home, where Jesu's Name

Is sweet to every ear;

Where children early lisp His fame,

And parents hold Him dear.

Happy the home, where prayer is heard,
 And praise is wont to rise :
 Where parents love the sacred Word,
 And live but for the skies.

Lord ! let us in our homes agree,
 This blessed peace to gain :
 Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
 And love to all will reign.

AFFECTION.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, reader, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm, and gushing, and inspiring emotion of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love ; love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love ; to love the rose, the robin ; to love their parents ; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Depend upon it that you will be both happier and better if you bind those who are yours around you by the bonds of family affection.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of "Our Old Home."

A parcel of letters had been accumulating at the Consulate for two or three weeks, directed to a certain Doctor of Divinity, who had left America by a sailing-packet and was still upon the sea. In due time the vessel arrived, and the reverend doctor paid me a visit. He was a fine-looking middle-aged gentleman, a perfect model of clerical propriety, scholar-like, yet with the air of a man of the world rather than a student, though overspread with the graceful sanctity of a popular metropolitan divine, a part of whose duty it might be to exemplify the natural accordance between Christianity and good-breeding. He seemed a little excited, as an American is apt to be on first arriving in England, but conversed with intelligence as well as animation, making himself so agreeable that his visit stood out in considerable relief from the monotony of my daily common-place. As I learned from authentic sources, he was somewhat distinguished in his own region for fervor and eloquence in the pulpit, but was now compelled to relinquish it temporarily for the purpose of renovating his impaired health by an extensive tour in Europe. Promising to dine with me, he took up his bundle of letters and went away.

The doctor, however, failed to make his appearance at dinner-time, or to apologise the next day for his absence; and in the course of a day or two more, I forgot all about him, concluding that he must have set forth on his continental travels, the plan of which he had sketched out at our interview. But, by-and-by, I received a call from the master of the vessel in which he had arrived. He was in some alarm about his passenger, whose luggage remained on shipboard, but of whom nothing had been heard or seen since the moment of his departure from the Consulate. We conferred together, the captain and I, about the expediency of setting the police on the traces (if any were to be found) of our vanished friend; but it struck me that the good captain was singularly reticent, and that there was something a little mysterious in a few points that he hinted at, rather than expressed; so that, scrutinizing the affair carefully, I surmised that the intimacy of life on shipboard might have taught him more about the reverend gentleman than, for some reason or other, he deemed it prudent to reveal. At home in our native country, I would have looked to the doctor's personal safety, and left his reputation to take care of itself, knowing that the good fame of a thousand saintly clergymen would amply dazzle out any lamentable spot on a single brother's character. But in scornful and invidious England, on the idea that the credit of the sacred office was measurably intrusted to my discretion, I could not endure, for the sake of American Doctors of Divinity generally, that this particular doctor should cut an ignoble figure in the police reports of the English newspapers, except at the last necessity. The clerical body, I flatter myself, will acknowledge that I acted on their own principle. Besides, it was now too late; the mischief and violence, if any had been impending, were not of a kind which it requires the better part of a week to perpetrate; and to sum up the entire matter, I felt certain from a good deal of somewhat similar experience, that, if the missing doctor still

breathed this vital air, he would turn up at the Consulate as soon as his money should be stolen or spent.

Precisely a week after this reverend person's disappearance, there came to my office a tall, middle-aged gentleman, in a blue military surtout, braided at the seams, but out at elbows, and as shabby as if the wearer had been bivouacking in it throughout a Crimean campaign. It was buttoned up to the very chin, except where three or four of the buttons were lost; nor was there any glimpse of a white shirt collar illuminating the rusty black cravat. A grisly moustache was just beginning to roughen the stranger's upper lip. He looked disreputable to the last degree, but still had a ruined air of good society glimmering about him, like a few specks of polish on a sword-blade, that has lain corroding in a mud puddle. I took him to be some American marine officer, of dissipated habits, or perhaps a cashiered British major, stumbling into the wrong quarters through the unrectified bewilderment of last night's debauch. He greeted me, however, with polite familiarity, as though we had been previously acquainted; whereupon I drew coldly back, (as sensible people naturally do, whether from strangers or former friends, when too evidently at odds with fortune), and requested to know who my visiter might be, and what was his business at the Consulate. "Am I then so changed?" he exclaimed with a vast depth of tragic intonation; and after a little blind and bewildered talk, behold! the truth flashed upon me. It was the Doctor of Divinity! If I had meditated a scene or a *coup de Théâtre*, I could not have contrived a more effectual one than by this simple and genuine difficulty of recognition. The poor Divine must have felt that he had lost his personal identity through the misadventures of one little week. And, to say the truth, he did look as if, like Job, on account of his especial sanctity, he had been delivered over to the direst temptations of Satan, and proving weaker than the man of Uz, the Arch Enemy had been empowered to drag him through Tophet, transforming him, in the process, from the most decorous of metropolitan clergymen, into the rowdiest and dirtiest of disbanded officers. I never fathomed the mystery of his military costume, but conjectured that a lurking sense of fitness had induced him to exchange his clerical garments for this habit of a sinner; nor can I tell precisely into what pitfall, not more of vice than of terrible calamity, he had precipitated himself,—being more than satisfied to know that the outcasts of society can sink no lower than this poor, desecrated wretch had sunk.

The opportunity, I presume, does not often happen to a layman, of administering moral and religious reproof to a Doctor of Divinity; but finding the occasion thrust upon me, and the hereditary Puritan waxing strong in my breast, I deemed it a matter of conscience not to let it pass entirely unimproved. The truth is, I was unspeakably shocked and disgusted. Not, however, that I was then to learn that clergymen are made of the same flesh and blood as other people, and perhaps lack one small safeguard which the rest of us possess, because they are aware of their own peccability, and therefore cannot look up to the clerical class for the proof of the possibility of a pure life on earth, with such reverential con-

fidence as we are prone to do. But I remembered the innocent faith of my boyhood, and the good old silver-headed clergyman, who seemed to me as much a saint then on earth, as he is now in heaven, and partly for whose sake, through all these darkening years, I retain a devout, though not intact nor unwavering respect for the entire fraternity. What a hideous wrong, therefore, had the backslider inflicted on his brethren, and still more on me, who much needed whatever fragments of broken reverence (broken, not as concerns religion, but its earthly institutions and professors,) it might yet be possible to patch into a sacred image! Should all pulpits and communion-tables have thenceforth a stain upon them, and the guilty one go unrebuked for it? So I spoke to the unhappy man as I never thought myself warranted in speaking to any other mortal, hitting him hard, doing my utmost to find out his vulnerable part and prick him into the depths of it. And not without more effect than I had dreamed of, or desired!

No doubt, the novelty of the Doctor's reversed position, thus standing up to receive such a fulmination as the clergy have heretofore arrogated the exclusive right of inflicting, might give additional weight and sting to the words which I found utterance for. But there was another reason (which, had I in the least suspected it, would have closed my lips at once), for his feeling morbidly sensitive to the cruel rebuke that I administered. The unfortunate man had come to me, labouring under one of the consequences of his riotous outbreak, in the shape of delirium tremens; he bore a hell within the compass of his own breast, all the torments of which blazed up with tenfold inveteracy when I thus took upon myself the devil's office of stirring up the red hot embers. His emotions, as well as the external movement and expression of them by voice, countenance, and gesture, were terribly exaggerated by the tremendous vibration of nerves resulting from the disease. It was the deepest tragedy I ever witnessed. I know sufficiently, from that one experience, how a condemned soul would manifest its agonies; and for the future, if I have anything to do with sinners, I mean to operate upon them through sympathy, and not rebuke. What had I to do with rebuking him? The disease, long latent in his heart, had shown itself in a frightful eruption on the surface of his life. That was all! Is it a thing to scold the sufferer for?

To conclude this wretched story, the poor Doctor of Divinity, having been robbed of all his money in this little airing beyond the limits of propriety, was easily persuaded to give up the intended tour, and return to his bereaved flock, who, very probably, were thereafter conscious of an increased unction in his soul-stirring eloquence, without suspecting the awful depths into which their pastor had dived in quest of it. His voice is now silent. I leave it to members of his own profession to decide whether it was better for him thus to sin outright, and so to be let into the miserable secret what manner of man he was, or to have gone through life outwardly unspotted, making the first discovery of his latent evil at the judgment-seat. It has occurred to me that his dire calamity, as both he and I regarded it, might have been the only method by which precisely such a man as himself, and so situated, could be redeemed. He has learned, ere now, how that matter stood.

POOR CRUTCHY: A STORY FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

James was a poor boy, who had lost the use of his lower limbs, and had hard work to walk even with the help of two crutches. He was cut off from nearly all work and play, and his prospects for happiness and usefulness in life were very small. His parents were poor, and humble, and this made his misfortune the more depressing, for he often heard he was a burden to them. But he was a good boy, and tried to keep up a brave heart. He slowly hobbled his mile and a half to school through all kinds of weather, for he thought that if he could get a good education it would help him to be useful, he might perhaps some time get a situation as clerk, or book-keeper, or teacher. But his hope was less than his perseverance, and he was often down-hearted and sad. He greatly needed pity and help and encouragement from others. But he did not always get them.

In the same school with him was a large, strong, healthy boy, of nearly the same age, named Guy Sandford. His father was rich, and he was greatly indulged. He was always hopeful and daring, and full of high spirits; quite the opposite of James. He was so full of gaiety, and so bent on mirth, that he was quite thoughtless of the feelings of others, and sometimes even cruel. He had a wicked habit of nicknaming James "Crutchy," and "making fun," as he called it, at his expense. He would sometimes pretend to chase him, screaming out, "now see if I can catch a greyhound!" And when the question was discussed as to the best runner among the boys, he would often bring out a hearty laugh by insisting that it was "Crutchy," and then declared that he *would* have a pair of crutches, that he might not always be outdone by him. Poor James would faintly smile at this, but for all that it stirred the great deep of sorrow in his heart, and his breast would swell with a suppressed sigh. He *could not* run. He needed not to be told it in jokes; he knew it too well. He saw the other boys run, while he sat apart, smitten, palsied, wondering what the delight of running might be, when it was so painful for him even to walk. Debarred as he was from nearly all the pleasures of childhood, and loaded down with pain instead, it was sometimes hard for him to be patient and say, "It is well, for thou, O God, has done it, thou who dost not willingly afflict the children of men! good when thou givest, supremely good when thou deniest!"

One day when Guy was unusually full of spirits, he played a very mean trick upon James. James was bending over his desk hard at work at his sums; his crutches were leaning against his chair. Guy obtained permission of the teacher to speak with him about his lessons; and while standing by him engaged in talk, cunningly contrived to insert some bent pins in the worn arm-pieces of James's crutches, so that the points projected above the surface. The time soon came for James to take his place in the class for recitation. He grasps his crutches and places them under his arms—a scream of anguish, and he sinks back into his chair, pale and

trembling. What a commotion then! "What's the matter?" "who did it?" is asked on every hand. Some looked terrified, some pitiful, others smile, and try to find something amusing in the scene. Guy looks very sage and sober, and tries to enjoy the matter, but the fun is not what he expected. It does not pay; and he begins to dread his punishment. Poor James! how he suffered! not only from the extreme torture of the moment, but from embarrassment at being the cause of so much excitement, the object of so much attention, and still more at the thought that any one would treat him so unkindly. But he cherished no resentment toward Guy, though for some time afterward he involuntarily shrank at his approach.

Not far from the school-house was a river, and in the winter, when it was frozen over, the boys were accustomed to slide and skate upon it. One warm, sunny Saturday afternoon, when a large party of boys were skating there, the ice began to crack and break. It was evidently unsafe, and most of the boys made for the shore, but Guy Sandford, full of excitement and reckless even to fool-hardiness, skated on, sneering at the caution of those who left the ice. "No danger! don't be cowards!" he shouted. Crack! crack; and Guy is out of sight. He has gone under. Who can save him? What can be done? A few of the boldest boys rush to the spot. Guy rises to sight. "Give us a hand, boys," he screams. The boys creep as near to the edge of the ice as they dare, and reach out their hands. "Stretch out farther," screams Guy, struggling amid the water and breaking ice, and again he sinks.

"Poor Crutchy," as Guy calls him, is making his way towards his home on the road by the river bank. He sees the alarm and consternation of the boys; hears Guy's scream. He shouts with all his might, "Take my crutches!" "Reach Guy a crutch!" and throws first one and then the other towards the boys who are hastening for them, and sinks down alone in the snow by the way side.

It was a good thought. The crutches were in season. As Guy again rose to the surface, they were stretched out to him. With a desperate effort he seized one of them, but the ice on which it rested and was held broke, and it was lost. He seized the other, the ice beneath it was stronger, and cold and freezing as his hands were, he managed to keep his hold, and move himself to the main ice, and at last was safe upon it. O, what a joy! What a relief to all! How could they express their gladness. For a moment all was confusion, each one telling what he saw and did, and how he felt, in the loudest and most earnest tones, and then they all united in glorifying James, till Guy himself swung up his dripping arm, and shouted, "Three cheers for Crutchy! Crutchy for ever!" and the boys gave the hurrahs with a will.

Poor James, sitting waiting alone, was nearly overcome by excitement. As the cheers reached him, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he lifted his heart to heaven in fervent thanksgiving that he was not quite useless in the world; even through his misfortune he had helped others. His despised crutches, such wretched substitutes as they were for healthy limbs, had been better to Guy than the swiftest foot or the strongest arm.

What sadness had he felt at being lame, and now what joy at saving life. When the boys saw James sitting helplessly in the snow, they thought of his crutches, and some of them ran to find them. They brought the one which had saved Guy; the other had floated under the broken ice, and was lost. What was to be done? James could not walk a step unless he had both. It was but a moment, and two noble boys had grasped him firmly about the waist, and with his arms wound around their necks, were bearing him on his way. Cold and wet as Guy was, he walked beside them, declaring that though he had often said he meant to have a pair of crutches, he did not dream that he should have such extreme need of them, and so soon.

Poor "Crutchy" was now the hero of the school. The teacher came to his desk to take him by the hand, and ask God's blessing on him, while the tears ran down his face. The boys could not do enough for him. They loaded him with their choicest dainties, apples and nuts and candies, and crowded around to hear him talk, delighted with his company. Guy's father sent him a pair of the nicest crutches by the hand of Guy; and I am glad to tell you that when he gave them to him, he had to choke from his emotion before he could say, "I've long wanted to tell you, James, how *mean* I've thought it was in me to stick those pins in your crutches, and to ask forgiveness. Shake hands with me now, James, and help me to forget it, and I'll be a man hereafter."

Guy was learning from James how excellent is the great Master's command, "Render unto none evil for evil, but follow that which is good."

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatch'd one,

The outside old and mean,

Yet ev'rything within that cot

Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,

The wind was howling wild;

A patient mother knelt beside

The death-bed of her child.

A little worn-out creature—

His once bright eyes grown dim;

It was a collier's only child—

They call'd him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears

Fast hurrying down her cheek,

As she offer'd up a prayer in thought—

She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she lov'd
 Far better than her life,
 For there was all a mother's love,
 In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
 Beside the sufferer's bed;
 And prays that He will spare her boy,
 And take herself instead !

She gets her answer from the child ;
 Soft fell these words from him—
 " Mother, the angels do so smile,
 And beckon little Jim !

" I have no pain, dear mother, now,
 But oh ! I am so dry ;
 Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,
 And, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle trembling haste she held
 The tea-cup to his lips ;
 He smiled, to thank her, as he took
 Three little tiny sips.

" Tell father when he comes from work,
 I said good-night to him ;
 And mother, now I'll go to sleep :"—
 Alas ! poor little Jim.

She saw that he was dying—
 The child she lov'd so dear,
 Had utter'd the last words that she
 Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was open'd,
 The collier's step was heard ;
 The mother and the father met,
 Yet neither spake a word !

He knew that all was over—
 He knew his child was dead ;
 He took the candle in his hand,
 And walk'd towards the bed.

His quiv'ring lips gave token
 Of grief he'd fain conceal;
 And see! his wife has join'd him,
 The stricken couple kneel!

With hearts bow'd down with sadness,
 They humbly ask of Him,
 In heaven, once more, to meet again,
 Their own poor Little Jim.

SUNDAY LABOUR.

Estimated Number of Persons employed on the Lord's Day.

Railway Servants	60,000
Post-Office Officials	20,000
Boatmen on Rivers and Canals, with their families		100,000
Cabmen and Persons connected with Omnibuses in London alone	24,000
Tobacconists, 209,000, Publicans and Beer Shop-keepers, 260,000	469,000
Bakers, Butchers, Greengrocers, Poulterers, General Shops, Fishmongers, and Newsvendors, are generally open on some portion of the Lord's Day.		

GLEANINGS.

FATHER MATHEW AND HIS CONVERTS.—Mr. Maguire, M.P., in his biography of Father Mathew, says that after the good priest had been speaking one day in Golden Lane, Barbican, to crowds of Irish, several hundreds knelt to receive the pledge, and among them the Duke of Norfolk, then Lord Arundel and Surrey. Father Mathew asked the Earl if he had given the subject sufficient reflection. "Ah! Father Mathew!" replied the noble convert, "do you not know that I had the happiness to receive Holy Communion from you this morning at the altar of Chelsea Chapel? I have reflected on the promise I am about to make, and I thank God for the resolution, trusting to the Divine goodness for grace to persevere." Tears rolled down his cheeks as he uttered these words, with every evidence of genuine emotion. He then repeated the formula of the pledge. Father Mathew embraced him with delight, pronounced a solemn benediction "on him and his," and invested him with the medal. Mr. Maguire says that the earl continued faithful to the pledge, and "it was not until many years after that, at the command of his medical advisers, he substituted moderation for total absti-

nence." One nobleman upon whom his influence was less successful was Lord Brougham. "I drink very little wine," said his lordship, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical advisers told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do, but I have hopes of you." And so his lordship was invested with the silver medal and ribbon. "I will keep it," said his lordship, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord — the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him." He was as good as his word, and meeting the venerable peer, who was so celebrated for his potations, he said, "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. "Then I tell you what it is, Brougham, I will keep sober for this night," and his lordship kept his vow, to the great amazement of his friends.

○ SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.—Recently, in a letter, the Rev. W. Caine, M.A., said, in reply to a published letter from a Sunday-school teacher, appealing for more life and energy to be thrown into the Church of England Sunday-school system:—"I wish to point out to your correspondent one cause of the great number of children in Dissenting schools. Most of the Sunday-schools conducted by Dissenters have Bands of Hope connected with them; whereas very few of the Church Sunday-schools in Manchester and its neighbourhood have these valuable auxiliaries. Parents, especially amongst the poor, even if they are fond of intoxicating drinks themselves, wish to see their children grow up with habits of sobriety, and they prefer to send them to Sunday-schools where the teachers take such an interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the 'young immortals' committed to their charge as to deny themselves the use of intoxicating drinks for their sake, and where the teachers form total abstinence societies for their scholars, which may be the means of rescuing some of them at least from the destruction to which they are exposed through the innumerable temptations placed in their way in the shape of gin-palaces, and public-houses, and beershops. The Church of England in this district is sadly behind the Dissenters as far as Bands of Hope are concerned. In a list now before me of bands of hope connected with the Manchester and Salford Band of Hope Union, out of 33 Bands of Hope only five or six belong to Church Sunday-schools. This ought not so to be. The national Church ought to be superior to every other religious body in every respect, and especially in care for the young, most of whom have been baptised by the Church clergy, but, alas! are afterwards in many instances neglected and unthought of by them. Let me most respectfully urge the clergy to form these useful societies, called Bands of Hope in their schools. They would see a marvellous change for the better amongst their scholars. Their number would increase, and their manners would be improved, and they would give infinitely less trouble to their teachers than Sunday-school scholars do at present. A spirit of earnestness prevails in a school in which there is a flourishing Band of Hope."

ONE OF THE "MEN WHO HAVE RISEN."—At a social temperance gathering, George Lomax told the following story:—"Henry Hetherington published *The Poor Man's Guardian*, which struck the first practical blow at the obnoxious stamp-duties. The vendors used to sell a straw and give the paper. One day there came to their rendezvous, at New Cross-street, a youth, one of a class known in those days as a 'big piecer.' He told them that two of the news-vendors had just been taken to the New Bailey, and added to this effect:—"If I had something to start with, I would go out and sell them; for if they put me in prison they would have to keep me." Lomax took round his hat, half-a-crown was raised; the lad was furnished with a supply of papers, went out, sold them, took care of the profits; and so on from little to more, till, by dint of industry, steadiness, and an aptitude for business, he achieved a position in society. The lad's name was Abel Heywood; and he is at the present moment the mayor of Manchester."

THE FUTURE OF DULL BOYS.—Parents should never despair because their children give little promise of eminence in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years old he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in their earliest pieces, did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow is said to have exclaimed: "If it please God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac!" The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.

SHORT AND SWEET.—A baby.

A fine coat often covers an intolerable fool, but never conceals one.

A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a boarding house is to call for a third cup of tea.

He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

TRUE.—There is no doubt whatever, that the consumption of wine and beer among the young people of "respectable" families is greatly on the increase, and unless something in the way of limitation be done to arrest the growing evil, these will be a necessity for taking refuge in a much more sweeping reformation. The Universities are setting an example of freedom in the constant use of stimulants, which is infecting the whole country.—*Christinn Spectator*.

HER MAJESTY AND THE USE OF THE "WEED."—It may be interesting to the public in general, and more especially to the smoking section, to learn that the use of tobacco for smoking purposes within the precincts of Windsor Castle has been prohibited by the express command of Her Majesty the Queen.

TEARS.—Robert Hall considered the word “tears” surpassingly beautiful. It belongs to the Saxon family he so dearly loved. The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty, as a perfect daguerre of compassion and benevolence, is the greater. There are tears of gratitude, of joy. These sparkle like the morning dew. There are tears of penitence. Angels celebrate them with their heavenly harps.

FAVOURITES.—Men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favourites. A true respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest.

ONE SOUL.—We know that one human soul if deeply stirred and truly inspired, having a just conception of the evil, a clear conviction of individual duty, and an ardent desire to perform it with a conscious dependence on divine power and co-operation, can, and may accomplish vast good. He may become a second Father Mathew of Moral Suasion; a second Neal Dow to lead the hosts of future Prohibitionists, or a second Dr. Lees, to be the future champion, expounder, and teacher of temperance and prohibition.

LITERATURE.

Our Life Abstainers—Where are they? By JOSEPH A. HORNER. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand, 1863.—This production of Mr. Horner's is of great value, and will, we hope, lead to investigation and discussion. He says:—“I am a Life Absterainer, and I count it no small honour to be able to say that I have never learnt the taste of any intoxicating liquor whatever. Fortunately my parents and grand-parents on both sides of our family were amongst the first to join the ranks of the pioneers of the Total Abstinence movement, and consequently, I was in childhood shielded from the dangers that lie lurking in the wine cup, and when I reached the age of thought and reason, and began to decide and act for myself, I became from solemn conviction what I had previously been from necessity—an earnest, thorough-going teetotaler. It was early impressed upon my mind by the teaching and example of near relatives that in no way could religion, morality, and truth, be so greatly advanced as by the successful carrying out of the Temperance Reformation. This idea has guided my life hitherto, and will, I trust, continue to do so whilst I have health and strength to use in the good cause. But whilst I always feel proud to avow myself a Life Absterainer, I often feel pained at finding so few persons whose whole lives have been identified with the Temperance cause amongst those who are actively engaged in endeavouring to promote sobriety. In London I can only refer to a very small number of Life

Abstainers, who, like my indefatigable friends, Lieutenant Malthouse and Mr. John James Fanning, are working hard in the dissemination of Temperance truths; and from what I know of the cause in the Provinces, I fear that there a similar state of things exists. It is therefore well that we should enquire what are the reasons why, as a rule, the children of the early teetotalers have either given up their abstinence principles, or ceased to take an interest in the movement? During the thirty-two years that have elapsed since the banner of Temperance was first uplifted in this country, there ought to have grown up a generation of standard bearers consecrated from the hour of their birth to the noble enterprise. There ought now to have been an army of Life Abstainers in the fore-front of the battle-field. But alas! it is not so. All honour to the men who are bravely fighting with the grim warrior, Intemperance! Posterity will recognize the value of their efforts, and glorify their names. But how many of these have often to revert to the gloom of a dark yesterday, when they were enchained and helpless in the hands of the enemy, and how few can say that they have never known his loathsome touch! And why is this? Is it not because—1st. Teetotalers in endeavouring to benefit the world at large have sometimes neglected their home duties. 2nd. The over-strictness of abstaining parents has often resulted in evil. 3rd. The giving of wine and other liquors to strangers at the houses of abstainers has led children to suppose that the drink could not be harmful. 4th. The advice of medical men has misled many. 5th. The temptations of the liquor traffic are too great to be easily withstood. 6th. The injudicious conduct of the older teetotalers in dealing with young Life Abstainers has had a discouraging effect. 7th. The foolish assertions of Temperance advocates that all the hard work of the movement has been done, has induced some persons to think that there was no need for them to exert themselves. 8th. Marriages with non-teetotalers have alienated not a few." All these propositions are expounded and illustrated in a terse and simple style, which will commend itself to all who admire good sense. We thank Mr. Horner for his timely book, and trust it will induce many to cultivate more and more diligently a wise course with the young.

Seed-lives: their Sowing and Reaping. By ELIHU BURRITT. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.—"There are Seed-lives as well as Seed-thoughts." The lives of Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, and Mrs. Mullens, were seed-lives—that is, their influence affected other holy women, and induced them to devote themselves to good and blessed work. Such is the key to Mr. Burritt's charming little book. It contains, among other interesting matter, a sketch of Miss Adeline Cooper's benevolent labours in Westminster. Mr. Burritt says:—"We have before us a few facts relating to the Duck Lane Working-men's Club, Westminster. This, perhaps, may be fairly called the pioneer institution, and mainly owes its existence to the indefatigable exertions of Miss Adeline Cooper. It was the outcropping of one of the Seed-lives to which we have referred; illustrating the rapid germination of the beautiful and blessed thoughts of Christian benevolence in these latter days. Just notice the order in which this Clubroom was utilized to the best good of its members, and all by and of themselves. It was first opened in December, 1860, for the men of the neighbourhood, and consisted of only one room at the outset. Forty working-men enrolled their names on the first night. The subscription fee

was one halfpenny a week—a sum hardly sufficient to pay for a short pipe bowl full of tobacco. For this halfpenny they had the use of this large room, well warmed and lighted, with daily and weekly papers, monthly periodicals, and a library of above one hundred volumes, with full liberty to discuss any subject, provided no annoyance was caused to brother members. Reading, conversation, and a few other sources of social enjoyment, occupied the evenings of the first month. In the course of the next, January, 1861, a new feature was introduced, giving the institution a more utilitarian character. A Penny Bank was commenced, which has been open three nights a week ever since. About £100. have been paid in, and the greater portion withdrawn from time to time. Then, almost simultaneously with this, a new department of entertainment and instruction was opened. A course of lectures was commenced, continuing to the end of July in each year. Thirty-six have already been given, on a great variety of interesting subjects, many of them illustrated by diagrams and chemical experiments. Next a Labour Loan Society was formed; enabling a member of the society, at the end of three months, to borrow a specified sum, which is repaid in weekly instalments. Above £120. have been paid in, by about eighty members, which have been constantly circulating in small loans, the accounts being audited, and a dividend declared and added to each member's stock every quarter. And what a lesson in probity and honour might the great moneyed institutions and commercial speculators of the country learn from the financial transactions of this little company of costermongers, coalheavers, porters &c.! During the year and nine months that this Loan Society has been in operation, not a farthing has been lost by the defalcation or dishonesty of a borrower. Before the first year of the club had come to a close, the single room was found to be far too small for the constantly increasing members, and for the several operations carried on; so an upper story was added to the building and opened at the first anniversary meeting, in December, 1861. The second year was opened with the formation of a Temperance Society; as a number of the members had become total abstainers. The next operation was to establish a Sick Fund; the payment of one penny per week insuring five shillings a-week in case of sickness. The last enterprise originated in connection with the institution, is a Barrow Club, designed for the especial benefit of the costermongers, who frequently go on for years paying for the *hire* of their barrows and trucks, not being able to buy them outright, as they cost from fifty shillings to five pounds. During the six months from the organization of this Barrow Club, five barrows have been purchased for its members. Now all the societies, and the club itself, are managed entirely by committees and secretaries chosen from the body of the members who give their services gratuitously. Indeed, the only paid person about the establishment is the room-keeper, whose duty it is to keep the premises clean, have the fires and gas lighted, and the papers ready by the time of opening at six o'clock, and make and serve coffee to the members. No wonder that the list of members is constantly increased by poor labouring-men, coming up from the lowest lanes of poverty and sin, to home their evenings in such a refuge from temptation, and to take hold of such a helpful companionship, in climbing up to a happier life. The premises, says Miss Cooper, are, again too small. There are about 400 members on the book; and above 120 men have been frequently crowded into the Clubroom, which will only accommodate about eighty

comfortably, while, for several weeks, numbers have been refused admission for want of space.

"We have thus dwelt upon the institution and gradual development of the Duck Lane Working-men's Club, because it is probably one of the first, if not the very oldest, established in England, and also because it embraces so many distinct and admirable operations. Just look at its weekly bill of fare, the order of exercises, and number of enterprises:—

Sunday.—Religious Services, from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Monday.—Barrow Club, 6.30 to 8. Reading & Writing Class, 8.30 to 10.

Tuesday.—Penny Bank, 6.30 to 7.30. Lectures, 8 to 10.

Wednesday.—Working-men's Club Loan Society Meeting, 8 to 10.

Thursday.—Penny Bank, 6.30 to 7.30. Bible Class, 8 to 10.

Friday.—Reading, Writing, and CIPHERING Classes, 8 to 10.

Saturday.—Singing Class, 7 to 8. Penny Bank, 8.30 to 9.30.

"Scores of Working-men's Halls, or Clubs, are now in successful operation in different parts of the kingdom, differing a little in their organisation, but all with the same general object in view. They are to the mental and moral wants of the labouring masses, in large towns, what the Drinking Fountains are to their parched lips in hot days of summer. 'Blessed is the man who, passing through the valley of Baca, maketh it a well.' Blessed be the memory of the man who opened the first Drinking Fountain; and blessed, a hundred fold, be the men and women, who are opening these wells of salvation, as it were in the very deserts of moral life, making those deserts blossom and breathe with the flower and fragrance of spiritual regeneration."

The Great Curse of England. By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand; J. Caudwell, 335, Strand.—The *Temperance Star*, speaks of this publication in the following terms:—"Mr. M'Cree discourses from Galatians v. 19-21, in his usual terse and impressive style, showing the 'moral position,' 'characteristics,' and 'awful penalty,' of drunkenness. It is a sermon to be scattered far and wide by thousands."

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LAMBETH BATHS, WESTMINSTER ROAD.

The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union are now occupying this immense building, every Friday evening, by holding meetings of children. About two thousand are gathered, by means of free tickets, and instructed and entertained in various ways. Hitherto, every meeting has been a great success, and we believe that great good is being done. We append a brief account of the meetings held:—

Nov. 13th. Opening Meeting. Lecture, with Dissolving Views, on "The Village," by Mr. S. Shirley. W. West, Esq., chairman.

Nov. 20th. Band of Hope Meeting. W. J. Haynes, Esq., Treasurer of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, in the chair.

Nov. 27th. Lecture, with Dissolving Views, on "The Wonders of Nature," by Mr. G. Blaby. Mr. M. W. Dunn, in the chair.

Dec. 4th. Lecture with Dissolving Views, on "Scenes from many Lands," by W. Olney, Esq. An address was also delivered by Thomas Olney, jun., Esq., Superintendent of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, and Mr. C. Starling.

Dec. 11th. Panorama of "The Two Great Fires of London." Mr. M. W. Dunn, chairman.

Dec. 18th. Lecture on "Chemistry," with many brilliant experiments, by Mr. A. Hawkins, jun. Addresses by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and Mr. R. Nicol.

On Friday Evening, Jan. 15th, a GREAT TEA MEETING, for Parents and Children, will be held, when Samuel Morley, Esq. the President of the Union, will preside. The addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and also by Joseph Payne, Esq., Elihu Burritt, Esq., and William Olney, Esq. W. J. Haynes, Esq. will explain a series of Dissolving Views, illustrative of "Swiss Scenery," and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher will entertain the audience with music and singing. The children's tickets will be sixpence, and the parents' do. ninepence. Tickets must be bought previously. We hope all our friends will attend this great gathering.

The following well-known leaders of the Temperance Movement have consented to become Vice-Presidents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union:—

The Very Reverend the DEAN of CARLISLE, Carlisle.

The Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., Clerkenwell.

The Rev. THOMAS RICHARDSON, St. Matthias, St. George's-in-the-East.

The Rev. W. ANTLIFF, Derby.

The Rev. THOMAS PENROSE, Stepney.

The Rev. JABEZ BURNS, Porteus Road, Paddington.

The Rev. J. W. MATHEWS, Boston.

The Rev. J. CLIFFORD, B.A., 22, Fulham Place, Paddington.

F. J. THOMPSON, Esq., Bridgwater.

J. H. COTTERELL, Esq., Bewdley Villa, Bath.

The Rev. J. VALE MUMMERY, Victoria Park Road.

W. LAWSON, Esq. M.P., Arkleby Hall, Aspatria, Cumberland.

THOMAS, CASH, Esq., Adelaide Place, London Bridge.

The Rev. J. H. WILSON, Blomfield Street, London.

The Rev. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D., Beckenham Rectory.

The Rev. STOPFORD J. RAM, Pavenham, Bedford.

W. H. DARBY, Esq., Brymbo, Wrexham.

The Rev. H. GIBSON, Fyefield Rectory, Ongar.

EBENEZER CLARKE, Esq., jun., Walthamstow.

The Rev. J. SPENCER PEARSALL, 38, Denby Street, Warwick Square.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 165, Aldersgate street, City.— Our friend, Mr. Udall, who is an active member of this society, brought forward the subject of total abstinence before the attention of its members at the Discussion Class, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd, 1863. An animated debate ensued. The physical, social, moral and religious aspects were considered. Arguments, both *pro* and *con.*, were advanced. Many of the young men who attend this institution are sabbath school teachers, and the special duty of those engaged in the training of the young to support temperance principles was urged upon them. Would it not be well if our friends throughout the country who are connected with similar societies, would agitate the question in this way, and thus secure the attention of a class of persons who do not ordinarily attend our meetings? It is much to be regretted that, after all the efforts of Temperance Reformers, so large an amount of ignorance prevails as to our arguments by the thoughtful and religious public.

During the month, Mr. G. BLABY has attended meetings as under:— Denmark Street, twice; Lambeth Baths, twice; Whitfield Chapel, twice; Calthorpe Street; Mission Hall, Five Dials, twice; Bethnal Green; Little Wild Street; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane; Ogle Mews; St. Paul's, Clerkenwell; Borough road; Holloway; Grays, Essex; Dalston; Stoke Newington; Poplar; Enfield; Reading; and Tunbridge Wells. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday schools.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

WORDS IN MY OWN DEFENCE.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

Coarse abuse is not unfrequently flung at the temperance reformer, and hard speeches are thought to be the best treatment for him. He is a fanatic, a humbug, a fool, and a hypocrite. No term of contempt is too acrid for him.

Refined censure is sometimes substituted for vulgar abuse. The total abstainer is an ascetic, prejudiced against innocent beverages, too timid, a little infected with ultra-philanthropy, averse to social enjoyment, not entirely free from mistake, and so on.

The total abstainer is also exposed to social exile. Evening parties are held without him. "He will not drink wine, my dear Mrs. Jones, and therefore we don't ask him to our evening assembly." "Why," saith the Rev. John Thomas, "you are not going to invite Smith to preach at the opening of your chapel, are you? Don't you know he'll drink the Queen's health in water?" "But Smith, sir, is a most admirable preacher, a kind friend, and a good man." "So he is," quoth Thomas, "but you see he won't drink wine, so don't invite him."

So wags the world and the church. Now we want to know what there is in total abstinence from "wine and strong drink" to justify coarse abuse, refined censure, or social exclusion. It is time we maintained a more manly tone in reference to the treatment we receive from men of vulgar minds, ladies of fashionable habits, and the leaders of political and religious parties. Too long have we brooked insult, and dwelt in the cold shade of society. We have avowed our principles with trembling. We have blushed when desired to define our position. We have tacitly acknowledged that we might be insulted with impunity. It is time to stand on higher ground. There is no moral grandeur in moral cowardice. There is no greatness in trifling with conscientious convictions. We have a right to our place in the world, and that place is not in the pillory. God has entitled us to a nobler position. Most righteously may we take a place in the ranks of the world's worthies. Let who may wallow in the social slums, or hide their heads in the shadowy places of the world, we have no right there, and should

not consent to occupy a vile position. Is there no sunlight for us? Have we committed a grave crime? Are we savages? Is there no wisdom in us? Do we feed swine? Can it be said that we have no claims upon society and the church of God? *What have we done to deserve contumely?*

The reply is ready—*We have abstained from intoxicating drinks.* No other charge can be made: no other charge could be justly brought against us. This alone is our great and daring offence. If we are hated, it is because of our resolute nonconformity to the drinking customs of our country.

This, then, is our crime. Now, we will vindicate it. We will show that it is not a crime. We believe that our practice is *necessary*. For sixty centuries man has dwelt on the earth, and for thousands of years drunkenness has blighted his physical, intellectual, and moral nature. Every land has mourned because of intemperance. Its victims swell the register of every cemetery, and fill countless cells in the gaols of the world. If ever the advocacy of a panacea failed, that of moderate drinking has done so. The cure has not cured. It has perpetuated the disease, and spread still more widely the awful plague of vice. Is not a radical remedy needed? Is not the time come to cut down the corrupt tree? How else can we prevent another harvest of buds, blossoms, and fruit of the most deadly kind? We affirm that the regeneration of society cannot possibly be accomplished without the aid of temperance principles. Where they operate, education, cleanliness, love, prayer, and piety begin to spread like sunbeams on a mountain slope when the clear morning shineth from above, and therefore we firmly believe that total abstinence is necessary to the universal welfare and elevation of mankind.

Is not total abstinence *patriotic*? What is the present state of our country as to morals? Is it worthy of the reputation of England? Intemperance is the moral pestilence of the land. Look, for example, at the recent election for Andover. A morning journal, writing of it, says:—

“Mobs of roughs paraded the streets during the whole night, shouting for Humphery or for Hawkshaw, in whose interest—though not, we hope, at their expense—these zealous partisans had indulged in “a long debauch.” Nor did they confine themselves to shouting. They hammered at the doors and windows of the public-houses to procure yet more beer, and insisted on being “treated” even at the White Hart Hotel! Neither the respectability of that hostelry, nor the symbolism of its sign-board protecting it from the ardour of these nocturnal bands. From these assaults on public-houses the “roughs” proceeded to attacks on private

individuals and their dwellings. "A gentleman named Charity" was severely maltreated and his house besieged—probably for no better reason than that large quantities of crockery "were obtained and smashed." When the authors of these freaks could find nobody else to buffet, they took to pummelling each other, and so wore away the night. With day-break came fresh scenes of excitement. "Everybody was astir in preparation for the polling." It commenced, of course, at eight o'clock and continued till four, during all which time "vast crowds" thronged the neighbourhood of the Guildhall, and the roughs paraded the streets, anxiously waiting the hour at which they might seize upon the hustings as their lawful prey, at the risk of killing themselves or any innocent spectator."

Would total abstainers, even in the midst of a hotly contested election, have perpetrated such outrages? A sober population never riots. Strong drink is infused into every street fight, and every public row. Gangs of teetotalers never assault the police, nor disturb the public peace. All the beer in the world would not bribe an honest member of a temperance society, and as for such scenes as were witnessed in Andover, they are simply the natural effect of our drinking customs. What then can be more patriotic than to abstain from what is our country's curse? To use drink is to prolong the moral disease which all virtuous men deplore. To give it is to sanction and exalt a foolish practice, and to tempt men to sin. And therefore to avoid it is high and glorious patriotism.

Is not total abstinence *elevating*? Men affect to despise us because we do not drink with them. The worm might as well pretend to despise the golden eagle because he does not crawl beside it. We seek a higher region of thought, feeling, joy, and life, than can be found amid the fumes of the festive board. God hath called us upward—ordained us to brighter circles. To be "down among the dead men," to drink and grow stupid, to swallow wine, and lose the purer joys of the soul may suit many, it does not suit us.

In a purer clime

My being fills with rapture; waves of thought

Roll in upon my spirit; streams sublime

Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!

I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,

Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,

Lit by no skill of mine.

The lyre of the soul is most sweet when the soul is most pure, and therefore water is the best drink of men. It casts

no shadow on the life. It darkens no home. It corrupts no heart. It ruins no hope for ever. Were water to become the common drink of Englishmen, the social life of the people would leap forward a hundred years in one. As things are, what hard work it is to lift even one family from the slough of poverty, dirt, and wretchedness.

Lamentable facts have come to light, showing how the bottle degrades even educated and professedly religious persons. A clergyman in Cumberland, for instance, has been charged with drunkenness. In a newspaper we read thus:—

“Mr. Joseph Donald, of Arlosh House, yeoman, deposed:—Mr. Wrightman lodged at my house for six years, and left about five weeks ago. I have had a letter from him since, bearing the Liverpool post-mark. He owes me £101 for board and lodging. I have frequently seen him the worse for liquor during the last two years, when he got into company, and drank freely. Latterly I think the habit of drinking grew upon him, as he got much worse. I have many times seen him drinking in public-houses.”

Then what an awful fall takes place when a lady drinks. A popular metropolitan clergyman is seeking to be divorced from his wife, on the ground of her immoral conduct. His brother—we quote the published account of the trial—said:—

“The Rev. James Rooker said that he was incumbent of Lower Gornell, in Staffordshire, and a magistrate, and his father resided in the same parish. His brother, the petitioner, had a cure at Christchurch, Winchester, Virginia, and afterwards at St. Paul’s, Louisville, Kentucky. His brother returned to England in 1843, but went back to America. He came to this country in 1853, and he and his wife lived first in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards at Mornington crescent, in London. His brother was too kind to his wife, *who was almost constantly drunk*. She went back to America, but on the breaking out of the American war in 1861 she returned to England, but from her intemperate habits it was arranged that she should leave her husband, and come to his neighbourhood. She lived with him at his house at first, but he afterwards placed her in a cottage at the bottom of his garden. She had an allowance from her husband, which witness paid her regularly. About the end of 1862 he heard rumours in the parish which induced him to have her residence watched. On the 31st of December, 1862, his children went to drink tea with her, and he called later in the evening. There were two or three persons present who were practising music together, and Mrs. Rooker was showing the company how the niggers danced. Mrs. Rooker was not sober.”

The temperance pledge would have been an unspeakable blessing to these degraded persons. But how many will take warning? Not many. Thousands more will fall. Nay, millions more will

perish! Alas! that the christian church does not at once adopt a practice which would immediately raise the moral tone of the whole community, and promote the conversion of the world to righteousness.

We are not ashamed of our adherence to the temperance cause. As soon would we be ashamed of the Bible. To assist in reforming the drunkard is not anything to be ashamed of. To aid in preventing the spread of intemperance in the ranks of sober men is a truly benevolent work. We will go on to the end. There is a reward for the man who serves his generation according to the will of God, and in adhering to the temperance movement we are serving God. Is it not so?

THE MERRIEST OF MEN.

TUNE—*Nelly Gray.*

I have wandered in my folly 'mid the scenes of vice and crime;

I have thrown many precious hours away;
Oh! I look with pain and sorrow, on that worse than wasted time,

And I wish I had never gone astray.

For I'm happy all the day, since I threw the glass away,

And I'll never take to drinking any more;

With water from the fountain flashing in each sunny ray,

I have health and I've happiness in store.

Let the drinkers in the tavern, in their wild and drunken glee,

Shout the praise of the rosy god of wine;

But to sing the praise of water, as it sparkles fresh and free,

Let the glad and the cheerful task be mine. For &c.

With the lark at early morning I can sing a cheerful song,

Or at night when the nightingale is heard;

Let me listen in the meadow, where the river sweeps along,

To the voice of each water-drinking bird. For, &c.

In the dew-drop on the flower, or the heavy sounding sea,

Or the stream leaping down the mountain glen,

"There is beauty none can barter, and it all belongs to me."

I'm the richest and the merriest of men.

For, &c.

HONOR THE ROPE.

A Sunday-school teacher was talking to her class about

honoring their parents, and to show the difference between honour and fear, she said,—

“Suppose a mother has a rope in her hands and shakes it at May and John, and they mind her only when they see the rope; do they honor their mother?”

“No!” replied the members of the class very promptly, and one little one added, “They honor the rope!”

Little reader, do *you* honor the rope? or do you, for very love and respect to your mother, go and do immediately and cheerfully what she bids you, without waiting for her to repeat the request? Nay, more, do you, even in your mother's absence, delight to do the things that you know she would approve, whether she has requested you to do them or not? And do you do all this, when perhaps of your free choice you would do otherwise? If so, you are a happy child, for you honor your mother. The approbation of good men and the smile of God is upon you. Go on and prosper. Live long in the land, and enjoy the good things that the Lord gives to you.—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE QUALIFICATIONS DESIRED IN A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

By J. W. GREEN.

The subject is large and comprehensive; but on the present occasion I am compelled to state my views with considerable brevity.

1. The *first* and most obvious qualification desired in a Temperance advocate is, A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF HIS SUBJECT: an intimate acquaintance with the Temperance question in all its multitudinous bearings.

He should well understand the character of *the* EVIL he has to combat. He should have adequate ideas of the prevalence of intemperance, of the numbers that indulge in its practices, of its cost, and of its consequences. He should understand how the social and compulsory drinking usages of the community of this country foster practices which exert a baneful influence on physical health—on mental vigour—on intellectual improvement—on independence—on general character; on the habits of industry, prudence, forethought and morality. He should see clearly that drunkenness is an evil, personal, domestic, and national; that it robs individuals of true comfort and enjoyment; that it introduces disorder, want, and misery into families; that

it inflicts heavy burdens upon the nation ; and that it robs the Christian church of many useful members.

He should have some knowledge of *Physiology* and of *Chemistry*, that he may understand the nature and properties of intoxicating liquors ; and that he may understand also how insidiously, and how certainly, they injure the delicate tissues, the muscular fibres, the whole organism of the human frame.

He should know enough of *Political Economy*, to be able to show the bearing of the temperance question upon labour, upon wages, upon the price of provisions, and upon trade and commerce in general.

He should be so far read in *History*, sacred and profane, as to show how men in every walk of life have been degraded, debased, and ruined, through the love of strong drink ; how princes have perverted judgment—judges been made fools—and counsellors led away spoiled ; how honourable men have been famished, and mighty men humbled ; how even prophets and priests have erred in vision, and stumbled in judgment,—have been disgraced and destroyed ; and how nations and empires, once great and flourishing, have, by intemperance and its concomitants, notwithstanding their glory, and pomp, and multitude, been brought low and laid in the dust,—made a hissing, a by-word, and a perpetual desolation.

He should be an *attentive Observer*, also, of what is daily and hourly passing around him ; that he may understand and feel that Intemperance is a present, a vigilant, an ever-active, a most destructive evil ; so that his exposure of it may have due weight and emphasis, and excite in the minds of his hearers a salutary alarm. And then, the Temperance Advocate should have a thorough knowledge of the REMEDY. He must enjoin total abstinence as the most appropriate, nay, as the only efficient, remedy for the evils of intemperance. Of course, he must himself be a sound, a practical, a pledged teetotaler : one who has adopted the practice, not from mere expediency, but from a thorough conviction of its necessity, its soundness, and its efficiency. He should so understand its various bearings as to be able to demonstrate that danger lurks in all drinks that intoxicate, whether distilled, fermented, or compounded,—from whatever country they come, whatever name they bear, or by whomsoever they are extolled or recommended ; that they must be abstained from totally and entirely, at all seasons, in all places, and under all circumstances ; and that total abstinence from them suits all constitutions, all ages, all occupations, and all cli-

mates. He should be able to assure those whom he addresses, that there is no one of them who will not be benefited by the practice; and that its general or universal adoption would be a blessing to the whole human family. He should have such confidence in the truth, the soundness, the power, of the total abstinence principle, as to believe that if he properly expounds it before an audience of rational, intelligent, reflecting persons, prejudice will be removed, ignorance dispelled, old opinions shaken, established customs and usages abolished, and the practice of strict sobriety become the rule of the community.

A man possessed of this various knowledge will be an intelligent, and may hope to be, also a successful Advocate. At the same time it will be readily seen that he must be an *industrious and diligent Student*. He must not make the advocacy of temperance a plaything or pastime. Though he may receive a remuneration for his services, he must engage in them *con amore*, and make it evident he is no mercenary hireling, but one whose whole heart and soul is in his work. Hence he must have his eyes and ears always open. While he carefully guards against *extravagant* or *exaggerated* statements, and more especially against *false* statements, he must make his memory such a rich storehouse of choice truths, that he may be able to bring forth "things new and old," for the entertainment and instruction of his hearers. New sources of information are daily opening; let him therefore

"Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
Amongst his friends, amongst his foes,
On Christian or on Heathen ground;
The flower's divine where'er it grows;
Neglect the prickles, but assume the rose."

Far be it from me to say that no man is competent to advocate teetotalism who has not mastered all the branches of knowledge to which I have referred; but I do say that the more intelligent the Advocate, the greater the attention that will be paid to him, and the more certain his success.

THE RUINED PHYSICIAN.

Five and twenty years ago there was but a solitary dwelling-house at Berryton Links. It stood at the head of the undulating ground facing the bay. It was a newly-finished erection, and had been built by a long-headed gentleman, who had narrowly considered the locality, and pronounced it admirably fitted for sea-side quarters in the summer. Only five miles from the great bustling town of D—, what multitudes might not be expected to take advantage of its health-inspiring air and

sea-bathing, if only suitable accomodation were provided! The only difficulty in the way, was the want of ready communication with the place, the weekly carrier's van, that passed by the turnpike road a quarter of a mile off, for the antiquated country town of F——, being the only conveyance connected in any way with Berryton Links. But if a man were to stumble at a difficulty like that, he would not deserve success; so our speculator in sea-side villas set to work and built the solitary house already referred to. For the first season he proposed to occupy it himself; and by inviting a few friends to spend a few days with him by turns, now and again, he hoped to create a demand that would provide for a favourable investment of his capital, for it must be understood that our friend was a monied man.

Mr. Cochrane, this was the name of the first invader of the solitude of Berryton Links, kept a very hospitable board. His friends drank his wines and praised them, and he did not object to either, for he saw that his bait was taking. His friends drank his wines; so also, unhappily, did his two sons, fine youths of seventeen and fifteen respectively. This, however, is only by the by. In the meantime nobody could challenge at any time their most perfect sobriety.

Two years after Mr. Cochrane's advent, there was a row of nearly a dozen beautiful cottages where the plover and the eider duck had so lately been the only tenants. Three years later still, other speculators had come upon the field, and as the Railway was about to be opened from D—— to F——, with a station at Berryton, houses rushed up as by magic; then shops were opened; then, before two cross streets were finished, appeared the traveller's supposed necessity, "The Inn." It was "The Cooper's Arms," though it was difficult to say what these might be, as there was no illustrative device, unless the yellow barrel set over the main door might be taken to portend the same.

When the population had reached something like a thousand souls, and it was felt to be exceedingly inconvenient to send to D——, or F——, for a doctor every time a child eat too much sweetcake, or a dyspeptic old gentleman became miserable after too free indulgence at the dinner table, the community began to think of inviting some member of the profession to take up his permanent residence amongst them. For their accomodation, however, in this respect, steps had already been taken, and one morning the aristocracy of Berryton, who had expected their own selection in the matter, were startled to see at the corner of Maule street, a newly-opened shop, having in the window three large bright coloured bottles, and on the door a shining brass plate, bearing the inscription, "Foster Cochrane, M.D."

The gentleman who had thus stolen a march on the Berrytonians, was the eldest son of the original projector of the Berryton villas. Having completed his studies, and graduated at the Metropolitan University with high honours—a fitting finish to a very brilliant career—Dr. Cochrane, who was yet only some three or four and twenty years of age, at his father's suggestion, resolved, before seeking a wider field for his talents, to try what he expected would be the comparatively easy practice at Berryton

Links, for a year or two, by way of experiment. Perhaps, had he made another choice, this tale would never have been to tell. Or had the Berryton practice been more extensive, the end would have been less disastrous. But the young doctor had much time on his hands, and a large portion of this was spent in visits other than professional. Of course, wine was freely used in those visits, and often something stronger; and, "It can do you no harm," or, "Take it out," was then *insisted on*, for the temperance movement had not spread its light as at this day, nor had it accomplished that revolution in social manners, that now makes it the *etiquette* never to press one to drink.

Old Mr. Cochrane died some six or eight months after his son's professional establishment at Berryton, leaving a large fortune to be equally divided between the doctor and his younger brother. Six months later, Dr. Cochrane, not having now to depend on a precarious, and as yet unremunerative practice, for the support of an establishment, married, connecting himself with one of the best families in D—. The marriage was celebrated with all the festivities—revelries would be the more correct expression,—customary in those days; and after returning from their wedding tour, the happy couple had scores of visitors to receive, who almost all took wine,—then they had to return the visits, where *they* had to take the wine; then parties were got up for them—dinner and supper, as it might be in each case, where much wine and strong drink was consumed,—the doctor just now and then, in the joy of his heart, overstepping the line, but only a little.

All this while Dr. Cochrane's professional reputation was rising. Who so gentlemanly as he? Who so quick at taking up a case? Who so skilful in his treatment? Who so ready to oblige in an emergency? Who so willing to give his services *gratis* where circumstances seemed to press hard on a patient? Who, in short, was like Dr. Cochrane? Ere long no other doctor would be heard of in a circuit of four or five miles around Berryton. But the fatally delusive social practices were doing their work with him. The people who admired him so much were literally killing him with mistaken kindness. As the population grew, and his practice required more of his time, one here would insist on a glass of wine to "keep him up," another there would press a glass of this fine brandy, to "keep out the cold this winter day;" and so on, till once or twice he came home in too high spirits for natural causes to have produced. Then one out of doors noticed that the doctor's face was sometimes flushed at too early an hour in the day. The whisper ran, and he was cautiously observed; but still there was no ceasing from offering and pressing the pernicious element that was ruining him. By and bye, his hand was observed to shake a little in the morning. Then a mysterious rumour became current that a wrong drug, procured at the shop, from the doctor himself, had been administered to a child, and that before he had observed the blunder, the evil could not be remedied, for the child had died. Moreover the rumour said that the doctor was "tipsy." Then his practice declined, another M.D. "set up" in the place, and Dr. Cochrane drank deeper than before.

A year or two passed amid many struggles with the appetite, and many earnest remonstrances from his friends. Once on his way to visit a "case" of sudden illness in the country, he stopped by the wayside, just to steady his nerves with a dram at the toll bar. There meeting a friend of kindred likings, he took "another," lingered an hour, and when he arrived at the scene to which he had been summoned, the patient was dead,—needlessly, as the doctor afterwards acknowledged, for examination proved that skill might have saved him. This fatal result of his terrible vice, induced the doctor to abandon strong drink altogether for a time. But how *could* he continue to resist without any countenance, the perpetual insistings of "Just a little, doctor?" He fell again, and this time he had a regular drinking-bout for three or four weeks, that ended in delirium tremens. Through this fearful time, with the assistance of two devoted friends, Mrs. Cochrane herself, nursed him. When he recovered, which was after a long period, a change seemed to have passed over the doctor. His place in the church, which had so seldom in more prosperous days received him, was now regularly occupied, and he earnestly joined in the petition to be enabled to resist temptation. But, alas for poor humanity!

For twelve months, Dr. Cochrane had been a sober man, and again the community trusted him, and his skill again brought him honour in the profession to which, amid all his degradation, he remained enthusiastically attached. One night he was called away—it was in the month of January—to a consultation of physicians on a peculiar case, at a house some three miles distant in the country. On his way home he proposed visiting a patient a little out of the line of road by which he should return, so that if he should be a little late, he counselled Mrs. Cochrane not to be uneasy. The discussion between the brethren of the diploma was lengthened, and occasionally a little excited. At such a moment, Dr. Cochrane swallowed a little brandy and water that had been mixed by one of the others present, for himself. With that the sleeping demon was roused, and he drank again shortly after leaving the consultation, filled with contempt for what he loftily considered the asinine stupidity of his colleagues. Half an hour's walk partially restored him to himself, and brought him to the side of his patient, almost fit to discharge his duty with steadiness. His slight shakiness was set down to the account of the cold, and the everlasting remedy was produced. Very readily now he accepted what three hours ago he would have emphatically rejected. He drank, prescribed for his patient, drank again, and then, being excellent company in such a condition, he was pressed to stay to supper, which he did. About midnight he left, refusing all aid, and groping his way in a state of semi-blindness over the moor.

Mrs. Cochrane having an ill-defined dread over her spirit all the evening, had dismissed the household early to bed, resolving herself to await her husband's return. One, two, and three o'clock in the morning had struck, when, suddenly, without any warning footsteps, a loud ring of the bell startled her, and made her hurry to the door. But what makes her feel faint and chill? She imagines for a moment she sees her husband's spirit, but her rallying faculties shew it to be himself, unclothed, except

in his shirt. As it subsequently appeared, he had become totally oblivious of his position, and taking off his clothes, had carefully laid them in a heap on the wayside, crowning them with his watch and guard, whose glittering in the starlight attracted a countryman's attention as he passed before daylight, on the way to D——.

The doctor rose from bed that day, only to resume old habits, bringing on ere long, another fit of the frightful delirium. Guarded as before by faithful friends; it was found necessary to remove from his room, because of his violence, everything but the bed on which he lay. From that bed after some days it became evident, he would never rise in health again. Alternately screaming with terror, and raving with rage, and cunningly aiming blows at his watchers, he at last suddenly sprang to the bed post, up which he climbed, and to the top of which he clung monkey-like, evidently preparing himself for a leap. It was impossible to prevent him. Away he dashed in an access of madness, in the direction of the window. Falling short of his aim, he struck his head on the floor, and was taken up dead.

Whither fled the spirit of Dr. Cochrane? Even Charity becomes indignant, as she answers: "Where? where?"

The drinking usages of society were responsible for his doom; and so are they still for many a one, equally dreadful.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS REPORT.

CHARGE OF DRUNKENNESS AGAINST A CONGREGATION.—On Sunday week the minister of a large congregation in Dundee was interrupted in the course of his forenoon sermon by the repeated coughing of his auditors. Pausing in the midst of his observations, he addressed his congregation to the following effect:—"You go about the streets at the New Year time; you get drunk, and get cold, then you come here and cough—cough like a park of artillery. I think I must give you a vacation of six weeks; that you may have time to get sober, and to regain your health again." He thereafter went on with his discourse, which was concluded amid much greater quiet than it had been begun; but just as the congregation was dismissing, an indignant seat-holder in the gallery rose up and loudly declared that the remarks of the pastor were nothing less than an insult to the whole congregation.—*Dundee Courier*.

DR. BURNS' ANNUAL TEMPERANCE SERMON.—The twenty-fourth annual sermon on temperance, delivered in New Church street Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Burns, was preached on Sunday afternoon last. The preliminary services were conducted by the Rev. Dawson Burns; and the text selected by Dr. Burns was from Esther viii., 6, "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" On this very appropriate passage the Rev. gentleman founded a forcible and persuasive discourse, showing the existence of a plot or system among ourselves charged with peril to all classes and interests of society, and the feelings and resolutions

which should in consequence be excited. Before concluding his sermon, he urged the text as supplying a sufficient reason for total abstinence, a call to practical action, and a hope of eventual success. The attendance was especially good considering the state of the weather; some persons had travelled several miles to be present, a proof that this anniversary occasion had lost none of its former attractions. A collection made on behalf of the North-West London Temperance Society exceeded the average of recent years.

A DRUNKEN CAPTAIN.—At the Liverpool Police court, ten seamen, forming part of the crew of the ship *Golden Eagle*, which sailed from the Mersey last week, bound to Sydney, were charged with having been guilty of mutiny when the vessel was near Holyhead. The specific accusations against the prisoners were that they had refused to proceed to sea under the command of their captain, and that they had unlawfully entered his cabin and deprived him of his liberty by binding his hands and feet with a rope. On the other side, it was urged that the lives of the crew and passengers had been placed in jeopardy by the drunkenness of the captain, and that under these circumstances the steps taken to bring the ship back to Liverpool were prudent and justifiable.—Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate, being convinced that the defence was well founded, discharged all the prisoners.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

ASSAULTING A CHILD.—William Hopkins was charged before Mr. Partridge with an assault upon his own child. Constable: On Saturday evening the prisoner's wife gave him into custody. She told me that he had taken up his little boy and flung him on the floor so violently that she thought the child was dead. Prisoner, who is a harness-maker, living in the neighbourhood of the court, was very drunk when I took him, and a doctor ordered the boy's instant removal to the hospital, where he has been until now. Mr. Partridge: Where is the certificate? Constable: I did not have one, sir. I believe the wife was told there was not any necessity to give one. Mr. Partridge: How am I to know what extent of injury has been inflicted unless I have a certificate? The child would not have been detained in a hospital two or three days for a trifling hurt. Where is the boy? Prisoner's wife: He is here, sir, quite well now. I hope you will be lenient to my husband. He is a kind man to all of us. Mr. Partridge: Kind! What did he do to the child? Wife: He came home mad with drink on Boxing Day, took up the boy, held him high, and then (hesitating)—let him fall. Mr. Partridge: Where was he hurt? Could he get up? Wife: He was stiff, and insensible, but is quite well now, sir. Pray be lenient. The child, apparently about eight years of age, was questioned by the magistrate, and said that nothing ailed him. Mr. Partridge: You gave your husband into custody. Wife: Oh, I was mad at seeing my child in such a state. I'm sure my husband did not know what he was about. He never struck me or any of the children. Mr. Partridge (to prisoner): This is one of the results of drunkenness. Think how narrowly you have escaped standing in that dock on a most serious charge. Your wife speaks highly of you. That is fortunate. Let your present position be a salutary warning to you. I shall permit

you to enter into your own recognisances to keep the peace. Prisoner, who evidently felt much ashamed of his conduct, was then discharged.—*Morning Star.*

COUNSELS AGAINST COLD.

(*From the Medical Times.*)

We must not forget that the clear frosty weather which has set in is sure to be followed by a large increase in the number of deaths. Without doubt, frost is good for the whole population in the long run. It kills vermin, breaks up the soil, and renders it more fertile; it gives the power of taking brisk, exhilarating exercise, and it keeps up in the active and vigorous part of our race the power of bearing hardships generally. Healthy people find their spirits, appetite, and strength the better for it. Yet there is a heavy fine to pay for these advantages, in the sickness and death of the infant, and aged, and feeble amongst us. The question comes before us—Ought we not, with increase of physical and physiological knowledge, to be able to reap the benefits, and escape the penalty?

Amongst deaths that occur in cold weather, let us consider, first, those due to improper exposure. A short time ago Dr. Lankester held an inquest on an aged gentleman who had gone out fasting to partake of the holy communion, early in the morning, at one of the churches in Marylebone. He died suddenly in the church. During the hard winter of 1860-61, we noticed in this journal similar cases of sudden death amongst the aged. When the power of rapidly producing heat is lost, a worn out heart or lung may easily be paralysed by too low a temperature. For one, however who dies suddenly out of doors, there are hundreds who die slowly at home; the venous blood, whose heat has been lost, and its chemical changes deranged, stagnates in the lungs—hence the congestion and bronchitis which so largely swell the registrar's return. With the aged then, as well as with children too young or too feeble to take active exercise, if there be a doubt as to the power of withstanding cold, the patient should have the benefit of the doubt, and be kept at home.

Much has been said, and well said, about the necessity for warm clothing, more especially for keeping the limbs of young children warm, as well as the trunk. It should never be forgotten that blood, thoroughly chilled, is poison to the lungs. But something more besides clothing is needed. This preserves warmth, but does not create it or distribute it. Feet cold as frogs, and quite as damp and flabby from cold perspiration, may be muffled hopelessly in the thickest stockings and boots. But take off these wrappings, which shut out the air, and use soap and water and a good rubbing, and they become warm at once. The custom of dressing for dinner, i.e., removing the warm out-of-door garments, and substituting something lighter, after a good polish with soap and towels, is pre-eminently conducive to health. The colder the weather the more does the skin require the warm or cold souce, and the hearty rubbing.

But here we are met with difficulties arising from an odious piece of

stinginess. Young people must not "dress," we are told, lest they should catch cold in their bedrooms; and they must be excused if they cut short their morning toilette, because it is so cold. Of course. But why not give them a fire in their bedroom? Ought not we to be ashamed of squandering money on delicacies for the belly and finery for the back, and denying our poor children comforts necessary for cleanliness and health? How we wish that, instead of buying Christmas "half dozen" hampers of gin, some people would treat themselves to an extra ton of coals. In a warm room, by a good fire, with a nice hot dry towel to polish off, a wash with cold water would be felt to be a luxury to any one. But instead of this, we fear the rule in many middle-class families is to have no bedroom fires, and to rely for warmth on close animal heat and frowsy vapour. Doors and windows are listed up, and chimneys, unconscious of fire, are choked with boards or bags of straw. Well roasted by the parlour fire, and warmed with hot spirits and water, people rush with chattering teeth into their bedrooms, huddle off their clothes, and jump unwashed into bed. There they get the warmth of blankets, and of their own anything-but-perfumed atmosphere, and in the morning rush down to the fire with as little washing as possible. The water-jug is frozen, and the towels are frozen, and we forgive any one who demurs to a frozen towel.

Cold weather proves to us how deficient our houses are as habitations for really civilised beings. We may warm our rooms with blazing fires; but the draught that feeds the fire, chills the people that cower round it, because we have no means of warming the house as a whole. There is a phenomenon, too, known as "back smoke," which shows that in two rooms out of three, we depend for fresh air upon the supply that comes down the chimney. The last thing we think of is, where does our air supply come from?

When we add to the want of fresh air, the defective supply of water, caused by freezing of the sluice pipes, owing to the wilful stupidity of plumbers, who always will arrange those pipes in a manner which makes them most exposed to frost; and when we superadd the impossibility there sometimes is of getting rid of slops and liquid refuse, through the freezing of sinks and closets, we say enough to show why very cold weather is by no means a healthy time in-doors. But things are not mended when a thaw comes. Then the warm outer air comes into the cold house, and deposits wet upon every wall. Then leaks made in the pipes during the frost begin to show themselves; and when the high pressure service is turned on early in the morning, the house may be deluged with water, running down stairs, soaking carpets, going through floors, and washing down ceilings, leaving it as badly off as if it had been next door to a fire. In order to avert this crowning calamity, every householder should know where the tap is to turn off the water at a minute's notice. But as this is a part of household furniture not wanted, perhaps, once in a lifetime, we suspect that few persons know of its existence. In fine, our counsels against cold are, to keep the delicate in doors;

to warm houses, taking care that there shall be no lack of fresh air; to allow bedroom fires liberally, and to keep them all night in the chamber of the aged and the young; to clothe warmly, and yet to give the skin an extra share of oxygenation, by washing and rubbing; to give abundant diet, and yet to avoid indigestibles; to drink cold drinks rather than hot; and above all, to eschew hot spirits and water.

GLEANINGS.

OPINIONS OF THE EARL OF ELGIN.—In a despatch of his, when Governor-General of Canada, dated at Quebec, in 1853, he gave evidence that he had not been insensible to a “great fact” in the social experience of that colony. He wrote—“Many thousands of men are employed during the winter in these remote forests preparing the timber, which is transported during the summer on rafts, or, if sawn, in boats, to Quebec, when destined for England, and to the Richelieu river when intended for the United States. It is a most interesting fact, both in a moral and hygienic view, that for some years past intoxicating liquors have been rigorously excluded from almost all the chantiers, as the dwellings of the lumbermen in these distant regions are styled; and that, notwithstanding the exposure of the men to the cold during the winter, and wet in the spring, the result has been entirely satisfactory.” How Lord Elgin was affected towards prohibition we learn on the reliable authority of Dr. Guthrie, who stated at a public meeting in Edinburgh on the licensing system, that he had met Lord Elgin at a party of noblemen and gentlemen in London, when his lordship said, in allusion to the Maine Law,—“I believe that it is destined to work a very great change on the face of society; I wish the cause the utmost success. They have adopted it in New Brunswick, and I am watching its operation with more interest than that of any cause under the sun.” A gentleman put the objection of the injustice to the poor man, but was answered by his lordship, in these terms: “The poor man is the best judge of what is justice (to him), for the law in the State of Maine, and in our province of New Brunswick, was passed by the votes of the poor labouring men themselves.” This conversation took place at the latter end of 1854, or early in 1855.

A GOOD REBUKE.—A German nobleman once paid a visit to Great Britain when the practice of toasting and drinking healths was at its height. Wherever he went, during a six months’ tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loth. He must pledge his host and hostess. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one who wished for a convenient pretext for taking another glass. He must drink a bumper in honour of the king and queen, in honour of church and state, in honour of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring with throbbing temples, and burning cheek, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality! At length his visit drew to a close; and to requite, in some measure, the attentions which had been lavished upon him, he made a grand entertainment. Assembling those who had done him honour, he gathered them round a most

sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servants entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed to each guest, when the host rose, and with all gravity said: "Gentlemen, I give you the king! please eat to his honour." His guests protested; they had dined; they were Jews; they were already surcharged through his too generous cheer. But he was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, "for six months you have compelled me to *drink* at your bidding. Is it too much that you should now *eat* at mine? I have been submissive; why should you not follow my example? You will please do honour to your king? You shall then be served with another slice in honour of the queen, another to the prosperity of the royal family, and so on to the end of the chapter.

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The Rev. G. W. M'Cree will be glad, on receipt of six stamps, to forward to any conductor of a Band of Hope, a parcel of Band of Hope Publications. Immediate application will be necessary.

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Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

GREAT BAND OF HOPE DEMONSTRATION AT THE LAMBETH BATHS.

On Friday January 15th. the New year's Festival of the Bands of Hope, in the South of London, took place in the Lambeth Baths, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. At five o'clock an excellent tea was provided, of which nearly 600 children and adults partook. As the evening wore on the numbers were considerably augmented, and at half past seven, at which time Samuel Morley, Esq. took the chair, there were 2000 children and adults present. On the platform we noticed Mr. Justice Payne, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and the Rev. W. Hawkins, W. J. Haynes, Esq., John Thwaites, Esq., Mr. M. W. Dunn, Mr. G. M. Murphy, Mr. A. Hawkins, jun., Mr. G. Wybrow, Mr. W. West, and many others interested and actually engaged in promoting the welfare and happiness of the working classes and their children.

Prayer having been offered by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., the Chairman, said—"He was present less with the object of making a speech, than enforcing the necessity of each one doing his share towards the general advancement and good of the people. It was a great pleasure to him to be able to give pleasure to others. He was anxious to appeal to those who were moderate drinkers, to ask whether it was not worth while to forego their own little pleasure, if by so doing they could alleviate suffering, and contribute towards the advancement of their fellow-men. There was a great need of personal example. Alluding to the recent execution of Wright, the speaker said he hoped the day would come when capital punishment would be entirely done away with (hear, hear). That crime had, like many others, its origin in strong drink; and, as their esteemed friend, Judge Payne, could testify, the greatest proportion of crime committed in this country had its origin in the same fruitful source. He recommended to the consideration of philanthropists the question of social

and moral improvement, such as the improving the dwellings of the poor, and Working Men's Clubs, as it was to the interest of the working classes that they should have a place where they could meet for rational recreation and amusement, without being led into temptation." (Loud cheers).

Mr. M. W. DUNN (Hon. Sec.) said, "The Meetings could never have been held but for Mr. Morley, who generously defrayed the expenses of the Baths. The Meetings commenced on the 13th of November last, and had been continued weekly; there had been Lectures, Dissolving Views, Singing, &c.; and during the time they had been delivering them, over 20,000 children had visited the baths (cheers). Not a penny had been asked, as it was believed the money would come to enable them to carry out the good work; and, he also believed the children had had the greatest pleasure afforded them, and he must say their behaviour had been admirable (cheers).

Mr. A. HAWKINS next addressed a few words to the meeting, and in the course of some pithy remarks, observed that it was not because Mr. Morley was rich that they felt honored at his presiding over them; there were many rich men whom they would scorn to place in that position,—but it was because Mr. Morley was so large of heart, and rich in sympathy for suffering humanity, that they felt honored by his presence (hear, hear.) The speaker concluded a spirited address amidst great applause.

Mr. Justice PAYNE then delivered one of his humorously characteristic speeches, insisting on the duties that all owed to each other. That the committee who engaged in this work had taken the Temperance cause, and for the benefit of the juveniles, had chopped it up small, stewed it down all, poured it in slowly, and got it in wholly; and that it was incumbent on the children to be honest samples—set good examples—use kind persuasion, and seize all occasion,—proceeding to illustrate the points, and concluding by reading his 1921st poetical tail-piece, which space forbids our quoting.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE then delivered an eloquent and impassioned address, insisting on the truth of Temperance principles, and detailing the great good that the Temperance cause was working, illustrating it by many forcible anecdotes. Alluding to the present meeting, he said they had reason to thank the Giver of all good, that in Lambeth and Southwark boys and girls were growing up who never tasted strong drinks. In American colleges, students were enjoined not to partake of intoxicating liquors; and, if such a law were enforced in our colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and in the Nonconformist colleges, much practical good would result, and seeing how many thousands were brought to ruin and disgrace by imbibing intoxicating liquors, it would redound to the credit of the proctors, and managers of those seats of learning, if they removed this great stumbling block out of the pathway of those entrusted to their care (loud cheers).

Speeches were interspersed with some excellent vocal and instrumental music, by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. John Thwaites, and Mr. Lightowler and Sons. The Boys' Drum and Fife Band also contributed to enliven

the proceedings, and at the close a series of magnificent dissolving views were explained by Mr. Haynes. Throughout the proceedings were of an animated nature, and afforded great gratification to all present.

During the evening it was announced that on Tuesday, February 16th, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon had kindly consented to deliver a lecture on "Poland," on behalf of the Funds of the Union, in his magnificent Tabernacle.

BISHOP AUCKLAND BAND OF HOPE FESTIVAL.—The annual festival of the Ladies' Band of Hope was held in the British School-room, on Christmas-day. The attendance was large, and the good conduct of the children was the subject of pleasing remarks. After tea, a public meeting was held, over which Mr. T. Snaith presided. The Band of Hope recited selections of Temperance prose, poetry, and dialogues, in a most satisfactory manner. An able address was delivered by (Mr. C.) Bell, the indefatigable honorary secretary of the Middlesbro' Temperance Society. Although his subject was chiefly bearing on, and also adapted to, the members of the Band of Hope, and their parents, yet he did not neglect to thunder forth the imperative importance of muzzling the ox by permissive legislation. The meeting was brought to a close with the usual votes of thanks to the ladies, speakers, and chairman, proposed and seconded by Messrs. J. Wilkinson, T. Pallister, sen., W. B. Affleck, and T. Smith.

ANCHOR BAND OF HOPE, CAMBERWELL.—On Tuesday, January 19th, a tea festival was held in Waterloo street School room, in connection with the above society. Over 100 of our young friends and their parents partook of an ample meal, in which an enormous twelfth cake received its due amount of attention. A small charge for admission was made after tea, and a large audience assembled to enjoy the entertainment provided. The amusements were varied in character; a Christmas tree occupied one side of the platform; and during the evening some useful books were presented from it to some of those members who had given recitations at the usual meetings, and in other ways been active in assisting the Band of Hope. An address was also delivered by W. J. Haynes, Esq., from the Band of Hope Union; the entertainment concluded with a magic lantern exhibition, after which a distribution of New Year's gifts took place, and the company separated, we hope, with the feeling of having spent a pleasant evening without the use of intoxicating drink.

BATH—PERCY CHAPEL BAND OF HOPE AND TEMPERANCE UNION.—The second anniversary of the above society was commemorated on Monday and Tuesday, the 11th and 12th inst. commencing with a prayer meeting on Monday morning at seven o'clock, when there was a very good attendance. In the afternoon, the school-rooms presented a most tasteful appearance, being decorated with flags, evergreens, and appropriate mottoes. We particularly noticed a beautiful design of flags encircling the roll of members, over which we read the very suitable motto, "Sought and Saved." By the kindness of some lady friends, and the young people of the congregation, the committee were enabled to hold a bazaar, which consisted of every variety of useful and fancy work, and for the display of this a dark recess in the room was fitted up most elegantly, being hung

with crimson drapery, and illuminated with Chinese lanterns of every conceivable hue. In addition to this a large stall was erected at the top of the room, and adorned with flags and lanterns, and there again the ladies disposed of their wares. At 5 o'clock about 100 persons sat down to a social tea; after which a large public meeting was held, when the Rev. Urijah Thomas, of Clifton, presided. Letters were read from Handel Cossham and W. Saunders, Esqrs. expressing their regret at being absent. After prayer the Rev. E. Mottram, the treasurer, read a very gratifying report, which stated:—The Committee, with thankful hearts, look back and acknowledge that God has crowned their feeble efforts with success. The society is now named the Band of Hope Temperance Union, uniting the adults and juveniles into one society, now numbering about 570 members. During the past year several very interesting lectures have been delivered, and the profits given to the general fund. About 20 Band of Hope meetings have been held, affording (every fortnight) an opportunity to the young people of hearing suitable addresses on the great Temperance question. We have now a very good library—which contains nearly 250 vols.—read by a large number of the members, who can change their books every week. Parents have been induced to sign the pledge through the influence of the children, and the Sabbath school has increased greatly through the establishment of the society. Many adults have signed our book. The Rev. W. Mottram and Mr. J. H. Cotterell delivered excellent speeches in moving the adoption of the report. On the motion of the Rev. E. Clarke (of Twerton), seconded by Mr. Sturges, it was resolved to originate a sick fund in connection with the Band of Hope. The proceedings were agreeably enlivened with some singing by the choir, under the direction of Mr. S. D. Major. On Tuesday the committee entertained 280 of the members at an excellent tea; and a pleasing sight it was to behold so many bright, happy faces seated in every available corner of the room, and to witness the good humour and cheerfulness which everywhere prevailed. The arrival of their respected president, T. Thompson, Esq., was the signal for most overwhelming applause; every little heart brim full of delight, and we felt that a truly noble work was being accomplished, seeing how many young people had given in their allegiance to the Temperance cause, and were thus growing up free from the curse and trammels of strong drink. Tea being concluded, all marched in order to the chapel, where they stayed for a short time while the remains of the repast were removed, and on their return found a noble Christmas tree exposed to view, most gaily decorated, (and lit up with innumerable wax tapers), from which at the close each member present received a gift. T. Thompson, Esq. presided at the evening meeting, Messrs. Line, J. S. Sturges, &c., gave lively and encouraging addresses, while some ladies and gentlemen of the congregation sang some capital Temperance melodies, among which we particularly noticed, “The Drunkard’s Auction,” which was encored. The presents having been distributed, and the few remaining articles of the bazaar disposed of, all returned home, having spent a thoroughly happy evening, and apparently more determined than ever to wage perpetual

warfare against strong drink. We are much gratified to learn that the amount realized at the bazaar has materially assisted the funds of the society.

CALTHORPE TERRACE NORTH LONDON SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE.—Dear Sir,—We have just concluded our third year's campaign; by holding a festival; 300 children sat down to tea with 100 adult friends. After tea we assembled in a large room decked out for the occasion; and the evening was occupied in distributing about 600 gifts from two splendid Christmas trees, interspersed with a few pieces from the *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, and a dialogue and other recitations by the members. All passed off with great spirit. Our friend, Mr. F. Smith, dropped in during the evening, and spoke to the children. The number on the register is over 320, of which 120 have joined during the last year. We have a Penny Bank in connection with the Band of Hope. Any child is permitted to deposit. It has been established about eighteen months, during which time 370 depositors have been enrolled. If my experience is worth anything, I think that not only is a Band of Hope a valuable auxiliary to the Sunday school, but the Penny Bank is also a valuable auxiliary to the Band of Hope. Yours respectfully,

W. H. BROOKING, *Secretary*.

EAST LONDON TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, PEELGROVE HALL, BETHNAL-GREEN.—On Monday, Jan. 4th, Mr. F. Baron exhibited his Panorama of Temperance Sketches to a large juvenile assembly, who were regaled also with vocal and instrumental music, and a large Christmas tree, all the juveniles present receiving an article.

PECKHAM RYE AND NUNHEAD BAND OF HOPE (*in connection with the Congregational Sunday School*).—The quarterly treat of this Band of Hope was held on Tuesday, the 19th Jan., 1864. At half-past five the young people sat down to a capital spread of tea, bread and butter, cake, biscuits, tarts and mince pies, and for an hour, assisted by some merry conversation and laughter, thoroughly enjoyed the good things so bountifully provided by Mrs. Cash, Miss Hester, Mrs. T. Cash, and Mr. J. Taylor. Tea being over, the juveniles, assisted by their elder friends, members of the committee, entered with spirit into a variety of Christmas games, and having tired themselves out at this work, arranged themselves to witness some interesting experiments with electricity, admirably exhibited by two young gentlemen from Holloway; much fun was created by some electric shocks being administered to a large circle of children and friends, a boy's hair being made to stand on end, &c. The time allotted for these experiments having passed, the gas was lowered, and a series of beautiful dissolving views were thrown upon a sheet, to the intense delight of the happy band, and when the comic scenes, &c., were introduced, shouts of laughter and applause, testified that the efforts of the committee, to give the Band of Hope a first-rate entertainment, had not been thrown away. As soon as this was over, and cheers given for the enjoyment afforded, the young folks were regaled with buns and lemonade, and sent home to dream of the pleasures to be found in the ranks of teetotalism. Several recitations and songs were delivered during the

evening, and a large number of teetotal friends were present, to witness and enter into the amusements of those, who are in the way they should go.

PIMLICO—ECCLESTON, CHAPEL LECTURE-ROOM.—The annual New Year's juvenile entertainment, in connection with the Band of Hope movement, was celebrated on the 6th inst. The spacious and beautiful room was decorated with emblems and banners, and crowded with a respectable assembly of happy girls and boys, wearing medals and neat rosettes; also several parents and resident benevolent ladies were present, and showed the most lively interest in the joyous event. Mr. John H. Esterbrooke, the hon. sec., delivered a brief congratulatory address to the young, after which the entertainment commenced with a suitable melody by the juvenile choir. Mrs. Esterbrooke presided at the piano-forte, who with her sister, Miss Maude Morfey, sang some admirable duets. Master Edgar Morfey executed some first class solos on the cornet, with professional skill. Master S. Richardson recited some Temperance pieces with judgment and effect. Some melodies and choruses by the juveniles terminated the musical section. The second part consisted of dissolving views, illustrative of "Heroism and Perils," with George Cruikshank's inimitable plates of "The Bottle," &c., with a descriptive lecture by Mr. George Blaby, of the Band of Hope Union, whose felicitous and easy style completely enraptured the young people, with whom he sang some impressive hymns and teetotal melodies. Master E. Morfey presided at the piano-forte, and interspersed the dissolving scenes with lively embellishments. The slides were artistically painted, and distinctly illuminated by the brilliant oxy-hydrogen lime light, under the judicious working of Mr. Lay, the courteous exhibitor. The entertainment gave entire satisfaction; the vocal and instrumental performances were loudly cheered, and redemanded. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer, and ladies and gentlemen for their valuable services. The proceedings closed by the juveniles singing "God bless our youthful band," sustained by instrumental music, supplemented by enthusiastic clapping of hands and applause, long to be remembered by the patrons of the juvenile New Year's entertainment. Several pledges were received.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the month, Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has attended a large number of interesting meetings in Yorkshire, &c., in connection with the Northern Auxiliary.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL has lectured to very large meetings of children at Leeds, Sheffield, and Yeadon. Writing from Leeds, Mr. Bell says:—"I have just concluded a week's labour in Leeds; it has been a very successful one; large numbers have been added to the Bands of Hope. They have been all Band of Hope meetings, winding up with one in the Victoria Hall, one of the best halls in England. We had about 3,000 children there, the largest number of children I ever spoke to at one time; it was a glorious sight; I think I shall never forget it. The Leeds Band of Hope League are doing a great deal of good—God bless them! If every town would only take the matter up as they are doing here, and

at Bradford, we would soon put the publicans to the right-about. They have about 16 Bands of Hope. I have only seen a few of them, but they want me, some time, for a month, but they will write you about it. I am just off for Sheffield; I hope we may have good meetings there."

The Secretary to the Leeds Band of Hope League also writes, and says:—"We are all highly pleased with Mr. Bell. I hope to be able to engage him for a fortnight or a month, if you would please to inform me when he will be at liberty. Our Committee will meet on Friday next, when I shall request that he be employed for one month. I may justly say he is the right man for the right work. On Saturday we had a gathering in our town hall, when about 3,000 assembled, though a wet day and night; and trust this week's labour may be abundantly blessed."

During the past month, Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Charlotte Street, Caledonian Road; Gee Street, Goswell Street; One Tun, Westminster; Working Men's Club, Westminster, twice; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate Street; Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico; Poland Street, Oxford Street; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Henry Place, Portland Town; Fox and Knot Court; St. John's, Upper Holloway; Clifton Street, Wandsworth Road; Gospel Hall, Brackley Street; Pavement Chapel, New North Road; Lambeth Baths; King Street, Long Acre; Ebenezer Chapel, Shadwell; and Powis Street, Woolwich. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday Schools.

MR. W. LAY has attended meetings as follows:—Barnsbury Independent Chapel; St. Saviour's, Southwark; Grafton Chapel, Fitzroy Square; Lambeth Baths, twice; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate Street; Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico; Exeter Buildings Chelsea; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Trinity School, Lower Road, Islington; St. John's, Upper Holloway; Offord Road, Caledonian Road; Gospel Hall, Brackley Street, Barbican; Pavement Chapel, New North Road; Myddleton Road, Dalston; Britannia Fields, and Camberwell.

During December and January. Mr. FREDERICK SMITH has lectured and attended meetings at the following places:—In Ireland at Ballymoney, Ballymena, Coleraine, Monaghan: also at Liverpool, Preston, Southport, Macclesfield, Nantwich, Darnby Street, Mint; Dalgleish Place, Limehouse; Chequer Alley, Bunhill Row; Forest Hill; Orange Street, Leicester Square; Lambeth Baths; Dalston; Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road; Harrold; Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road; Commercial Street, Whitechapel; Earl Street, London Road; King Street, Long Acre; and Myddleton Road, Kingsland.

LITERATURE.

The Qualifications of a Temperance Advocate. By J. W. GREEN. London: W. Tweedie.—Mr. Green was one of the fathers and founders of the Temperance movement, and eminently in his place when teaching and guiding his fellow-advocates. We would urge all our brother speakers to study this essay. Our pages contain a copious extract from it.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. SAMUEL COULING, Scarborough.

Mr. D. B. HOOKE, Jun., Bath.

Mr. J. P. HUTCHINSON, Darlington.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

FACTS & OPINIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I was once a Sunday Scholar in the Presbyterian Chapel, High Bridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; I had the privilege of being a member of the Bible Class.

In course of time I became a Sunday School Teacher. Both as a Sunday School Teacher, and a Minister of Christ, I have seen how much your labours are impeded by intemperance.

I therefore plead for a Band of Hope in connection with every Sunday School in the kingdom.

You do not, perhaps, see the necessity for such an auxiliary to your work. I would therefore ask your attention to the Facts and Opinions which follow, and entreat your candid and prayerful perusal of them.

FACTS.

A SCENE IN EDINBURGH.—“There was another boy, whose name I forget, found lying on straw in a dark cellar, which had literally nothing in it but this one heap of straw. The parents were in the habit of going out for the day, and locking up the child there, without food, or fire, or clothes. He was brought in—a mere bundle of rags—quite paralysed, and lay for a week on one of the hospital beds, without stirring or speaking, till they almost thought he was deaf and dumb. At last he did mutter out one word, and it was ‘whisky!’ He afterwards tried, in his wretched faint voice, to begin singing a whisky song, and told the nurse he had hardly tasted anything but whisky since he was born. Somehow his wretched mother found him out and came to see him. Immediately after she left, the miserable little creature was caught hiding its wizened face and still half-paralyzed hands under the bed-clothes, trying to undo the cork of a small bottle filled with whisky! But this child also recovered, learned to feed on and enjoy other food than drams, and left the hospital for a future of—God knows what! Still, the life had been saved—so far.”
—Miss Muloch in “Good Words.”

OLD SUNDAY SCHOLARS IN PRISON.—Mr. Wm. Logan, in a letter to the *British Banner*, says—“I visited 78 of the 88 prisoners who were tried at the Glasgow Assizes, in September, 1848. Seven of these could neither read nor write; of the remaining 71 not less than 38 males and 24 females—total 62—had been connected with Sabbath Schools. A number of both sexes had been in attendance at Sunday Schools for three, four, five, six, seven, nine, and even ten years. To prevent anything like deception on this point, I cross-questioned them as to the locality of the schools, the names of the teachers, &c. I likewise spent several days in

calling on a number of the parents and relatives, in different parts of the city, and the replies given by these parties to my inquiries fully corroborated the statements of the convicts themselves. Fifty-nine of the sixty-two criminals admitted that drinking and public-house company had not only been the chief cause of their leaving the Sunday school, but of violating the laws of their country."

RECORDS OF A BIBLE CLASS.—The Rev. James Sherman, formerly minister of Surrey Chapel, at a meeting in Exeter Hall, said,—“The question has been asked, what becomes of the senior scholars of these schools? In the schools belonging to my own church the number of scholars is 3,000, with 400 gratuitous teachers; but I am bound to say that few of those children become members of the church after leaving the schools. Where do they go? Many of them would be found, as soon as they arrived at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to become apprentices; and, by the pernicious system which prevailed among the working classes so situate, they grew up, many of them, to be *drunkards*, and to be a disgrace to themselves and the neighbourhood. A teacher of a class had collected the statistics in respect to that class, consisting of *forty-six*. He was induced to examine what were their habits with regard to Temperance during the preceding seven years, and the result was—*drunkards, thirteen; occasional drunkards, nine; steady characters, thirteen; unknown, three.*”

CONFESSION OF A SCHOLAR.—The letter, from which the following are extracts, is from a Sabbath school teacher of Birmingham. He says:—“I know that in the Sunday school of which I was a pupil, that a great number turned out drunkards, myself amongst them. The class I was in consisted of about seventeen or eighteen scholars, and I am sure that twelve of them became sots. Some of them remain so to this day, a pest to the neighbourhood, a disgrace to the borough, and a trouble to their families. It has been unfortunately my lot to sit, at one time or another, in the tap room, with eight or nine of my former fellow-scholars.” He adds, “My own intemperate habits were formed during the time I was a teacher in the school.” And still farther, “Oh, sir, if Sunday school superintendents and teachers could only see a small portion of the immense amount of their labours which are utterly, and I fear for ever, frustrated by this foe to human improvement (strong drink), I feel satisfied that the same love which induces them to teach the scholar, would induce them to bid an eternal farewell to that article which has so long, and still continues to lay waste so much of their labours.”—*Essay on Juvenile Depravity, by Thomas Beggs.*

INTOXICATING LIQUORS.—From the year 1801 to the year 1846, the people of the United Kingdom spent nearly fifteen hundred million pounds sterling in intoxicating drinks; about £800,000,000. on spirits, £176,455,000. on wines, and £595,904,000. on malt; or equal to about double the amount of the present national debt! The duty alone which we paid on the above articles during these forty-five years, amounted to £644,968,553., or equivalent to about five-sixths of the national debt. Our army costs us about ten millions a-year, which we think a great deal too much; but, then, we voluntarily spend about fifteen millions a year

on whisky, gin, brandy, and their villainous compounds! Our navy costs about eight millions; but our beer, ale, and porter, cost from thirteen to fourteen millions! We pay less than a million for our admirable post-office, and more than four millions for our wines! The taxes we pay for our courts of law and justice amount to a little above a million; the taxes we pay on our tobacco and snuff are above four millions! Financial reform is surely needed, but at home, and in the public-house, as much as anywhere else. Under two millions a-year are spent on Life and Health Assurance; and about forty millions on drink of all kinds. Are not these facts most discreditable to us as a nation?—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

MONEY EXPENDED BY WORKMEN.—At a large manufacturing establishment in London, as many as 300 persons are employed. Of these, 100 men receive each on an average £1. 15s. for working five days in the week. They decline coming to labour on Monday, which they habitually make a holiday, and, I was told, thus regularly lose 7s. each weekly. Besides this loss, I was informed that each expends not less than 7s. weekly for beer. The establishment in fact supports a public-house.—*Chambers's Employer and Employed.*

SELF-IMPOSED BURDENS.—There is something very appalling in the thought, that Britain expends, every year, fifty millions of money on intoxicating drink. We often complain of our high taxation, and we often grow nervous at the thought of our enormous national debt. But here is a tax for which we cannot blame our rulers—a tax self-imposed and self-levied, a tax for which we can only blame ourselves, a tax which would pay the interest of our national debt twice over, and a tax as large as the entire revenue of these United Kingdoms. We thought it a great sum to pay in order to give the slave his freedom—we thought the twenty millions given to the West India proprietors a mighty sacrifice; and certainly it was the noblest tribute any nation ever paid to the cause of philanthropy; but large as it looks, half-a-year of national abstinence would have paid it all. But tremendous as are the fifty millions which as a people we yearly engulph in strong drink, the thought which afflicts and appals us is, that this terrible impost is mainly a tax on the working man. The lamentation is, that many an industrious man will spend in liquor as much money as, had he saved it, would this year have furnished a room, and next year would have bought a beautiful library; *as much money as would secure a splendid education for every child*; or in the course of a few years would have made him a landlord instead of a tenant. Why, my friends, it would set our blood a boiling if we heard that the Turkish Sultan taxed his subjects in the style that our British workmen tax themselves. It would bring the days of Wat Tyler back again, nay, it would create another Hampden, and conjure up a second Cromwell, did the exchequer try to raise the impost which our publicans levy, and our labourers and artizans cheerfully pay. But is it not a fearful infatuation? Is it not our national madness, to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, and exploding our characters, and ruining our souls? Many workmen, I rejoice to know, have been reclaimed by teetotalism,

and many have been preserved by timely religion. In whatever way a man is saved from that horrible vice, which is at once the destruction of the body and the damnation of the soul, "therein I do rejoice, and will rejoice."—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., London.*

WHAT THE MONEY WOULD DO.—The Rev. Newman Hall, L.L.B., says:—"The money spent in strong drink in Great Britain would every year support 200,000 missionaries (which would be about one to every 3,000 adult heathen) at £200. each, 2,000 superannuated missionary labourers at £100. each, 100,000 schoolmasters at £100. each, build 2,000 churches and chapels at £2,000. each, build 2,000 schools at £500. each, give to 50,000 widows 5s. each per week, issue 50,000 Bibles every day at 1s. 6d. each, and 100,000 tracts every day at 4s. per hundred, and present to 192,815 poor families £10. each on Christmas day. Or, it would, in *one year*, supply each human being on the globe with a Bible. Or, it would, in one year, provide 200 hospitals at £20,000. each, 12,000 chapels at £2,000. each, 10,000 schools at £600. each, 2,000 mechanics' institutions and lecture halls at £2,000. each, 25,000 alms-houses at £200. each, 1,000 baths at £2,000. each, 2,000 libraries at £500. each, 200 public parks at £5,000. each, give 400,000 poor families £10. each, and present a new Bible to each man, woman, and child in Great Britain. So that the money spent in Great Britain alone, for strong drink, would, as far as outward ministry is concerned, evangelize the world.

OPINIONS.

FERMENTED LIQUORS NOT NECESSARY.—John Forbes, M.D., physician to her Majesty's household, says:—"Some hundreds of medical men, of all grades and degrees, in every part of the British empire, from the Court physicians and leading metropolitan surgeons, who are conversant with the wants of the upper ranks of society, to the humble country practitioner, who is familiar with the requirements of the artizan in his workshop, and the labourer in the field, have given their sanction to the statement, that the maintenance of health is perfectly compatible with entire abstinence from fermented liquors; and that such abstinence, if general, would incalculably promote the improvement of the social condition of mankind."

THE TESTIMONY OF EXPERIENCE.—Mr. Edward Baines, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, says:—"Many of my friends thought I needed a little wine. I myself had the prejudice that it *helped digestion*. Well, I tried the experiment—first for a month, then for another month, till at length I learned to laugh at the prejudices of myself and my friends. I feel it my duty, having abstained for fifteen years, to state that during the whole time I have enjoyed good and vigorous health, and that I believe I have done more work, have had better spirits, *have taken my food with greater relish*, and have slept more tranquilly than I should have done if I had habitually taken wine or beer."

TESTIMONY OF MRS. ELLIS.—Four years of total abstinence from everything of an intoxicating nature, it has now been my happy lot to

experience; and if the improvement in my health and spirits, and the increase of my strength during that time, be any proof in favour of the practice, I am one of those who ought especially to thank God for the present, and take courage for the future. Like many other women, and especially those who are exempt from the necessity of active exertion, I was, while in the habit of taking wine for my health, subject to almost constant suffering from a mysterious kind of sinking, which rendered me at times wholly unfit either for mental or bodily effort, but which I always found to be removed by a glass of wine. My spirits, too, partook of the malady, for I was equally subject to fits of depression, which also were relieved, in some degree, by the same remedies. During the four years in which I have now entirely abstained from the use of such remedies, I have been a total stranger to these distressing sensations of sinking and exhaustion: and I say this with thankfulness, because I consider such ailments infinitely more trying than absolute pain.—*Voice from the Vintage.*

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AIDS RELIGION.—"The Rev. Dr. Marsh, of Leamington, says,—In this neighbourhood, and in some striking instances, the total abstinence plan has led several from drunkenness and brought them to the house of God." The Rev. John Collinson, A.M., of Hartley, says,—“I declare most solemnly as a Christian minister, that so far as my experience goes, teetotalism has invariably tended to improve not merely the moral but religious spirit of those who have adopted it.” Mr. H. A. Vivian, superintendent of a Wesleyan Sabbath-school in Cornwall, in a letter addressed to Mr. Joseph Eaton, says,—“In reply to your inquiries respecting our Sabbath schools, I may inform you, that there was but one connected with the Wesleyan Society in this little town (containing a population of 4,000 inhabitants,) when the total abstinence cause was introduced amongst us. The number of scholars at that time was about 380, but in the course of one year and a-half, they increased so rapidly as to render it necessary to build an additional room. We have since erected another chapel, connected with which we have a school, and the number of scholars in both is now about 780; this success I now ascribe to the aid of our good cause.”

THE STONE IN THE PATH.—Mr. Vanderkiste says:—"We may build churches and chapels, and multiply schools, but until the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed, we shall never act upon them as we would wish. While the pot-house is their church, gin their sacrament, and the tap-room their school-room for evening classes, how can we adequately act upon them for the conversion of their souls?"—*Six Years Mission among the Dens of London.*

Such facts and opinions as the foregoing, might be multiplied a thousand-fold. Surely these are enough to induce you to adopt the principles of the Temperance movement, and to form a Band of Hope in connection with your own school. Try to save your scholars from the drunkard's doom. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that these little ones should perish."

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

He was an old man; not so old either, for the wrinkles that marred his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that time's fingers had laid there; and the hand that placed upon the low table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so much with the weakness that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room with its red curtains and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar room into which it opened. A hat (it must have been intended for one) half concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakeable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with brick-bats and the gutter did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of the sleeves of which peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have, reader, the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only grog-shop he was allowed to frequent. And yet the wretched creature that sat there, half stupified with the effects of his morning dram, had a heart: and far up a great many pairs of winding stairs in that heart was a door easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs, and dust of time and sin, was written, "man." But nobody dreamed of this, and when the temperance men had gone to him with the pledge, and promised him employment and respectability if he would sign it; and others (well-meaning men, too) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he turned a deaf ear to all these things, and had gone back with blind pertinacity to his cups again, everybody said old Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one.

Ah, none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs, and read the inscription on the hidden door there. But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her pensive face.

The old man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That's Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity left that gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying

expression over Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with these words the lady had got further up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that's my name, ma'am," said old Bill, as he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow which was peeping out farthest, for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison."

"No! no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye such as had not been there for many a day, except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah, the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door; so she went on.

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. Strong, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest that waved in front. Then there was the green grass-plot before the front door, and the huge old apple-tree that threw its shadows across it; and the great old-fashioned portico, and the grape vine that crept round the pillars; and the rose-bush that looked in at the bedroom windows, and the brook that went shining and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but unmindful of this, in the same low, melting tones, the lady continued:

"Many and many were the hours"—so father would say, "Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass, telling each other the wonders we would achieve when we became men; and when the sun-set lays its crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door, with the white cap and check apron, and the pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling, 'Come boys, come to supper.'"

One after another, the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down old Bill's pale cheeks. Ah, the lady had found the door then. "I was always at home at Willie's," father would say, "and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread too; and when these disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some pleasant story; it might be of Joseph, or David, or some good child who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say, 'Promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home into the world and its temptations, and your mother has laid down with her gray hairs to sleep in the church yard yonder—promise, my child, that the memory of her prayers and counsels shall keep you from evil ways.' And Willie would raise his head, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother's, and answer, 'I promise you I will make a first-rate man, mother.' And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go, happy as the birds that nestled in the branches of the apple-tree, to rest; and then, just as we were sinking down to sleep, we could hear a well-known foot-fall on the stair, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were nicely tucked up. 'It is a long time,' father would say after a pause, 'since I heard from Willie, but sure I am that he has never fallen into any evil ways; the memory of his mother would keep him from that.'"

Rap, rap, rap, went the words of the lady at the door of that man's heart. Creak, creak, went the door on its rusty hinges, (angels of God, held ye not your breath to listen?) The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid childlike sobs, "My mother! O! my mother!"

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks, were washing out, also, many a dark page in the record of old Bill's past life, that stood against him. So with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father used to talk of more than all the rest: it was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good,' he would say, 'to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate fragile creature, fair as the orange blossom that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the gentle being at his side; and I know the thought as he looked

down fondly upon her, that the winds of heaven would not visit her face too roughly.' And then my father would tell us of a home made very light by watchful affection, and of the dark-eyed boy and fair-haired girl, who came, after a while, to gladden it: and then, you know, he removed to the West, and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again it was in a lower and more mournful tone. "I promised my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State, I would seek out his old friend; but when I enquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a broken and desolate household; of a dark-eyed boy who left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless sea; of the gentle, uncomplaining wife that went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave; of the fair-haired girl they placed by her side in a little while. O! it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill with a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted up his head from his clasped hands, and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agonising remorse and helpless despair, that she shuddered to behold it.

Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small, fair hand was laid on old Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured, "Even for all this there is redemption, and you well know in what manner. In the name of your dying wife and of the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you, Will you sign the pledge?"

"I will!" said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine table, that its rheumatic limbs with difficulty maintained their equilibrium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady placed before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad and legible characters upon the paper.

THE BAND OF HOPE CAUSE IN BATH.

By MR. D. B. HOOKE, Junr.

The Band of Hope cause is making great progress in Bath; the largest society is called the Percy Chapel Band of Hope and Temperance Union,

the second anniversary of which was held on the 11th and 12th inst. It commenced by a prayer meeting held early on the morning of the 11th: a sale of useful and ornamental things took place on the afternoon of the same day, and a tea meeting was held in the evening; after tea, a public meeting was held; the Rev. U. Thomas, of Bristol, occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Clarke, and W. Mottram, J. H. Cotterell, Esq. and Mr. J. S. Sturges. The anniversary passed off very well, and with great credit to Mr. Sturges, the President of the Society. The report for the year was read, but, as two more Band of Hope reports will be out in time for my next letter (in April), I will defer a notice of it until then. Suffice it to say that the Percy Band of Hope is by far the best in Bath.

Next to it comes the Vineyards Chapel Band of Hope. Those who managed this society last year had no ordinary difficulties to encounter. I am glad that the dark clouds are passing away. I can only wish that the report (which is being prepared) of this Society for 1863-64, will tell of the trying circumstances in which it has been, and how its Committee have overcome them. This Society has for its Secretary a youth (F. Manning,) only thirteen years of age. In selecting him, the Committee of the Vineyards Band of Hope did well: if we want to keep our members, we must give them work to do. In connection with the autumnal visit of the Rev. G. W. M'Cree to Bath, the Committee of the Bath Juvenile Temperance Society, arranged for addresses, (on the Band of Hope question), to be delivered at the different Sabbath Schools. The result of the address given at the Primitive Methodist Chapel has been that a Band of Hope has been formed there, and it appears that those who formed it have gone to work earnestly; thirty-nine pledges were taken at the first meeting.

There is a Band of Hope meeting held each week at the Temperance Hall, conducted chiefly by Mrs. J. H. Cotterell, and Mrs. Wilton.

We have a second Miss A. Cooper in Bath, in Miss White, who has formed a capital Workman's Club on St. James's Parade; she has a Band of Hope connected with it.

The Argyle and Ebenezer Bands of Hope make, I am afraid, slow progress, owing, no doubt, to the indifference paid to it by those who ought to be its best supporters.

We hear of great doings at Box, Wick, and other places, in relation to our Temperance societies, but the Band of Hope cause is, I am afraid, seriously neglected.

At Rush Hill we have a good society, the annual meeting of which was lately held; the report stated that about twenty meetings had been held, and that more than eighty persons had signed the pledge.

At Twerton there is a good Band of Hope, conducted chiefly by Mr. Kempton.

Thus our cause is spreading—thus good is being done, and our rising generation is being trained to be sober. During the year upon which we have entered, let us all be found working more zealously—giving more readily—and praying more earnestly for the Band of Hope cause.

HOW TO WIN.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down

In a lonely mood to think ;

'Tis true he was a monarch and wore a crown,

But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,

To make his people glad,

He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,

And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,

As grieved as a man could be ;

And after awhile, as he pondered there,

"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropped,

With its silken cobweb clue,

And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped,

To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,

And it hung by a rope so fine

That how it could get to its cobweb home,

King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl

Straight up with strong endeavour,

But down it came, with a slipping sprawl,

As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran ; not a second it stayed,

To utter the least complaint,

Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,

A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,

And travelled a half yard higher,

'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,

And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,

But again it quickly mounted,

Till up and down, now fast, now slow,

Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more—
Ah, me, 'tis an anxious minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run, at the very last pinch,
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out,
"All honour to those who try!
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more, as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying "I can't;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

COUNSELS FOR YOUNG ABSTAINERS.

Leaving Armagh one afternoon, I saw a man sitting apparently exhausted by the road-side. Coming up I found him in the attitude in which Turks receive company, his wife standing beside him. From motives of economy she had taken off his hat, and to keep his head from the sun she had covered it with her handkerchief. Making a bundle of her cloak, she had put it between the wall and his head, and there he sat dignified as a Pasha of ever so many tails, and dead-drunk! He was an old soldier, that day getting his pension and getting "glorious" too. I suppose he would unflinchingly have faced a foe, and there he was man and soldier—guarded from the perils of his position by a

woman! What a degrading place for him! What a miserable place for his wife! What honest manly lad, what gentle girl would choose it? You have already said, "God helping us, we shall never come to the like of this."

Coming home one night from preaching near the same city, I saw in the bright moonlight the figure of a man lying right across the footpath. "Come my man," I said, "get up out of that." He looked up with dreamy eyes, and drawled out, "Are you Mr. M——?"—a brother minister better known than myself. "No." "Are you a minister?" "Yes." "Are you a Presbyterian minister?" "Yes." "Here then,"—he hiccuped,—"*take—my hand—and help—me to—the town—will ye—I'm a Presbyterian—myself.*" Not considering this any part of my vocation, I sent the watchman to him. But though it is no part of my professional duties to support drunken men through the streets, it is quite in my place to win them from their ways, that they may no longer disgrace the church, rob their families, mock God, and destroy their souls. So is it with you, young friends, who have become abstainers; and I wish to give you some brotherly counsel, as to how you may spread your principles and be a blessing in your neighbourhood. You are sometimes called the "Coldstream Guards." Here then are your "*marching orders.*"

1. *Be steadfast yourselves.* He was a shrewd fellow, who, when the master in search of a coachman asked, "How near could you take my carriage to a precipice and be safe?" replied, "I'd keep yer honour as far from it as ever I could." Do not give yourselves dispensations. Inconsistent abstainers, like inconsistent Christians, do much mischief. For the sake of your own honour, of a good conscience, of self-respect, of your fellow abstainers, of the drunkard, of Him who went about doing good, hold your ground. Let nobody plead your example as a reason for relaxing his pledge. Let nobody point to you as a specimen of the way temperance promises are kept.

2. *Master your Subject.* Never rest till you thoroughly understand your ground, and are able to defend it. Do not take up extreme views, or make unguarded statements. Carry common sense along with you, and have at hand a good supply of facts to support your position. One day, the eldest son of a good and pious tradesman came to my study. I knew he had been drinking. He had left his father's house, and the house of God, after spurning many a good advice. He was trembling from head to foot, and deadly pale. He used to hide from me, so I received him very kindly. "Anything wrong?" "Yes, Sir, everything's wrong." "I know that, but please God all will be right yet." "I hope so, Sir; I have come to sign." Should I have told that poor shattered youth (he is in his grave since then—he did not keep his promise)—"*Only drink moderately. It is one of God's good gifts, my dear fellow, and you must not abuse it.*" He might well have laughed in my face—"Moderately, Sir, why if I touch it all I must have it." Or, should I say to his younger brothers—"Boys, you are to be careful not to exceed, do not drink till you are drunk," might they not demand of me—"How

do we know that we shall not be like *him*, if we drink at all?" Would any candid, honest, sensible man discourage them, if, while they had no taste, or longing, or habit, they put the Band of Hope promise between themselves and the temptation?

Ply your friends with pleas like this, in a genial spirit, and you may help on the cause of sobriety.

3. *Be wise.* Be sure rather to understate than overstate. Socrates used to go about asking the men of the city, questions suggestive of great truths. What a host of questions Christ put and left for men's consciences to answer! Try to get people to think. A friend puts it in this way. "Suppose an Island in which the people are without gin, rum, whisky, wine, 'Old Tom,' Double X, and all the other mixtures of the kind. Over it you have complete control. You can keep all out or let all in. On the whole would you not keep them out?" Most people would. Well then, the sooner we get these islands to that state the better. Or, suppose some mysterious tempest came to-night and levelled all the buildings that on the whole do more harm than good—would there be a public house standing in the morning? Most people would say no. Then the sooner we get to that point the better surely. By moral suasion, by force of opinion, by law of the land, only let us get to this. Ask your friends the meaning of 1 Cor. 8. 13, and if your total abstinence be against the principle of it? Get them to tell you what Timothy's *ordinary habit* must have been when his sickness made it necessary to drink no longer water. From such little mines, quietly sprung, you may often blow up whole masses of sophistry, as well as ignorance and thoughtlessness.

4. *Be kindly.* You must not waste all the hard adjectives on the publicans, brewers and distillers; for, wholesale and retail, makers and vendors, they are much on the same level as regards the good and bad of the trade. Many of them are amiable, gentle and pure-minded, and their eyes are not open. Alas, they suffer most themselves. There is often a "vindictory virtue" about the business that exacts vengeance on them who follow it. Pity them and make the bridge for them, if you can, to cross over to the side of safety.

Be kind to the drunkard. Do not despise him. Oh! how he despises himself in his gleams of sense! Do not give him up. "Here I am," said a gentleman, "the richest man in the town. I can do what I like with money, and my friends are round about me" (as they were to keep him from his periodical fits of drinking), "and though I beg a glass of brandy for Christ's sake, they won't give it me." That man became a sober man and died a Christian. The best way to speak with effect to the drunkard is, after having spoken of him to God in prayer. You may have to tell him painful truths. Do as Samuel did, when at the Lord's bidding, he had to reprove and sentence Saul. He cried unto God all night, and then went to Saul in the morning. Do not speak to the poor victim in the angry tone that says plainly—"You will not give me the pleasure of reforming you." Think of his soul, its value in Christ's sight, the grace that saved you, and the long suffering of God with you, and so be gentle and patient with him.

Be good humoured to your opponents. There are times you know when people may be answered according to their folly. They will bid you drink and be strong. Ask them would they have you stronger than elephants and lions—all water-drinkers. They will tell you of their lively spirits at night, when you mope. Remind them how men are merry in wine and cross after it, “jolly good fellows every one” in the back parlour of the tavern at night, and crabbed and crusty in their room next day. There is nothing to prevent one telling the truth, you know, laughingly. “Well,” said a lady to an abstainer, “you teetotalers are the most unsociable things in the world.” “No,” he said, “mile-stones are worse, for you never see two of them together, but we have most delightful Temperance meetings, to which I invite you.”

5. And, dear young friends, *be hopeful*. The battle with this temptation and sin will end yet, and end in victory to your side. You may not see it, but that is no reason for not fighting, any more than for not giving to missions. An American minister once said of slavery, “It is an institution, and we can’t get rid of it with a whistle.” Like slavery, intemperance is a bad institution, and it will, like slavery, be got rid of yet.

We have all an interest in its overthrow. How it desolates the churches! I knew of a communicant being slain by one who sat at the same communion-table with him. The cause of quarrel was suggestive. They disputed at a fair about a tobacco pipe. (If you have not learned to smoke, you will be as well without that accomplishment, which sometimes prepares the way for drinking.) The politician has an interest in it. He has to provide for feeding the paupers, punishing the criminals, and guarding the lunatics intemperance makes. The doctors have an interest in it, for if it provides them patients, it kills them off all too soon. Parents have an interest in it. I know the father whose wife was burned to death in drink, whose son I have seen in raging madness. “Foolish fellow!” he said to me, “he does not know when to stop as I do.” “And do you taste it?” I said. “Yes, I take a couple of glasses every day—not a drop more.” And so the hard-headed, phlegmatic man had held his ground on the inclined plane down which the weaker wife and child went to ruin before his eyes. Every child has an interest in this question. “Don’t go, papa, please don’t go,” entreated a little fellow of his father—a gentleman, as he followed him down the avenue, and held his hand, and at length kept him from the hotel, where he spent too many of his evenings, drinking. Child as he was, he was old enough to see the tears of his mother, and to connect them with his father’s absence. You are young. You are free. You have no enslaving habits to break off. You have life before you. Oh! young friends, go to work with a will. Christ and His truth must triumph over Satan and sin. The battle is going on, and you are in it. You only ask a fair field and no favour; and so you have rolled the whiskey-barrel out of your way. Ask grace to help others. Be aggressive. You are not to exist like vegetables, but to live like men and women, doing good to all as you have opportunity. Once I saw a father and his fair young

daughter on the street together. It was market day, and the street was full. He was reeling, and unable to stand. She tried, poor thing, again and again to raise and help him, but in vain. Blushing scarlet, she tried again, and the grotesque helplessness of the wretch led some of the bystanders to laugh. The girl, mortified and helpless, dropt his arm, burst into tears, and ran from the place to hide her shame and vexation. I could have wept with her. How could she honour and obey that parent? How could she learn from him the ways of purity and holiness? But the day will come when such scenes shall not be. Do all you can, young friends, to bring it in. Never lose a suitable opportunity for showing on what side you are. Work, and love, and pity, and labour, and pray. Get daily strength from the holy and blessed Master, in whom alone you trust for pardon and life, and go out and in among men as His disciples. Be self-denying, energetic, and patient. The day will come when, side by side with the Almighty Victor, you shall survey the spoils He wins, and say, "Through His grace, I too fought for these."

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amid the clouds at even :

"Our Father," breathed a voice below,

"Our Father who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,

Those infant words were given ;

"Our Father," angels sang aloud—

"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground

That childlike voice did pray ;

"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound

Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,

That lisping love implores ;

"Thy will be done," the angelic throng

Sing from the heavenly shores.

"For ever," still these lips repeat,

Their closing evening prayer ;

"For ever," floats, in music sweet,

High 'midst the angels there.

THE PLEDGE OUR SHIELD.

"Oh ! Genie, come out into the garden just as quick as you can ; we are all waiting for you. Do come, Genie !"

"What do you want now? I never saw such a bother as girls are—I don't see what they were made for!"

"O fie! Aren't you ashamed now? You know girls are a great deal nicer than you great, dirty, noisy, stupid, ugly, tormenting boys—always teasing us, tearing up our dolls, drowning our kittens, and 'boo'-ing at us. But do come, Eugene."

"O yes; you can't get along at all without us 'great, noisy, tormenting boys, after all, can you? What do you want now? A swing tied up, or a clothes-line telegraph, or a Canary bird buried, or something of that kind, I'll warrant. No, I sha'n't run and wait on you girls any longer, and you may just run back as fast as you came, Miss Gertrude."

"There now, Genie, how stingy you are! It isn't play at all. We are going to have a nice Band of Hope, and you are to be Secretary and Treasurer. Everybody will join, and we will have such grand times, singing and speaking pieces—you shall speak 'Excelsior' the first piece. Come, Genie."

"You've got it all cut and dried, haven't you? What else are you going to do?"

"O, we shall go on picnics and excursions, and have prizes and medals, and all take the *Youth's Temperance Visitor*, and learn the pieces, and write to 'Uncle John,' and perhaps he will come up and visit us some time."

"But what is the object of the organization?—picnics, prizes, and good times, and all that?"

"No; you know better. They all sign a pledge not to drink any liquor, nor swear, nor use tobacco, so they will grow up good men, without any bad habits."

"O—o! Sign a pledge! There, go away, Gertrude; I want to write my composition, and I haven't got a subject yet. I think I will write about 'Feminine Vanity.'"

"Why, Genie, won't you join?"

"No, Gertrude; I don't believe in your Temperance pledges and Band of Hope pledges. I believe that if a man can't keep from drinking without a pledge, he can't with. No man of any mind would be foolish enough to stoop to such girl's play as that."

"O, Genie; only think how many poor men have been saved from a drunkard's grave by the Temperance Pledge! And if all the boys should promise not to drink or use tobacco, they wouldn't get an appetite for such things, and it wouldn't be so hard for them to refrain from them."

"Well, you've bothered me long enough. I want to write my composition."

Little Gertrude Clare went back to her companions in the summer-house with a very disappointed countenance. Her brother was one of those boys who take a great deal of pride in being boys, and think they have a "natural born" right to snub, and be cross-grained towards, their sisters. Sometimes they out-grow this disagreeableness, and sometimes it clings to them all through life, and makes them bad-tempered, disgusting men. There is nothing in the world more beautiful than to see brothers and

sisters kind and obliging and attentive to each other. Eugene Clare was not an ill-natured boy; he was willing enough to do his sisters any little favour, but he took pleasure in being provoking, and talking large, and teasing them.

When Gertrude had gone, a voice from behind the heavy damask curtain of the oriel window said

“Come here a minute, Eugene.”

The young bravo was a little startled, and a very little chagrined, to find that his Uncle Charles had been a listener to this little colloquy between himself and his sister; but he assumed an air of brave unconcern, and went to him.

Captain Charles Sherburne shoved his nephew a chair, and said he was tired of his paper, and wanted somebody to talk with.

“I guess Ed. is in the parlour,” said Eugene evasively.

“I wouldn’t disturb him,” responded his Uncle; “you are not very busy, are you?”

“Not very; only my composition.”

Eugene was in no mood to have a chat with his shrewd sailor uncle.

“Oh, bother the composition,—I’ll help yon with that. Sit down, and I will tell you a story that will make a capital theme.”

“I wish you would, Uncle Charles. It is a terrible trial to write composition. Tell me something about foreign countries, uncle.”

“Well, I will. Let me think—yes, that was when I commanded the Ocean Queen, and a queenly craft she was, too. We were in the port of Melbourne, Australia; we had had an uncommonly rough spell of weather, and all hands were pretty well used up when we got in. There was one youngster aboard, Johnny Glenn, that I had always taken a liking to, because he had no noisy, blustering ways, like most of the crew, and was always kind and obliging. We all went up to the American House, and I was sitting on the piazza outside the bar-room, when I heard the loud, well-known voice of Bill Duff say, ‘Two brandy smashes, old Rosy!’ I looked in at the window and saw that Johnny Glenn was his companion. I felt sorry to see him there, for Bill was a reckless sort of fellow, though good hearted as anybody in the world. But I was glad to hear Johnny say,

“Not any for me, Bill; I don’t take anything.”

“Not a little brandy after this tough spell? Nonsense, John! you can’t do without it.—Make it half water, and a plenty of sugar.”

“No, not for me, Bill; I have promised not to touch it—don’t ask me again. I’ll tell you all about it some time.”

Johnny came out and sat down by the window, and leaned his head on his hand, and I saw him take out his red silk handkerchief and wipe away a tear. Presently Bill came and took a seat beside him, wiped his mouth and said,

“Now for that yarn, John, while they are getting supper ready.”

Johnny’s voice trembled a little at first, as he responded,

“My mother was a widow, and when I first went to sea, it was to earn money for her—we were very poor, and she had to sew so hard,

and I was the only boy. She didn't want me to go, at first, but I had such a love for the great, broad, free ocean, that she gave her consent. The night before I went on board the ship, she talked with me most all night about the dangers and temptations of a sailor's life, and implored me to beware of strong drink, and everything that was low and degrading. Oh, Bill, how she talked to me that night! I told her that I was willing to make her any promise she might wish, and asked her to write a pledge and let me sign it; and she wrote one—I told her to put in tobacco—and she laid it in the family Bible, and I signed it there. I remember that the Bible was open at the place where it says something about—‘I was my father's son; tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.’ We went up the Mediterranean that voyage, and brought home a cargo of wines, and when I laid my first wages in my mother's hand, and told her that my lips had never been stained by wine nor tobacco, nor any strong drink, nor profanity, I think, Bill, that was the happiest hour of my life. I was at home a month, and when I parted from my mother again, my last words, sealed with her parting kiss, were, ‘I shall keep that pledge till I see you again, mother.’ I got home, but I didn't see her Bill—she was in heaven—but I have kept the pledge, and if ever I see her, I can tell her that I've always kept it. You won't ask me to break it, will you, Bill?”

Bill blew his nose and tried to say, “No,” then he made an attempt to say, “supper is ready,” but his voice quite failed him, and he left the room very suddenly.

Johnny was looking up at the stars, thinking of his angel mother, and was quite startled when I put my hand on his shoulder and said,

“God will never forsake one who honors the memory of his mother.”

“I have often heard men say,” continued Captain Sherburne, “that there was something weak and womanish in signing a pledge, but I thought then there could be nothing nobler than the sublime manner in which Johnny Glenn resisted the temptation at the bar in Melbourne. The pledge was his shield from all the arrows of temptation, wherever he went;—and all boys have dear friends whose hearts are made glad when they pledge themselves against all that intoxicates, or degrades them. There, that will do for one piece of composition. See what you can make of it.”

Eugene walked away, but not to his writing. He went out through the long hall into the garden, where the girls were still plotting their good work and building all sorts of fantastic castles in the air, when a strange noise, like the cry of a hurt cat, in the rear of the summer-house and very near, made them all scream with fright.

Gertrude cried out,

“O dear! it's that good-for-nothing Eugene! He won't let us take a minute's peace. Go away, Genie, and let us alone. You won't help us, nor let us have a chance to do anything ourselves.”

“I thought you wanted me to come out here. You were teasing my life out half an hour ago.”

“Well, you said you wouldn't have anything to do with it; so now we don't want you out here.”

"But, supposing I have changed my mind?"

"O, now, Genie. have you?" "Will you?" "Are you going to join?" chorused the little band of enthusiasts, gathering round him.

"Yes," replied he, "I'll join," and join he did.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S LECTURE ON POLAND, IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

This distinguished preacher has again favoured the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union with a Lecture on behalf of its funds. He chose as his subject, "Poland," and, to illustrate it, a series of very admirable Dissolving Views were prepared under the supervision of Mr. W. J. Haynes. Tuesday evening, the 16th, was fixed for the lecture, and for some time before the hour of admission the large portico and area in front of the Tabernacle were filled by a large concourse of persons, both old and young. Shortly after the opening of the doors every available seat in the immense building was occupied. The children, to the number of six hundred, sat in the seats behind the platform, and with their lively, pleasant faces, presented a beautiful picture. They were trained and conducted, as usual, by Mr. F. Smith, and both leader and children afforded great satisfaction to the delighted audience. The pieces sung in the course of the evening were:—"Bright Prospects," "God Speed the Right," "Kind Words," "Keeping the Pledge," "Beautiful Zion," "Come let us Sing of Jesus," and "God bless the Prince of Wales."

When the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon appeared on the platform he was accompanied by the Rev. H. Allen, D.D., and G. W. M'Cree; Edmond Beales, Esq., the President of the National Polish League, J. R. Taylor, Esq., Deputy-judge Payne, W. J. Haynes, Esq., and other friends of Religion, Temperance, and Liberty.

The Rev. Lecturer detailed the history, constitution, present condition, and wrongs of Poland in a most powerful manner, and greatly moved the immense audience.

The Committee of the Union were greatly indebted to the Marquis of Townsend for having promised to preside, but he having, unfortunately, been prevented by illness, his place was most ably supplied by Edmond Beales, Esq.

Deputy-judge Payne kindly obliged the Committee by moving a united vote of thanks to Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Beales, and the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, for its use on the occa-

sion. The motion was seconded by Mr. Haynes, the treasurer of the Union, and immediately adopted by the audience in the most enthusiastic manner.

As the audience paid for admission, the funds of the Union will be largely aided by the proceeds.

Before leaving the building, the children sung the National Anthem with great effect, and thus brought a splendid demonstration to an impressive close.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

MR. W. B. AFFLECK.—During the month, the Committee of the Union have been most reluctantly compelled to accept the resignation of their esteemed agent, Mr. W. B. Affleck, who, whilst he has been lecturing and working in connection with the Society, had won for himself a good name amongst all with whom he came in contact. The cause of this is the ill health of Mr. Affleck, who thought that a work with less fatiguing travelling, &c., would conduce to his becoming stronger. The best wishes of the committee go with our esteemed friend.

MR. W. BELL has been lecturing during the past month at the following places:—Ulles-Relf, Batley, Yorkshire, Hull, Bradford, &c.

MR. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Lambeth Baths, four times; Cromer Street Chapel; Leicester Square; Wesleyan Chapel, Lock's Fields; Great Hall, Westminster; Grange Road, Bermondsey; Barnsbury Chapel; Denmark Street; Albion Hall; Old Milestone, City Road; Barbican Chapel; Deverell Street; Liverpool Road; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Kentish Town; Paddington; Commercial Road; Deptford; and Forest Hill. He has also preached eight sermons and addressed two Sunday schools.

MR. T. OXLEY CHAPMAN.—We are glad to be enabled to inform our readers, that the Committee of the Union have engaged this gentleman, for the special work of visiting Sunday Schools, with a view of urging upon the officers and teachers the importance of forming Bands of Hope in connection with their schools. On Sunday, Feb. 21st, Mr. Chapman, accompanied by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, commenced this important work, and met with the most kind and courteous receptions at the schools they visited. Mr. Chapman has during the month also attended several meetings, &c.

MR. WILLIAM LAY has attended at the following places:—East Lane, Walworth; Bloomsbury Chapel; Gospel Hall, Brackley street, twice; Deptford School Room; Pond Place, Chelsea; Fox and Knot Court; Metropolitan Tabernacle; Moor Street, Five Dials; Meadow Road; Lambeth Road, three times; Approach Road, Hackney; Marlborough Chapel; Lewisham; Peckham.

MR. FREDERIC SMITH, during February, was principally engaged in

training the choir which sang on the occasion of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Lecture, but also attended the following meetings:—The Westminster Baths; City Gospel Hall, Golden Lane; Oakland's Chapel, Shepherd's Bush; Spa Fields Chapel; Offord Road, Caledonian Road; Haverstock Hill; and Sheerness.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL AGENT'S FIRST REPORT.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

SIR,—I beg to forward you an epitome of my first day's labour as Sunday School Agent for the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

On the morning of Sunday, the 21st instant, I met the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, at his house, according to previous appointment. He suggested that the best way to commence operations would be by simply calling at the schools, and leaving with their respective superintendents or secretaries a selection of Band of Hope literature, for distribution among the teachers, who would thus have the subject brought fully under their notice. In this I concurred, and after prayer for a blessing on our new effort to further the cause of temperance and religion, we went forth together, and visited the schools connected with the five undermentioned places of worship:—*Church of England*:—District Church, Regent square, Gray's inn road, Rev. Thomas Nolan, Minister; St. George's, Bloomsbury, Rev. Emilius Bayley, Minister. *Baptist*:—Arthur Street Chapel, Frederick street, Gray's inn road, Rev. Dr. Wills, Pastor; Henrietta Street Chapel, Regent square, Mr. W. R. Vines, Pastor. *Scottish Free Church*:—Regent square, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Minister. In each school we met with a very kind and courteous reception, and their respective officers readily undertook the distribution among the teachers of the various publications which we left with them. I was requested by the superintendent of one school to address the children next Sunday afternoon, and was invited by another to meet the teachers at their Monthly Tea Meeting also, on Sunday next, when I should have an opportunity of bringing the subject of Bands of Hope before them. I need scarcely add that I gladly accepted both these offers.

In the afternoon I visited at the following schools:—*Wesleyan*:—Great Queen Street Chapel, Lincoln's inn fields. *Baptist*:—Little Wilde street Chapel, Lincoln's inn fields, Rev. Christopher Woollacott, late Pastor. *Congregational*:—Fetter Lane Chapel, Holborn, Rev. R. G. Harper, Pastor. I was cordially received by the superintendents. I regret however to say, that two of these schools formerly had Bands of Hope connected with them, but which have been given up solely for the want of conductors. In the one case the conductor having removed to a distance, no one else could be got to supply his place; and in the other, the Band of Hope (a very good one) was carried on by the superintendent of the Sunday school for a long time, and then by the Pastor, who continued it until his increasing duties compelled him to give it up, since which time it has ceased to exist. In both these instances, the superintendents appeared to be very anxious for their re-establishment—the want of efficient conductors being the sole obstacle in each case. I will not com-

ment upon these facts, but will leave them with your thoughtful readers. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

Upwards of 180 copies of the following publications were given away during the day:—"Band of Hope Record;" "Eighth Annual Report;" "Bands of Hope and Sunday Schools," by W. M. Symons; "Why are Ragged Schools Necessary?" by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree; and "Lights and Shades of London," by the same author.

May the richest success crown this humble effort to save the little ones from the parent vice of our land, is the prayer of yours obediently,

T. O. CHAPMAN, *Sunday School Agent.*

GLEANINGS.

SLAVERY OF INTEMPERANCE.—The sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves he is approaching the judgment-seat in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit clanks his chain, and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulph opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again!" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant who never pities, and never relaxes his iron grasp.—*Lyman Beecher, D.D.*

STRONG DRINK IN SOUTH AFRICA.—You will be sorry to hear that the natives in this part of the country are acquiring a liking for that curse of civilization, strong drink. There is a little village about six miles from this, and, though small, it contains a canteen (or hotel tap), the proprietor of which, and others resident in the village, do not scruple to sell brandy to the natives; nay, they glory in the immense profits they are making out of them. A little while ago it came to my knowledge that four young men, who are on trial for membership in the church, had begun to drink brandy. I took up the matter immediately, called a meeting, and addressed them most earnestly on the subject, pointing out the evils to which the habit would lead them, what I witnessed of its effects in England, how it had almost annihilated some aboriginal tribes in other lands, &c., and then appealed to them to leave it off, and to enter into a solemn pledge that they would never touch it again. This they all did. I was very sorry to hear the other day, that another young man of my station who bears an excellent character, though not a member of the church, had been to the village referred to above, to sell a horse, for which he got £6. This money he spent in certain goods, and in getting drunk. He started homewards with the goods on his wagon, arrived here still intoxicated, but discovered that all his goods were gone. The probability is, that he had driven so carelessly, that one article after

another had fallen to the ground without his knowledge. I hope it will prove a useful lesson to him. One of the most respectable Fingoe chiefs in my circuit has given way to drink, and I fear will soon lose his good character. Thus our efforts for good are almost nullified by the unprincipled conduct of our own fellow countrymen.—*Extract from a Letter from the Rev. Arthur Briggs, Wesleyan Missionary, dated Wittebergen, South Africa, July 27th, 1863, and published in the Wesleyan Missionary Paper.*

A GOOD RULE.—My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success.—*John Hunter.*

COMIC SINGERS.—A few weeks since a popular comic singer, well known at the London music-halls, leaped from his bedroom window under the influence of *delirium tremens*, and was killed on the spot. This week the papers record the death of another man, also a “music-hall professional,” who spent £1, a week, and drank another pound’s worth, which produced “delirium,” and caused his death.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—It is mentioned in Robert’s Life of Hannah More, that in 1783, that Lady sat next to Dr. Johnson at a dinner party at the Bishop of Chester’s house. She says, “I urged him to take a little wine.” He replied, “I can’t drink a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.”

LET’S TAKE A DRINK.—“Come in, Joe, and let’s take a drink.” “Thank ye, Thomas, can’t afford it.” “Well, but I’ll pay for it.” “Oh, I’m not thinking of the money.” “What then.” “Loss of health and energy; for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up-hill business to work steadily on under liquor. It does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, want more, and become reckless, and that’s why I can’t afford it, so here’s home to dinner.”

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—I trust everything under God—to habit; upon which in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed reliance. Habit makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of our lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—of carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Lord Brougham.*

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. SAMUEL COULING, Scarborough.

Mr. D. B. HOOKE, Jun., Bath.

Mr. J. P. HUTCHINSON, Darlington.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

OUR COUNTRY'S HOPE.

Some one has pithily, and we think wisely, said, that "the Band of Hope is our country's hope" and, in a teetotal point of view, this is quite true. In the young, the bone and sinew, the brain and muscle, of our movement are bound up. It is they who will have to fight the future battles, and claim and enforce the future charters of our mighty movement. It is said that whenever Trebonius, the tutor of Martin Luther, appeared in the presence of his boys, he uncovered his head, and made a bow. He gave as a reason for so doing, that he knew not what embryo great men might be standing before him. And truly his pupil, Luther, became one of the world's greatest men. Well, so it may be now. When we stand in the midst of a noisy, unruly, and hard-to-be-governed Band of Hope group, we should try to feel a little reverence for those who will take our places, and continue our work, when the clods of the valley shall cover us. They will become the future pillars and workers in our movement, therefore we hold it true that they are indeed our country's hope.

Our work among them is, moreover, a hopeful work. Many an adult drunkard has grown so confirmed in his habits of intemperance, that when he takes our pledge, and endeavours to walk the way of sobriety, it is altogether such a new, strange, and difficult mode of living, that he gives up his pledge, renounces the principles, and returns to his former evil and debasing habits. It is hard work for him to give up the drink—very hard work; and thus it comes to pass that the temperance workers who have their hearts gladdened by seeing these men signing, very quickly get them saddened by hearing of their falling off. But it is not so with the young. If they become abstainers in early life, and continue so, *the drink appetite* is not formed, consequently they are all the stronger to battle with temptation and carry on the war. The drink and the drink-shop have no attractions for one who has been an abstainer from childhood, or from infancy, as many are. It rather repels him—he turns from it with loathing. The principle of total abstinence is, as it were, become part and parcel of his very being—one of the most powerful associations of his life—and

consequently he stands firm and unmoved in his adherence to the cause. We know, from personal experience, how attachment to the temperance cause grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of one educated from infancy in the principle and practice of total abstinence.

Well, then, in view of all these considerations, it becomes us to address ourselves to the work of marshalling, instructing, and strengthening this mighty young army. We cannot begin too young. It is a mistake to imagine that young boys and girls do not understand our principles. *They do:* and what is more, they appreciate and practice them, to the shame of many who are their seniors in years and wisdom. We can call to mind at this moment several instances in point. We should, at our Band of Hope meetings, and in the home-circle feed them with temperance truth. Some of them will only be able to bear "milk," but others will demand "strong meat," and digest it too.

We should espouse the Band of Hope movement, because each member of a Band of Hope is made a temperance missionary. He carries with him into his home, into the school, and among his play-fellows, temperance truth, which will be sure to bear fruit. And this is one consideration that temperance reformers should never lose sight of. You scarcely ever see a parent denying teetotalism to his child, even though opposed to it himself. He knows that total abstinence is a good thing for his boy—that by fortifying him with this principle, he is all the stronger to go forth on the path of life. And, therefore, it is that many parents, who are antagonistic themselves to the movement, rather than otherwise, encourage their children to join it. Now we must, as it were, steal a march upon these parents. Let the children's minds be stored with teetotal truth, and then send them home to sow it by the fireside, at the table, and in the social circle. Such a practice must ultimately bear a rich harvest.

"What are boys good for?" grumbled a sour old cynic the other day. "To make men of," was the reply. Well, then, it behoves us to see that we make temperance men out of the rising generation. Every society wishing to prosper and continue should look well to this department. Let the Band of Hope be thoroughly organised and maintained, and there will be abundant materials getting ready to swell the ranks of the adult society. It must be obvious to every thinking mind that this is one of the most necessary steps in connection with the working of tee-

totalism, for if no measures be taken to enlist the young under the temperance banner, the cause makes but little progress, if indeed it does not, in course of time, die a natural death. Get all the young to become and remain teetotallers, and drinking and drunkenness will have disappeared in the course of one or two generations. Therefore we hold it to be a duty incumbent upon every true-hearted temperance man and woman, to aid, uphold, and carry forward the Band of Hope movement in every possible way. What Sabbath schools are to the Church of God, Bands of Hope are to the temperance cause; and if we would see our principles perpetuated, our aims carried out, our cause triumphant, and our world made a sober world, let us look well to our Bands of Hope, which are "our country's hope."—*The League Journal*.

DROPS FROM THE CLOUDS v. DROPS FROM THE STILL.

The drops from the clouds in mercies disperse,
 But drops from the still are fraught with a curse.
 The drops from the clouds our comforts increase,
 But drops from the still engender disease.
 The drops from the clouds make earth yield its fruit,
 But drops from the still turn man to a brute.
 The drops from the clouds prolong human life,
 But drops from the still cause bloodshed and strife.
 The drops from the clouds fill rivers and pools,
 But drops from the still turn wise men to fools.
 The drops from the clouds our passions control,
 But drops from the still kill body and soul.

T. W. H.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

We are glad to find that another effort is to be made to close the public houses on the first day of the week. Should any of our readers wish to send a petition to Parliament in favour of such a measure, they will find the following form useful:—

To the Honorable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The Humble Petition of the Inhabitants of— [or Congregation of—
 worshipping in—Church (or Chapel), being Inhabitants of—] *in*
Public [or Town's] *Meeting assembled.*

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That the sale of Intoxicating Drinks on the Sunday is the source of

innumerable evils to the community, and in the highest degree antagonistic to the influence exerted by the Church, the Sunday School, and Christian efforts generally.

That all past legislation which has narrowed the time in which strong drinks might be lawfully sold on the Sunday has proved an immense benefit to the common weal, and demonstrates beyond all doubt that a further reduction of the hours of sale would be a proportionate gain to moral and social order.

That the glaring anomaly of legalizing the sale, on the Sunday, of an article so inimical to the sacred objects of that day, whilst traffic in useful things is (most properly) forbidden, is a reproach to our national character and consistency, and the interests of our common Christianity demand its immediate removal.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your Honorable House to enact a Law for prohibiting the sale of Intoxicating Liquors between the hours of Eleven o'Clock on Saturday Night and Six o'Clock on Monday Morning, except to Travellers and Lodgers.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

That there is an immense current of popular sentiment in favour of Sunday Closing is well known to us. For Mr. Somes's Bill there were petitions and signatures as follows:—

	Petitions.	Signatures.
From Inhabitants of Cities, Towns, and Parishes ...	1,970 ...	573,824
Town's Meetings	20 ...	532
Other Public Meetings	117 ...	2,411
Religious Congregations and Societies	2,333 ...	242,921
Sunday and Ragged-school Teachers, and Elder Scholars	475 ...	28,605
Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope ...	168 ...	16,807
Females only	110 ...	19,427
Working Men and Women	80 ...	17,076
Licensed Victuallers and Beersellers	94 ...	1,772
Boards of Guardians and Justices of the Peace	16 ...	52
Waiters at Hotels, &c.	2 ...	552
Town Councils	8 ...	8
Total	5,393 ...	903,987

AGAINST it they were as follows:—

	Petitions.	Signatures.
From Operatives, Tradesmen, and others	70 ...	173,850
Licensed Victuallers	44 ...	7,851
Inhabitants	27 ...	33,985
Benefit Societies	87 ...	328
Town Meetings	2 ...	2
Beersellers' Public Meeting	1 ...	1
Total	231 ...	216,017

In support of this measure some noble subscriptions have

been given. From a goodly list we select the following names and sums :—

J. A. Wade, Hull	(for 3 years)	£150	0	0
John Cropper, Liverpool	do.	150	0	0
John Priestman, Bradford	do.	150	0	0
Joseph Somes, M.P.	do.	150	0	0
E. S. Ellis, Leicester	do.	150	0	0
Edward Pease, Darlington	do.	75	0	0
E. Whitwell, for himself and Kendal	do.	90	0	0
C. E. Darby, Wrexham	do.	50	0	0
John Jowett, Leeds	do.	50	0	0
James Barlow, Bolton	do.	50	0	0
Wm. Morris, Manchester	do.	50	0	0
John Guest, Rotherham	do.	30	0	0
E. B. W. Balme, Mirfield	do.	25	0	0
J. Shields, Durham	do.	15	0	0
B. Wilson, Mirfield	do.	5	0	0

We trust that our readers will help this great movement, and do what may be possible to give to Englishmen A SOBER SUNDAY.

SCENES IN LONDON.

“ I will just tell you what I saw in two hours. I went out to visit on a summer's afternoon ; I walked into a court, and there I saw a man who had got drunk in a beershop sitting on the pavement outside. I gave him in charge of a friend, and sent him home. Now, that house did not lose its license because it made that man drunk—oh ! no. Well, I walked on, and by and by I saw a woman come out of another house drunk, and a policeman came, and dragged her off to the station. Another woman then appeared, and I spoke to her, and she mumbled out some reply and passed on. I next came upon another woman in the midst of a crowd gesticulating violently, and threatening some one, when suddenly a door opened and a brawny arm shot out and struck her on the face, and she reeled across the court. A play actor told me that they had these fights three or four times every day. I passed on and entered a house. There were two boys playing on the stairs ; I spoke kindly to them—for depend upon it there is nothing like kindness in such cases, the pompous style won't do. They said their mother was dead, but their father was out selling chairs, and they lived down stairs. I said I would go down, and went with them. I went into a dark miserable cellar, the walls of which were greasy, and very dirty. There was no table, but there was an old dresser, and the boy told me that it was the only bed they had, and on it slept his father, three brothers, and himself. Well, I took the boy and sent him to the house, put a pair of new shoes and a clean blouse on him, and you may guess how proud he was as he kept looking first at one foot and then the other as he stood in his class. I afterwards saw the father of the children, and asked him the cause of all the misery his family now were suffering. It's the drink, sir,

he replied, shaking his head, and I should have been surprised had I got any other answer. But is it not lamentable, that whenever you find a scene like that, it is always the drink. But to re-sume my visiting: I passed on to another street, and, on turning the corner, I met a woman with a child in her arms staggering along towards me. She was not drunk, but she and her child were covered with blood. I asked her what had done that? My husband, sir. And what made him do it? She replied, fifteen months ago he came home drunk, and, seizing my child, thrust it behind the fire. To-day he came home in the same state, and swore he would do the same again. I was afraid he would, and I would not let him have the child; so he seized the poker and slashed me with it on the head. She put back her hair, and showed me a gaping wound, and that is what I saw in two hours. All that amount of wickedness proceeded from the public sale of intoxicating drink."—*From a Lecture, entitled "Lights and Shadows of London," by the Rev. G.W. M Cree.*

THE HISTORY AND RESULTS OF BANDS OF HOPE IN BRADFORD.

By ISAAC PHILLIPS.

[A Paper Read at Ebenezer School]

The first Band of Hope in Bradford was formed at Southgate Hall, in 1848; and early in 1850, three of the teachers in Sion Sunday School, having heard of the formation and success of Bands of Hope in Leeds, resulting from the labours of the Rev. J. Tunnicliffe and others, felt a desire to form a society in connection with their own school. Having secured the sanction of the teachers at a quarterly meeting, they at once convened a meeting of the scholars. 300 cards of membership, and a quantity of pledges, were at once obtained and presented by Mr. W. Cannan, who we are glad to say still lives to promote the glorious cause he then espoused.

One of the three, Mr. John Clark, has long since gone to his rest, and we may truly say, "his works do follow him."

The other, through Divine mercy, has been spared to labour in the good work, and is humbly contributing this paper to-night.

The friends at Sion, not deeming themselves sufficient for the work, depended on the aid of Temperance Students at Horton College, and as their engagements prevented them from regularly attending the meetings, a suspension of the work took place for a short time.

In the meantime, Mr. John Holmes, then an active member of the Temperance Society, at the Central Rooms, Cheapside, formed a society. At his first meeting there were only 6 children—3 boys and 3 girls. Every meeting night witnessed a large increase in numbers, and in a short time the room became crowded.

In May, 1851, Mr. Charles Ordish, an earnest worker in the cause of temperance, (and now engaged in the same work in Liverpool) with other kindred spirits, commenced a similar work at Tetley street Baptist school,

which prospered greatly. The work was resumed at Sion with much success. Bands of Hope were formed in quick succession at Westgate and Bethel school. The cause steadily progressed, and other societies were established at Westgate Free Church, Park Lane, College, Cambridge Place, Great Horton, Ebenezer, West End, and Trintty; and more recently at Lister Hills, Bedford Street, Little Horton, Croft Street, New Leeds Baptist, and the Friends' Schools. At most of the places the work was conducted by good men and true, and much success attended their labours.

We are sorry to have to add that at Bethel, Westgate Free Church, and Lister Hills, the work was not persevered in, and, therefore, operations have ceased. At Cambridge Place also, the friends having laboured under many difficulties, deemed it necessary to discontinue the work for a season; and at Croft Street, in consequence of some internal disruption, the society has broken up.

It is pleasing, however, to know that a large number of the members remain faithful to their pledges, and many of them have connected themselves with other Bands of Hope. We cannot here enter into the particular workings of the separate societies, but may say that at many places the cause has not only been sustained under great difficulties, but has greatly prospered.

At no place is this more evident than at Great Horton, where a mighty influence has been exerted, and a glorious change taken place, through the devoted labours of the friends there, under the most trying circumstances. In 1851, a few of the leading friends of the movement met together to consider the propriety of forming an Union; when it was determined to invite all the Bands of Hope to unite in one bond for more general action and mutual aid, to which all gave a hearty response. Thus the present Union commenced in much human weakness, but having truth on its side, and God for its helper, it has won its widening way till the present. It now occupies a prominent position among the organizations of the town, instituted for the good of our fellow creatures. It has provided recreation for the young, by means of trips, galas, processions, &c., and instruction and pleasure, by united gatherings, to listen to addresses and the sweet strains of music. Under its management, many meetings of Sunday school teachers have been held, when the claims of Bands of Hope have been urged by ministers and gentlemen devoted to the cause. The first of these meetings, we will venture to say, has seldom been surpassed for moral influence; when in March, 1854, not less than 3,000 Sunday school teachers, and 1,000 other persons, from the town and surrounding villages, assembled in St. George's Hall, to listen to the glowing appeals of the Revs. J. P. Chown and B. Wood, the late Alderman Beaumont, E. Kenion, Esq., and others. And permit us to name, not to remind you of, (for it will not soon be forgotten) the glorious gathering in St. George's Hall, on the 27th of Jan. last, when we had the pleasure of listening to the glowing eloquence of Mr. Chown, and the exquisite music of 400 voices from the Bands of Hope.

In 1855, the Union published several thousands of copies of a tract,

entitled "A Plea for Bands of Hope," written by Mr. J. Burton, then of Bradford, now of Nottingham; and in the early part of the present year 10,000 tracts of statistics, by a member of the committee, were published by the Union. They have also published three editions of the "Juvenile Melodist," the aggregate number of copies being 50,000. The Union has been instrumental in forming many Bands of Hope in the surrounding villages, and has furnished much information on the subject to friends in remote parts.

In August, 1861, a beautiful drinking fountain was erected, under the auspices of the Union, at a cost of £200—a great portion of which was contributed by the members of the Bands of Hope.

The first president of the Union was Mr. W. Akam, a gentleman whose name will be honoured as long as the present generation live. The same office has been filled by Messrs. I. Phillips, W. Firth, E. Carter; and for the last few years, the Rev. H. J. Betts has honourably held that important office.

The secretaries have been Messrs. R. Newbould, M. Field, J. Wilson, J. Burton, J. Proctor, G. Soppitt, I. Phillips, A. Liversedge, W. L. G. Hutchinson, and T. Cox.

In August, 1862, the committee feeling that the amount and importance of the work called for the labours of an agent, engaged Mr. W. S. Bray, to devote part of his evenings in the furtherance of the cause. In Mr. Bray the Union has found a faithful and devoted worker. It has been his duty to collect subscriptions and attend to the general business of the Union. In all these matters he has given the most entire satisfaction.

Since the commencement of the movement in Bradford, it is computed that 6,000 meetings have been held, at which, at least, 12,000 addresses have been delivered. The art of singing has been largely cultivated, in which many have become proficient. As well as instilling into the minds of the children the principles of temperance, every virtue and excellence has been enforced upon them. At most of the meeting places, it has been the custom to open or close the meetings with prayer.

Thus we have glanced at the history of Bands of Hope in Bradford, very briefly and imperfectly it is true. It must be seen, however, that a great agency has been in operation. It now remains for us to speak of the results; and in looking at such a subject, we feel disposed to be silent, except to exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things?" None but the Almighty fully knows all the good that has resulted from the instrumentality made use of. These results not only affect time, but will extend through eternity. We may, however, be permitted to gaze on a few shells on the shore, while the treasures of the ocean must remain hid from our view. There are at present, in connection with our Bands of Hope, 4,000 young people who abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, a vast proportion of whom, unguarded by temperance, would doubtless become victims to the prevailing vice of drunkenness. It is supposed that at least 4,000 more have passed through our Bands of Hope, and grown into manhood and womanhood, a large number of whom have

kept their early vows. Many have removed to other parts of the country, and are carrying on the good cause in which they have been so much blessed themselves. More than 40 have gone to other lands, and it is pleasing to know that in several cases, they have established Bands of Hope in the lands of their adoption. One has obtained a government office, and many others have risen to positions of honour and trust. There are at present from 500 to 600 Sunday school teachers, who have been and are at present, members of our Bands of Hope; and from 450 to 500 have joined christian churches. Several are secretaries of Sunday schools, librarians, and directors of penny savings' banks. More than 20 are occasional preachers of the gospel; 5 have gone to college to study for the ministry, and 2 have become pastors of churches. We know of several cases where members of Bands of Hope have been instrumental in reclaiming their parents who had become clothed in rags and maddened by drink, who are now clothed well, and in their right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Space could not be allotted us here, neither would time permit to speak of individual cases that would both be interesting and encouraging. Doubtless, many such will be known by all present. The foregoing is sufficient to show that a great work has already been accomplished.

We may be asked, are you sure that all these cases are the results of Band of Hope labours? We reply, that many of them are directly so, and all are in relation with them.

We would, in turn ask, are you sure that any one case would have been as it is, if the subject of it had not been under Band of Hope influence?

Brethren, we have seen a little of the fruits of our labours; but who shall tell of all the results of the good seed sown broadcast into the youthful soil?—of the blessed words of Divine wisdom that have sunk into the youthful heart, which shall be re-produced and re-produced again, until they be handed down to the remotest time, and shall be consummated in eternity?—Who shall tell of all the happy homes, crowned with plenty, that would otherwise have been the scenes of squalid poverty and destitution?—of all the wealth produced by industrious hands, otherwise idle?—of the saving to the state?—of those who shall live virtuous lives, who would have been pests to society, and dreaded by their neighbours?—of the bright sparks of genius that shall glow with undimmed lustre, that would have been drowned in the intoxicating cup?—of those who are and shall be the joy of their parents, who would have brought their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?—of those who shall live to bless the world by their words of love and acts of kindness, who would otherwise have gone to premature graves?—These are things we shall never fully know, still, there are evidences sufficient to prove it to be a glorious work. A work that the Lord has stamped with his approval, and is crowning with His blessing. It is ours to do our duty, and good results will surely follow. Let us take care how we perform our work, for our influence shall spread far and wide. Just as a stone cast into a waveless lake, sinks to be seen no more, but ruffles to the remotest brink—so our words cast upon the surface of society, shall spread far and wide, to bless or curse, after the tongue that has spoken them lies silent in the grave.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

While walking through London a few days ago, Mr. Hardwidge, the Financial Secretary of the North London Temperance Society, Caledonian road, was casting in his mind how the members of the Society's Band of Hope might find opportunity to turn their singing qualifications to some new and useful account in a charitable channel, and the thought struck him to give an entertainment to the poor inmates of some of the neighbouring unions, upon whose ears the sweet sound of children's fresh tuneful voices so seldom falls. Promptly acting upon this idea, an interview was at once obtained with Mr. Francis, a teetotaler, the respected Master of Holborn Union, touching his opinion as to the feasibility of carrying out the experiment. Encouraged by that gentleman, a further application was made to the board of guardians, who most courteously, through their clerk, sent a letter to Mr. Hardwidge, granting the use of their hall, and thanking him for his offer. The committee of the North London also heartily gave their sanction to this work of charity, and on the evening of Easter Tuesday the aged and young inmates of the above union were gratified by hearing a concert of temperance pieces, some of the pieces written by Mr. Hardwidge, rendered by a choir of 70 picked voices of the North London Temperance Society's Band of Hope, and conducted by their teacher, Mr. Albert Austin. It is but a short time back (Jan. 7,) that this same band, to the number of 50, assisted by a concert the efforts of Mr. Hardwidge to found and inaugurate a new Band of Hope at a neighbouring temperance society, and made such an effective display of their singing qualities that no less than 40 signed the first night, and since then, by assiduity on the part of Mr. Hardwidge and Mr. Austin, its secretary and conductor *pro tem*, 50 more members have joined. It is likely to prove of great usefulness in the neighbourhood of the City road; I allude to the Old Mile Stone Band of Hope. In emulation of this laudable example, will not some of the temperance societies throughout the United Kingdom give their Bands of Hope, wherever permission can be obtained, an opportunity of affording an hour's innocent amusement to some of their poorer brethren, who are shut out as it were from such entertainments?

HOW TO PRESERVE MEMBERS OF BANDS OF HOPE.

1. *Teach them*,—That the principles of true Temperance is nothing novel, but that multitudes of the wise, the great, and the good, in all ages of the world, not only adopted the principle, but also enjoyed life infinitely better, without intoxicating beverages than with them.

2. That the duty of total abstinence from any and every thing that injured a weaker brother, and frustrated the work of God, was a duty taught in the greatest possible plainness in Scripture; and that it is not only their privilege and interest,

but also an obligatory duty, as accountable beings, to pay the most profound regard to its teaching.

3. That man is physically better, and morally safer, by being an abstainer, than a drinker, and that the grand reason why the masses reject the pledge, and the principle of abstinence, is not because truth is not perched upon our banners, but because they themselves are become the slaves of custom, of appetite, and of ignorance.

4. That the promoters of Bands of Hope are not acting from any sinister, selfish, or impure motive, when they are putting forth efforts to try and rescue the rising generation from the degradation and thralldom of drinking customs and habits, but that they were labouring entirely and solely for their good, and that if this object be attained, they deem it ample compensation for all the self-denial, labour, and sacrifice they may make on their behalf.

5. That it is a mark of true greatness, and dignity, to be able to abstain, and perform the duties of life, without that which others consider so essential to their well-being. And that the person who thus denies himself of any gratification, which others are slaves to, are the most true and worthy heroes of our race.

6. That to be consistent teetotallers, we must not only shun the evil, strong drink, but also abstain from all sham drinks, abstaining from every kind of liquor that may lead others to suppose we have the slightest inclination for, and also keep aloof from the company of those who indulge in it.

7. That the secret of being able, hereafter, to stand firm and true to the great principle they profess, depends entirely upon their habits, and the kind of information they strive to acquire. And it is therefore necessary, that every member of the Band of Hope should not only invoke Divine aid, but also learn to read such periodicals as the *Band of Hope Review*, and the *Band of Hope Record* journal regularly.

8. That the conversion of the world to teetotalism, would, to themselves, be an infinite gain; inasmuch as the consumption of grain, fruit, sugar, &c., which is used in the manufacture of strong drink, tended to make such articles of diet, and use, dearer than they otherwise would be, had they been devoted to their right and to their proper purpose.

9. That the dictates of reason, and the laws of the Bible, demanded all who had been blessed themselves, by the adoption of any principle, to do all that lay in their power to recover

and convert others to their belief; it was therefore obligatory upon every member of the Band of Hope to try and induce others to attend public meetings, and other social gatherings, where they will get good.

10. That they should endeavour to attend all meetings held for their enlightenment and good at the exact and proper time, and that the lukewarmness and negligence of other members, who might be absent from the meetings, would be no excuse for them acting in a similar manner.

11. That all mortals who have ever lived a life of self-denial, purity, and uprightness, in this world, have ever been subject to the reproach, and derision, and slander of their fellow-creatures, and that if they themselves ever intend to cleave unto that which is good, they must not expect to find any material difference in old human nature now, to what it has been.

12. That as the principles of total abstinence are based upon the rock of truth, they may be sure that a great reform in the opinions, habits, and practices of society will ultimately be produced; and that if they want to have the approbation of God, and the future gratitude and praise of their fellow-creatures, they must do what they can in their day and generation, to bring about this great, grand, glorious, and desirable event.

AIDS FOR SPEAKERS.

NO BETTER.—"Sam," said a minister to his man-of-all-work, "you must bottle the cask of whisky this afternoon; but as the vapour of the whisky may be injurious, take a glass of it before you begin, to prevent intoxication." Now, Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky; and, having received from his master special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after, the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around. "Oh, Sam," said the master, "you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequences. Rise, Sam, and take a glass yet, it may restore you." Sam, nothing loth, took the glass, and having emptied it, said "Oh, sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've taken, but I'm no better."

A NOBLE CONVERT.—The Hon. and Rev. Lord William Russell stated at a Soldiers' Temperance Meeting in Regent's Park Barracks, that he had practised total abstinence for some time past, and that although an old man he was quite as well without strong drink as with it.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not *cost* much, yet they *accomplish* much. 1. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul; angry words are fuel to the flame of

wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet, and comfort the hearer; they shame him out of his sour, morose, and unkind feelings.

HOW TO RUIN SERVANTS.—The *London Review* has brought to light an abuse which touches the pockets of the nobility and gentry. The statement is, that the fashionable shopkeepers of London have tables laid out in a back room, and covered with the delicacies of the season, for the use of the Jeameses and other upper servants of the aristocracy. One establishment is pointedly alluded to as keeping a cask of wine constantly on draught; no liveried servant can deliver a message without expecting a glass or two of the ruby or golden fluid. Jeames, of course, would take nothing so vulgar as common claret. Jeames couldn't patronize Mr. Gladstone—it isn't fashionable. The cost of this treating comes, of course, by no very circuitous method out of the masters' and mistresses' purse. That drinking should form the soul of this abuse is not astonishing; high life below stairs is proverbially dry, whatever draughts are consumed; and they are not like angels' visits in the sense of being "few and far between"—or in any sense. The intemperance and profligacy of kitchen life in the houses of the rich is an answer to the pretence, that good food and lodging would put drunkenness into the shade.

A DISSIPATED PRINCE.—The Cassel newspapers announce that the affairs of the Prince Frederick Hanan, son of the Elector, have been placed in the hands of trustees, in consequence of the dissipation of the Prince.

OPIMUM AND DRINK.—"The sight of opium-chewers in China is a pitiable one—a sad one—but not so repulsive nor so heartrending as that I once witnessed, in what might be called a public-house, on a summer's afternoon in Stamboul, where the opium-chewers were at work and going on like men possessed with demons, until they subsided into lumps of paralytic imbecility, fagging a year of nature in an hour; neither does it affect one half so much as the glare and misery, the garish display and the ragged brutalised mob, the sun and commotion, the ribald and profane language, or the indecent quarrel and the savage bulldog-like fight, that may, alas! too often be observed by the stranger who traverses our own land, and who at a distance—or we should advise him not to enter—surveys the life at the gin-palaces, the taverns, public-houses, dramshops, and taprooms, decorated by their gay luminous show and superb fittings, to be found in all our great thoroughfares in manufacturing towns and cities, and providing plenty of occupation for the policeman, the gaoler, and the hangman."

THE HEAVENLY CALL.

"My son, give me thy heart."—PROVERBS, c. 23, v. 26.

Floating here—floating there—
 Floating around us everywhere—
 Whispering loud—whispering low—
 To every heart doth a messenger go.
 It cometh to thee, it cometh to me,
 It reacheth the bond, it approacheth the free,
 It calleth the rich, addresseth the poor,
 It pauseth at cottage and palace door,
 And this the word which the message doth speak
 To manhood strong or childhood weak :

Man in thy strength,
 Whoever thou art,
 Or child in thy weakness,
 Give me thy heart !

Whispering there—whispering here—
 Whispering in every human ear—
 Pleading gently—pleading long—
 Unwearied by insult, neglect, and wrong ;
 Still travelleth onward the tireless voice,
 While a viewless form recordeth thy choice.
 Thou may'st not pass it regardless by,
 The summons thus borne from thy King on high :
 Stamped with the seal of his powerful hand,
 Still cometh to thee the solemn command :

Man in thy strength,
 Whoever thou art,
 Or child in thy weakness,
 Give me thy heart !

Kindly given—kindly meant,
 Benevolent is its whole intent ;
 Earnestly spoken—earnestly prest,
 Authority woos thee to make thee blest ;
 Thou may'st have in thy bosom a shadowless peace,
 Thou may'st find from the evils within thee release ;
 An Arm shall support thee, almighty to save,
 To solace thy grief, wrest its power from the grave ;
 Through death thou may'st pass to a deathless abode,
 If obedience thou yield to the call of thy God :

Man in thy strength,
 Whoever thou art,
 Or child in thy weakness,
 Give me thy heart !

Coming again—coming near,
 The summons approacheth, it reacheth thine ear,
 Bending beside thee, bending low,
 A viewless one pauseth thine answer to know;
 He shall bear thy response to the throne on high;
 With thoughtfulness speak as thou makest reply,—
 For the bliss or the woe of numberless years,
 The throbbing of joy or the anguish of tears,
 May be equally poised, may changelessly turn,
 As this message of God thou may'st welcome or spurn :
 Man in thy strength,
 Whoever thou art,
 Or child in thy weakness,
 Give me thy heart!

SOCIAL SHIPWRECKS.

In the grey dusk of the twilight, a ship had been seen far away in the offing, making merrily for the port whither she was bound, and many hearts on board beat high at the thought of meeting, in a short time, with the friends from whom they had long been sundered; but as the night darkened down, the wind gradually swelled into a gale, until at length it blew a hurricane; and before midnight there was little hope that she would live out the storm. Everything was done that the skill and energy and determination of British seamanship could accomplish, but all was vain; and the blue rocket, flying like an ill-omened comet through the air, had scarcely given the signal of distress, when she struck upon a ragged reef, and immediately began to fill. Some noble fellows on the shore had seen the signal, and hastened down to render what help they could, but the darkness was so great, and the storm so furious, that they could do little till the morning dawned, and then it was too late to save them all. About noon we visited the spot, and never shall we forget the scene which then we looked upon. The gale had partially subsided, but the swell still remained upon the sea, and the roar of the surf was absolutely deafening. All around us lay fragments of the wreck which the waves had floated in, and there was an eager crowd of willing workers, anxious to do anything they could to mitigate the sufferings of the poor survivors.

There, with a sad and settled melancholy on his countenance, was the master of the ship, who, seeing all other hope vain, had leaped into the sea, and was saved almost as if by miracle. On one hand the country doctor was seen kindly exerting himself to bring round a sailor who showed some hopeful symptoms of returning life; on the other, friends from the neighbouring farmsteads were reviving with some stimulating cordial the faint feebleness of a passenger who had all but perished; and yonder, in a place by themselves, were the bodies of the dead. And what

a sight was that! The big stalwart man lying side by side with the tender maiden! the mother, with her hand still convulsively clasping her infant child! and the young sailor boy, whose first voyage this had been, and whose heart had been so joyous at the prospect of returning to his mother's home; there they lay, and many more beside them, a ghastly spectacle, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Often since, have the horrors of that day come up before our memory, but never so vividly as when, a few weeks ago, after an absence of ten years, we paid a visit to our native town. No sea, indeed, is visible from its streets—no “stately ships go past it to their haven under the hill”—for it is far inland. Yet, as we walked through its old familiar haunts, we seemed to be stepping over the fragments of human shipwrecks, and all around us lay scattered the sad remains of those who, in the voyage of life, had struck upon the rock of intemperance, and perished among the breakers. As it happened, just at the time of our return, one such case had occurred, which was in the mouths of the whole community, and which was peculiarly saddening to us. A young man, originally of great natural ability, amiable disposition, and good prospects, at whose marriage we had been best man not long before we left our home, had died a victim to strong drink, in circumstances especially distressing. Led away by evil companionship, he had acquired the appetite of the drunkard, and as that grew upon him, his nature became besotted and cruel, so that even his devoted wife was not safe from his assaults. The loss of business, consequent upon his neglect of it, aggravated this evil temper, and eventually he became an habitual tyrant in his house, and an habitual toper out of it. All this preyed upon the spirits of his wife, and dried up the fountain of her life, so that, broken in heart, she died at the birth of her fifth child, and she and her infant were buried in the same coffin. Unappalled by all this, however, he still continued in his evil course, nay, it seemed as if his bereavement only added fuel to the flame of his appetite, for he became worse and worse, until, in the frantic madness of *delirium tremens*, he expired; and in four short months after the death of his wife, her grave was opened to receive his ashes—yes, we say his *ashes*; for strong drink had burned up everything that was combustible within him, and left his body like a blackened ruin. Oh, what a wreck was there! Two young lives, first rendered miserable, and then cut off in the very mid time of their days, and four helpless orphans cast upon the shore, and left to the cold charity of an unfeeling world!

Confronted with this melancholy case on our first arrival, we were naturally led to look around and ask after others whom we remembered, and with some of whom we were formerly acquainted, when, to our utmost horror, we discovered that not a few of them also had perished in the same dreadful manner. We cannot give the particulars of each history; we will simply indicate the separate instances.

H. D., a respectable draper, with a tolerably extensive trade. He was a prosperous man, but addicted to periodical drinking. For a long time it was kept hid from all but his most intimate friends; but death revealed the secret, for who knows not *delirium tremens*? On his gravestone are the words, “aged 45.”

J. R., a somewhat lymphatic young man, who conducted a large carrying business between the town and the western metropolis. He, too, was long unsuspected, but he died with the bottle at his lips, aged 34.

J. W., a baker, who, not contented with a small trade in a country village, came into the town to keep a public-house in connection with a pastry shop. He lived in the business only four years, and died in consequence of drink, at the early age of 38.

R. H., a somewhat prepossessing young man in appearance, who had been waiter at one of the principal hotels, but took up a public-house of his own, and was one of his own best customers—he was in the business some six years, and then died. He too was considerably under 40.

R. F., when I first knew him was a respectable steady man; and though an ostler at one of the hotels, he kept himself aloof for a while from the temptations which beset such a situation. But he did not always resist them—and caught in the whirlpool, he too, was sucked down by the great maelstrom of our life-ocean. He was not over 45, when death overtook him in the same dreadful form as the rest.

J. A., a young man of good education and fair prospects in life, was shopman in a large drapery business; he became addicted to gambling and drinking, and at length enlisted in the Scots Greys. For a while he behaved so well that he was made schoolmaster to the regiment, and a non-commissioned officer; but having fallen again, he was degraded, and when we last heard of him—was a common soldier.

W. S., a student of divinity, who, for intemperance and other kindred vices, was expelled from his class. He enlisted in the army, and our last account of him was that he was suffering imprisonment for desertion, after having been flogged for the same offence.

J. T., a very extensive grain dealer, and a wealthy man, but addicted to intemperance and the sins which usually accompany it. He was comparatively a young man, but died, as every one said, in consequence of his excesses.

R. C., a fine-looking young man; he was long the confidential salesman of his employer, and at length succeeded to his business; but he had not the steady hand to carry the full cup, and fell into dissolute habits—which were all the more hateful because he had married a very excellent lady, possessed both of education and wealth. He went through her means, became a traveller for a large house, then a country draper, and now has left his family, having first taken with him all the money he could lay his hands on. Poor C.—what a wreck thou hast become! and who that saw thee twelve years ago would have dreamed of this!

J. I., a minister's son, who, amidst the temptations of a large city, whither he had been sent, with fair prospects for after life, fell a victim to intemperance, robbed his employer, was imprisoned, and after his liberation went to Australia, a sadder, and we hope a wiser man, to open a new volume of life. May it not be like the former one—blackened with his own sins, and blotted with a parent's tears.

But why need we go on? We could give as many cases more, some

of them to the full as sad as any we have mentioned, and when we have said this, it will not seem strange that, as we paced the streets of the old town after so long an absence, we should have had so powerfully brought back to us those feelings of sickening horror with which we looked that morning upon the colourless corpses which the remorseless sea had cast upon the surf-beaten shore. And yet, after all, such things are common occurrences in the midst of us; and there is not one who reads this, who might not from his own experience, give as long and as dark a catalogue as that which we have here presented.

AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

It was a dark night in the end of November. The rain fell thick and fast—the cold was intense. A young girl fled along one of the wet streets of the dreary city. She had only a thin shawl round her head and shoulders to protect her from the cold. She was very pale and frightened-looking; and no wonder, for she had just come out of one of the brilliantly-lighted “palaces,” which every here and there shed their glare on the dismal town. She never once stopped in her rapid flight till she reached the next palace; this she entered also, but was out again in a moment. On she went through three or four, emerging at last from one more brilliant and noisy than the rest, half dragging, half supporting, a lad, a year or two older than herself, who seemed quite unable to guide his own steps.

“Oh, try and walk, George,” she cried through her tears. “You must come home. Father has fallen off the top of the new houses, and is sore hurt, and mother is in a terrible state.”

Half sobered by this information, the lad went on with her. They soon reached the place which the poor girl called “home.”

It was a poor enough room, but it was perfectly clean, and on the top of a chest of drawers in the corner, there was a well-worn bible, with three or four other books.

On the bed lay the crushed form of, what a few short hours ago, had been a strong man.

George Taylor was a carpenter—a good workman, too—but *he was a drunkard*. He had been employed that day putting up the scaffolding of some new houses. He had drunk a good deal during the afternoon, and in turning to come down, he lost his footing, and fell from a great height. He was quite insensible now, and the doctor had just left, giving no hope of his ever again waking to consciousness. His poor wife bent over the form of her husband, her tears falling fast on his cold hand.

Twenty years before, Martha Taylor had been a young, good-looking girl. She had married against the wishes of all her friends, for even then she knew her husband's fatal habit. For some years after their marriage, her influence had kept him right; but gradually old companions and old habits had resumed their sway, and all her efforts had only enabled her to keep a house over their heads.

To add to her sorrow, her boy—her only son—the child of many

prayers—for she was a good woman—had lately become his father's companion in the evenings, and was, alas, very often in the sad state in which his sister found him that night. He was quite himself now, and much shocked at the father's fearful fate.

The night passed slowly and sorrowfully to the three watchers in that wretched home—it was a night none of them ever forgot.

By the side of his dying father, George made a solemn vow never again to touch or taste what had been the cause of all their grief and trouble, but as far as he could, to be his mother's stay and comfort, a vow which he kept to the end of his life.

The grey morning broke over the city, and found the widow and the orphans kneeling by the side of their dead.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

[An Address, by Mr. A. G. HANDS, a Member of a Band of Hope, at Pucklechurch, near Bristol.]

Mr. Chairman and Friends,—I thought as I sat there, that when one is about to speak in public, he should have something to say, and when he has said it to sit down. At seasons of the year like the present, we often hear of shipwrecks on the sea. The sailors generally provide themselves with life-boats. We often also hear of shipwrecks on land through the use of intoxicating liquor, and to save such we have prepared the Life-boat of Temperance.

Name the first letter in life-boat, L. This letter stands for large, and we are anxious that Parkfield Band of Hope should be a Large Band of Hope. Our population is not large, but we think that there are many children in our neighbourhood who are not connected with our society; you who are members of our society should try and induce others to join. Children may be useful if they set about it in the right way. The young have great influence. The second letter, I. This letter stands for intelligent, and if you desire to be useful, you must be intelligent. An intelligent youth is a noble sight. If you desire to be intelligent on the Temperance question, read such works as the following:—Bachus, by Dr. Grindrod; Anti-Bacchus, by Rev. B. Parsons; the Temperance Cyclopædia, by Rev. William Reid; Morning Dew-drops, by Mrs. Balfour; &c. &c. The great Lord Bacon says, "Reading makes a knowing man." Sir W. Jones, when a boy, was accustomed to ask his mother questions, and she would invariably reply, "read and you will know." If you wish to excel, be intelligent; knowledge is the result of study. The next letter, F, friendly. I wish you to be a Friendly Band of Hope; live as friends, and walk and work

together in unity. The more friendly you are, the more influence for good you will exert upon your youthful companions. The next letter, E. I desire you to be an Eager Band of Hope : I do not want you to be eager to do evil, but eager to do good. When you see any of the members of the Band of Hope lukewarm in the cause of Temperance, be anxious to strengthen them in the good work. When a vessel is ready to be wrecked, you know, the sailors are ready to take out the life-boat, to save the crew and passengers ; and when you see any of your companions led away by drinking intoxicating liquor, be eager.

The letter B. Not only should you be a large, intelligent, friendly, and eager society, but a Bold society, or Band of Hope. If you meet the poor drunkard, put on courage and ask him to sign the pledge. When asked by your companions, don't be afraid to say boldly and fearlessly, that you belong to the "Cold Water Army." Sometimes you may meet with those who would tempt you to break your pledge ; refuse it, and firmly stand to the truth and the path of duty. You, my young friends of the Band of Hope, are in the path of duty, and that only is the path of safety ; from this evening may many others be induced to follow your example. Next letter, O. I want you to be an Orderly Band of Hope. A good man once said, "Order is heaven's first law." If you look at the seasons, it is so ; first spring, then summer, autumn, and winter : learn a lesson from the fact ; come to the meetings orderly, and go away orderly ; whatever you do, do it orderly. "Let all things be done decently and in order." The letter A, represents the word active, and I want you to be an Active Band of Hope. If you desire this Band of Hope to grow and be a large Band of Hope, you must work. Like the little bee, you must "improve each shining hour." Study how you may make your lives sublime, and leave behind you, "foot-prints on the sands of time." You have influence, for "no man liveth to himself." Don't say you can't do anything ; "I can't do it," never accomplished any great work ; "I will try," has worked wonders, and "I will do it," has performed miracles in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Persevere ! striving for the promotion of virtue and truth, and may God prosper your efforts.

The last letter, T. Temperance is a noble virtue. "Because of drunkenness the land mourneth," but if you who are members of this Band, and all the Band of Hope children throughout the country, remain faithful to the end, drunkenness will decrease, and sobriety bless the land. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

WHAT COULD BE DONE.

[From a Sermon preached in Surrey Chapel, by the Rev. NEWMAN HALL.]

Seventy millions of money are spent in a year, by the people of this country, in the purchase of intoxicating drinks—as much as the whole of the revenue of our country, while all societies combined, subscribe only half a million of money for evangelizing the heathen. It is a very common thing for a man who indulges in these drinks to spend half-a-crown a week. It is less than 6d. a day. It will be admitted that almost all persons who indulge in this particular article spend at least half-a-crown a week. Artizans would be regarded as very moderate and temperate indeed if they spent no more than that. Some spend that amount in this indulgence every Saturday night. Half-a-crown a week amounts to £6. 10s. a year. If poor men spend half-a-crown a week, how much more is spent in the more affluent families, where more costly beverages are used! It is a very low estimate, that in this congregation of 2,500 at Surrey Chapel, there are one fifth, or 500 people, who spend half-a-crown a week in intoxicating drinks, and could do without them. If those 500 persons were to begin that night to fast from that particular drink, and spend the half-a-crown a week for God's cause, they would find that that money would yield at the end of twelve months, £3,250. and in five years this would realize the large sum of £16,250—enough to purchase the freehold of Surrey Chapel and build a new edifice, the object which that church is seeking in the Rowland Hill Fund. It would be easily done by five hundred persons giving up half-a-crown a week of what they spend in those drinks. Suppose, instead of their appropriating the money in that way, they appropriated it in those various efforts of philanthropy connected with Surrey Chapel. It would double all their operations. The Band of Hope at present costs £50. a-year according to the last published report; it would give another £50. The subscriptions to the Benevolent Society amount to £340; it would give another £340. They subscribe to the Bible Society £70; it would give another £70. The week-day schools cost £150; it would give another £150. The Christian Instruction Society costs £25; it would double that sum. The City Missions cost £110; it would add £110. more. The Dorcas Society receives £52; it would get another £52. The Female Clothing Society costs £30; it would give another £30. The contribution to the London Missionary Society is £170; it would give another £170. The School of Industry costs £80; they could have another School of Industry at £80. For the Sunday-schools there are subscribed £450; they could have another £450. The Southwark Mission requires £256; it could have another £256. The Tract Society takes £66; they could double that. For the poor they gather at the Sacrament £270. during the year. They could get £270. more. At the half-yearly collections for the incidental expenses of the church they gathered £75. They could get £75. more. These extra sums amount to £3,174., and this would leave a balance of £76. in hand for other objects. This is the view of the case as far as cost is concerned. They might relieve 2,348 cases of sickness among the poor instead of

1,174. They might have ten day schools instead of five. They might have 1,400 children instead of 700. There might be six city missionaries instead of three, and these might hold 1,560 meetings instead of 780. There might be two schools of industry instead of one, and twenty eight Sunday-schools instead of fourteen. They might instruct 10,500 children instead of 5,250. They might have two missionaries for the Southwark Mission instead of one, and hold 1,200 meetings in connection with it instead of 600. They might distribute 200,000 tracts instead of 100,000. And after these distributions were made, there would be £740. in money left for other objects. How impossible it was, with all their importunity, to raise such a sum as was mentioned! How easy it would be, by means of such fasting, to raise funds for the evangelization of the whole of London.

YOUTHS IN HOUSES OF BUSINESS.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Dear Sir,—As a young man, I have for some years sought to do good amongst those of my own age and condition, by aiding societies seeking our spiritual and moral welfare.

My connection with such societies has brought me into contact with large numbers of youths and young men, mostly engaged in large warehouses and retail establishments. I have by this means learnt a great deal concerning the interior arrangements of such places, and with the habits of those employed in them.

It is customary for youths of fourteen and fifteen years of age to be engaged as juniors. Nearly all are from the country, and have just left school or the homes of their boyhood; they eat, drink, and sleep upon the premises. Here are not a few young men who are thoroughly depraved, and who endeavour to ruin the bodies and souls of the boys thus brought near them. A pure-hearted, free, and generous lad has not to be long in their company, ere he is contaminated by their wretched example. The blush of youthful innocence soon flees away, and nothing but disease, degradation, and premature death is substituted. My heart sickens as I think of several I myself have known in this condition. The annals of youths and young men engaged in the commerce of great cities, are fearful to think about.

A pious youth of nineteen years of age, told me not long since, that in the house of business where he was employed, he did not know of more than three, out of, I think, one hundred and fifty, who professed Christianity: it was almost impossible for him to live a consistent life in such society, especially as his hours of devotion and rest were constantly disturbed by the drunken ribaldry of several young men sleeping in the same room with him.

If such be the testimony of a godly young man, what can we hope for those of unfixed principles?

Can nothing be done? I venture to think, much. The poet has said truly—

"But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

I venture to suggest that,—

1. *Employers of labour could do something.*—In many houses beer is supplied both to youths and young men *ad libitum*. Ought employers to do this? Surely some remonstrance should be made by all who have any influence with them.

Again,—Is it kind or considerate to place tender youths in the same sleeping apartments with men who, to say the least, are suspected of not being moral characters? How would some of these gentlemen like to put their own sons in such a situation?

2. *Parents and Guardians can do a great deal.*—Let them teach abstinence at home. Young people learn to like alcohol under a father's roof, and by a mother's knee, and they are not able to withstand temptation when parental restraint is no longer exercised over them. Parents! do not offer your children the bottle, and you may save them from the ruin of intemperance.

3. *Country Band of Hope Leaders may help.*—Let them all look after the youths while they are at school, and before they leave their native home. Seek to send them to London, abstainers. When they leave, give them a letter of introduction to some friends of the Band of Hope and Religion. If to no one else, to the Secretaries of the Band of Hope Union, who (I have no doubt,) would introduce strangers to some Temperance Society in the locality where they might be living.

4. *Abstainers in Houses of Business can assist us.*—Look after the friendless boys who are constantly coming amongst you. "Speak a kind word where you can." Get them to attend our meetings, and endeavour to exert an influence over them.

Thus something may be done. I should not forget the noble efforts made by the Committee of the National Temperance League, in holding meetings in the houses of business. May they be greatly multiplied. Much good I feel sure must be done by that effort.

Yours very truly,

T. C. U.

Canonbury, March, 1864.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF MEMBERS.

The Subscribers of the Union assembled on Wednesday, March 9th, in Shirley's hotel, 37, Queen square. Notwithstanding the great inclemency of the weather, there was a good attendance, and a most earnest and united spirit prevailed during the evening. After tea and coffee had been served, W. West Esq. presided, and called upon the Rev. G. W. M' Cree to read the Annual Report, which was a long and interesting document, and gave great satisfaction. From the report it was found, that 1,142 meetings had been held, 480

festivals attended, 75,000 publications sold, 7 agents employed, 190 dissolving view engagements given, and that the income for the year was £884. 4s. 9d. The usual resolutions were passed unanimously, and a vote of thanks to W. West Esq. brought the meeting to a close.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the past month, Mr. WILLIAM BELL has been engaged in addressing large meetings of children in connection with the Leeds Band of Hope League.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended meetings as follows :—Stepney Meeting ; George Street, Edgware road ; Rotherhithe, twice ; Denmark Street, twice ; Bloomsbury Refuge, twice ; Earl Street, London Road ; Exeter Buildings, Chelsea ; St. Matthews, Princes Square ; Liverpool Road, Islington ; Meadow Row, New Kent Road ; Amicable Row ; Peckham ; Dalston ; and Ealing. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday Schools.

Mr. T. O. CHAPMAN continues his useful labours in connection with Sunday Schools. Full details will appear in our next number.

Mr. WILLIAM LAY has attended meetings as follows :—George Street, Bryanstone Square ; Weigh House Chapel Sunday School ; Esher Street, Kennington ; Barnsbury Independent Chapel ; Iron Church, Victoria Park ; Myddleton Road, Dalston ; Rotherhithe ; Brixton ; Victoria Street, and Mercers street, Shadwell ; Windsor Street, Islington ; Britannia Fields ; and Commercial Road.

Mr. FREDERIC SMITH has addressed meetings, and lectured as follows :—Maidstone ; Whitstable ; Midhurst ; Reigate ; Romsey ; Christchurch ; Bridport ; Taunton ; Shaftesbury ; Newbury ; Frome. These were mostly lectures with the Dissolving Views, and generally successful. In one small town, where the meetings were well managed, a profit of more than £5. was realised.

The FITZROY BAND OF HOPE held their fourteenth anniversary on Wednesday, March 16th. In the afternoon, 150 children took tea in the Society's hall, Little Portland street ; after tea their numbers were largely added to. The whole then adjourned to the Hanover square rooms, which was speedily crowded with a fine audience. Jabez Inwards Esq., took the chair. Addresses were given by Rev. W. Stott of Abbey road, Rev. B. Nicols, incumbent of Mill Hill, and Mr. G. M. Murphy. About eighteen recitations and airs, with a very interesting dialogue, were given by different members of the Band ; while the whole of the children well sung several choruses during the evening. Beside the children and the speakers, the chairman was well surrounded on the platform by a number of old friends of our cause.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. SAMUEL COULING, Scarborough.

Mr. D. B. HOOKE, Jun, Bath.

Mr. J. P. HUTCHINSON, Darlington.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

AN APOSTLE INDEED.

By E. WALFORD.

Early in December, 1856, the news went far and wide through the South of Ireland, that the "Apostle of Temperance," Father Matthew, had paid the last debt of nature. He died, as he had lived, devoted to the good cause of reclaiming his volatile countrymen from their arch-enemy, the whiskey-bottle; and his name ought to stand, in Ireland at least, written in the brightest and most indelible colors among the roll of her philanthropists and patriots.

Theobald Matthew's life, from first to last, was in full keeping and harmony with his profession as a priest of the church in which his lot was cast. We have been, of late years, by far too much familiarised with such warlike spirits as Dr. Cahil and John McHale, as types of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, to fancy that one so meek, so gentle, so humble, so self-denying as "Father Matthew," could have submitted to the ecclesiastical tonsure in the sister island, and worn the monastic cowl. Yet so it was: Father Matthew was not only a Roman Catholic, but a Roman Catholic priest; nor only a priest, but a monk—a humble Capuchin. But under the Capuchin's coarse dress he concealed the heart of a Christian and a gentleman. No doubt, some portion of these qualities he owed to the fact that gentle blood flowed in his veins; and that, instead of being taken (as most Irish priests are) from the plough-tail to the altar, *via* Maynooth, he was brought up in the refined society of his kinsman, the late Earl of Llandaff, and of his sister, Lady Elizabeth Matthew; and that, in the family circle of Thomastown House, and amongst its guests, as a boy, he rubbed off some of that rust, and most of those angles, which, somehow or other, seem to mark for life the man who has once passed the gates of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and has been subjected to its rough and uninviting discipline.

Mr. Macguire, the M.P. for Cork, has recently given to the world a biographical account of the Apostle of Temperance, to which we are indebted for most of the facts in the present brief and hasty sketch. Born at Thomastown, in 1790, Theobald or Toby Matthew (as he was called at home) was almost from infancy the pet of his mother and sisters and elder brothers, in whose rude and rough sports he found little pleasure. He appears to have been most loveable as a child, and to have shown from the first, as if by nature and instinct, an inborn desire of giving pleasure to others. Having spoken as we have already of the general character of the Irish priesthood, it seems almost a satire to add here that his mother, a good and pious Romanist, regarded him from childhood as a sort of Nazarite, and declared that the church was his "vocation." But so it was. As he grew up, not even the attractions of the pleasant society of Thomastown House could wean him from his early taste; and so we find him in 1807 entered as a student for orders at Maynooth.

The recently published Reports of the Visitors of this college, whose very name strikes such a panic in the hearts of worthy individuals in England, will serve to show that, so far from being intellectually formidable as an institution, it is one of the worst managed close-boroughs in the three kingdoms; and the only wonder still is that it sends out the raw material which finds admission there in any less crude condition than that in which it entered. The same was the case upwards of half a century ago. Then, as now, it would seem to have been a sort of ecclesiastical "Dotheboy's Hall;" and its professors seem to have done their best to break the spirits and crush the affections of those unhappy youths who were sent there to "study for the Church." In one respect, Theobald Matthew seems to have been extremely fortunate. He escaped the blighting and withering influence of the dreary place; for he had not been more than a few weeks in residence when he was desired summarily to remove his name from the books of Mynooth, for the heinous offence of having invited one or two of his fellow-students into his room and given them tea and supper! This must have been at the time a sad disappointment to the future "Apostle;" for the punishment appeared to shut the door of the Romish priesthood against him for ever; but after a while, the late Dr. Murray, the worthy and tolerant prelate who sat so long in the chair of Dublin, having admitted him into orders, we find him settled quietly down as a sort of curate under "Father" Donovan, in the chapel attached to a Capuchin friary in a back street in Cork. Here, for nearly twenty years, Theobald Matthew passed his life between his duties at the altar, in the confessional, and in the workhouse and gaol of the city, and gaining the highest character, among both rich and poor, by his amiable character and by his eloquence—which was effective because it came from the heart. He was no mob-orator or surplised demagogue, like too many of his fellows, but a peacemaker at home and abroad: he was eloquent in his pulpit, not on the hustings; and, therefore, no doubt, it was that he was left to "blush unseen" in obscurity, too good, too self-denying, and too spiritual to gain a chance of obtaining an Irish mitre.

It was only in the year 1838 that his name became known beyond the narrow limits of the provincial city in which his lot was cast, and then almost by an accident. In the course of his labors in the workhouse and the gaol, he saw how large a share the vice of drunkenness had in pauperising and degrading his countrymen, and for many months he pondered over the best means of providing a remedy against its baneful effects. He saw that the Celt could not be treated as the Saxon, and that with such an excitable people as the Irish there was no middle course open which was likely to induce them to abandon their love of the whisky-bottle. But it was not so easy to determine where he should fix his starting-point. At last, the feeling and heart-spoken appeal of a Quaker inhabitant of the town of Cork—"Oh! Theobald Matthew, if thou would only give thy aid to the cause, what good thou would do!" came to him as a home-thrust. He looked on the speech as the voice of conscience, or rather of God himself; he thought the matter over well,

and resolved to commence a crusade against the bottle: he crossed the Rubicon, like Cæsar, and at a public meeting, in the month of April, in the same year, he put his signature to a document forswearing all intoxicating drinks for the future.

Sixty persons followed his example on that eventful night; in a week or two, he reckoned his adherents by hundreds; in three months, no less than 25,000 persons had joined his standard; and before the close of the year, we are assured that his followers had increased to 156,000. Early in 1839, the "movement" began to assume larger, and even formidable, proportions throughout the South and West of Ireland, and thousands upon thousands from the adjoining counties of Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, Clare and Tipperary, and even from far distant Galway, professed themselves "Reclabites" indeed. But it does not appear that these warm and impulsive gentlemen were equally willing to sacrifice money for the "cause;" at all events, even before he started on his crusade abroad, he found himself involved in debt to the extent of £1,500., incurred mainly through feeding the hungry multitudes who flocked to his cottage door at Cork, and through a distribution of temperance medals, of silver and bronze, which he thoughtlessly ordered to be manufactured in thousands (like a genuine Irishman), although he had no money to pay for them. At last, the parlour in Cove street had to be exchanged for the Horse Bazaar, and soon even that became too limited an arena. The results of the "movement" began to tell on the Cork Police Courts and in the Poor Law Union, and the Celtic inhabitants of Waterford and Limerick in no doubtful terms desired the presence of the leader of the movement among them. The "Apostle" accordingly visited those cities in person, administering the pledge, and distributing medals as before, and his progress from place to place now became a perfect ovation. We have not space for details. At Borrisokane we read that in four days 150,000 disciples gave in their names and signed the pledge. At Dublin, at Parsonstown, at Carlow, the story was the same; as whole rivers, we are told, were dried up in their courses, exhausted by the countless host that followed the standard of Xerxes of old into Greece, so we learn that the great brewers and distillers of Ireland were all but ruined; and that Father Matthew had attained, at their expense, unsought by himself, the honours of Apostleship. He was now a public man, and his name had become the watch-word of millions.

During the next two or three years his successes were marvellous, and almost reminded one of the Apostolic age and miraculous gifts. Nor did he confine his exertions to his beloved Ireland. He visited Glasgow, York, Leeds, and London, and extended his tour to America, where he met with the same enthusiastic reception as he had experienced in Ireland. He reckoned his converts by millions. From every quarter, secular and religious, including the Protestant clergy and such men as Lords Lansdowne and Morpeth, he received the strongest testimonies of the importance of his work, and of his success in his laudable effort to reform the morals of his countrymen. The applause which greeted him everywhere was enough to have turned a strong man's head; and if it

did not turn that of **Father Matthew**, it was because his heart was too sincerely identified with the cause to allow him to give play to vanity.

If the term is applicable to the nineteenth century, and if results are a test of a heavenly mission, **Father Matthew** thus proved himself "an **Apostle** indeed," by his rapid and effectual victories gained in the cause of human nature as exhibited in the lower strata of Irish society. It destroys, no doubt, some part of the illusion of the halo that ought to surround an **Apostle's** brows, to find that in consequence of his reckless and thoughtless expenditure on medals, a man like **Father Matthew** was brought to the degradation of an arrest for debt by a Sheriff's officer; but even here the degradation is considerably diminished by the fact that the man whose duty it was to serve the writ upon him, knelt down to receive his blessing while executing his duty. Such a scene as this could never have occurred in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions but Ireland; and it does not say much for the real and solid generosity of his countrymen, and especially of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, to have left him thus responsible for debts incurred in a cause, which, if it was calculated to benefit Protestant Ulster at all, could not fail to work ten times as much good among the Papists of Connaught and Munster.

The rest of the **Apostle's** story is soon told. In spite of his arrest for debt, all went on merrily and successfully on the whole for a few years, his creditors being secured the ultimate payment of their claims in full by heavy insurances on his life, the premiums on which were paid out of a well-earned pension bestowed upon him by the Government as a public benefactor. But the unhappy autumn of 1846, which brought with it the potatoe-blight and famine in its train, wrought sad mischief to the Temperance cause in Ireland. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of those who had stood firm to the "pledge" in the summer of comparative prosperity, broke faith with the "cause" in the wintry day when famine and fever stalked across the land, and when the temptation to recur to strong drink in the face of death wrought in Paddy the same recklessness of consequences which (if we may believe Thucydides) marked the populace of Athens when the plague broke out in the city. Though very many of his converts stood firm and never wavered, yet **Father Matthew** could not look unmoved upon the partial overthrow of his work, and with the decay of the movement began the break up of his constitution. The work in which he had rejoiced so much now began to tell on him. In 1852 a premonitory attack of apoplexy gave the first sign of his approaching end. He rallied, and went abroad for change of scene and air; but he never afterwards was the same man that he had been. He recovered partially during a visit to Madeira in 1854 and the following year, but it was only a temporary improvement; the last bright flickering of the candle ere it burned down into the socket. He returned to Ireland only to sink into his grave. He died early in December 1856, and a public funeral at the cemetery at Cork reminded the world again of the wide popularity of the once familiar name of "**Father Matthew**."

Our readers will be anxious to know whether it is the opinion of his

biographer that the work which the "Apostle" was raised up to perform is likely to be permanent. This question, Mr. Maguire, in his biography, answers in the affirmative: "Father Matthew," he writes, "taught his generation this great lesson, that, as a rule, alcoholic stimulants are not only unnecessary, but also injurious to man; that drunkenness is an odious and disgusting vice; that poverty and misery, and disease and crime, are its offspring; that the man who altogether abstains from strong drink is safer than the man who is moderate in his enjoyment of that which is so full of risk and danger; and that not only is there no possible safety for those liable to excess and unable to resist temptation save in abstinence, but that there is social, moral, and physical redemption to be found in the pledge, for the most confirmed and abandoned drunkard. This is a grand lesson to have taught, and this lesson, which has become part of the world's wisdom and experience, cannot be obliterated—certainly not from the memory of the Irish people."

It is our hearty wish, and doubtless that of every honest Englishman, that this estimate of the results of Father Matthew's mission may not prove to be exaggerated. But when we reflect on the fickle and capricious character of the inhabitants of the sister isle, we are disposed to be somewhat sceptical, or at all events, we desire to see the expected fruits borne out by the test of experience; more especially when we see that in spite of his apparently strong conviction to the contrary, a latent doubt on the subject appears here and there to crop out in the interesting work of Mr. Macguire, on which we have drawn so much for our materials—a man who is singularly qualified by his antecedents to form a sound judgment on social questions affecting Ireland. If permanent good should result, none will rejoice more sincerely than ourselves: and we could only desire that an Apostle, as great and as good, might spring up in each of our large cities, both in England and Scotland, and attempt to bring about a similar achievement.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH !

Mother, watch the little feet

Climbing o'er the garden wall,

Bounding through the busy street,

Ranging cellar, shed and hall.

Never count the moments lost :

Never mind the time it costs :

Little feet will go astray :

Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand

Picking berries by the way,

Making houses in the sand,

Tossing up the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,
 "Why to me this weary task?"
 These same little hands may prove
 Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
 Prattling, eloquent and wild;
 What is said and what is sung,
 By the happy, joyous child.
 Catch the word while yet unspoken;
 Stop the vow before 'tis broken:
 This same tongue may yet proclaim
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
 Beating soft and warm for you;
 Wholesome lessons now impart;
 Keep, oh keep that young heart true;
 Extricating every weed,
 Sowing good and precious seed:
 Harvest rich you then may see,
 Ripening for eternity.

A DYING BOY'S REQUEST.

"A man noted for his ungovernable temper and proneness to dissipation," says an intelligent professional gentleman, "employed me as his attorney. He was a good paymaster, but exceedingly disagreeable in his deportment, often drunk, and most profane in his language. He called one day, and seemed much subdued—much altered from his usual deportment. After stating his wants, he was about to leave my office. I asked what was the matter with him, he seemed so changed. He stopped, hesitated, but made no reply. I asked him again what could have occurred to make such an alteration in his whole demeanour. 'Squire,' said he, 'something *has* occurred; I am indeed an altered man. I had a little son, about nine years old; he was dear to me as the apple of my eye, and, at times, when I went home intoxicated, I abused my wife, drove her and the children from the house, broke the furniture, and did all in my power to render my family as miserable as myself. This little boy, when I was at the height of my anger, would watch me, and when I would sit down, would steal up to my knee, climb up on my lap, pass his little hand through my hair, and tame me down irresistibly: when my wife and children would fearlessly come in, knowing from experience that my little son had subdued me, and I was in his power. Well, squire, my son took sick; it was evident to me he would not recover. I sat by his bed-side; he was in a doze; the tears gushed from

my eyes as I watched him; my heart was sad indeed! He awoke, he turned his face towards me.

“‘Father, you are crying. What is the matter?’

“‘I am afraid, my son, I am going to lose you—you are going to die.’

“‘Well, father, I know I am going to die; but I am not afraid to die, for I shall go to Jesus.’

“‘To Jesus! Why, what do you know about Jesus?’

“‘Why, father, you know mother used to send me to the Sabbath school at the corner, and the teachers told me all about Jesus, and taught me how to pray; and for this reason, father, I was never afraid of you when you came home drunk, and abused poor mother and the children; I saw that you could not injure me. Now, father, I am going to die, and should die quite happy if you would promise me to do two things.’

“‘Well, my son, what are they? If it is in my power, I will do them.’

“‘Father, promise me you will drink no more whiskey; this is the cause of all poor mother’s distress; and if you would not drink you would be a good man, and mother and the children would be so happy. Well, father, now promise me that you will pray!’

“‘Pray! why I don’t know how to pray!’

“‘Father, kneel down by my bed, and I will teach you how to pray!’

“Squire, I knelt down; he prayed; I followed, repeating his words—my heart was broken; he led me, I know not where, or how, or how long; but this I know, that light, comfort, peace, and joy filled my soul as I rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God. My wife came in, the children followed, and all fell on their knees around the bed; we all rejoiced, and when I raised my head to bless the instrument of my conversion, he was *dead!* His spirit had been wafted away with the glad news of my repentance to heaven; he was an eye-witness to that joy which is among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. His hands were clasped as if in prayer, and a sweet smile sealed his lips in death.”

DO YOUR DUTY.

By E. J. OLIVER.

On the 20th of October in the year 1805, England gained the battle of Trafalgar, a victory which will never be forgotten till history itself has passed away. The principal figure in the engagement, and the one which is so inseparably connected with it, that we cannot think of the one without the other, is that of Lord Nelson. About 12 o’clock on that memorable day he gave the signal for action, in a sentence that has never been surpassed for expressing so much in so few words, “England expects every man will do his duty.” The effect upon the sailors was electrical, and well were the expectations of their country realized. We can imagine the cheerful and hearty response which the gallant fellows gave to those words. Each man seemed nerved with super-human energy. The enemy

were looked upon almost with contempt. Victory seemed already written on their flag, and in a short time they rode the seas triumphant. But great as was their success, it was purchased at a high price ; he who had been the guiding spirit of the action, whose energy and courage had done so much to inspire those under his command, died in the hour of victory, it is said as brave men love to die. His name has been recorded by universal consent as one of the noblest and bravest of England's heroes ; and the words he uttered such a short time before his life was sacrificed on the altar of duty, have been indelibly written on the heart of the nation. Taking them as our text, we would say a few words to the members of our Bands of Hope ; for their application is as universal as their fame, and speak as well to the young as to the old.

When these sailors enrolled themselves in the Navy, they pledged themselves to serve faithfully their country and their commander. You, by signing the declaration of your Band of Hope, have become a part of the Society, and your duty is to keep inviolate the pledge you have made. If one of the sailors the moment the enemy came in sight were to hide himself in the cabin, or desert his ship, he would be called, and very justly so, a coward ; if in addition to his desertion, he were to join the enemy, he would become a traitor. Now it appears to me, that you are in a very similar position to them. While you keep your pledge, attend your meetings, and do as much as you can to aid the good work, you are acting honourably, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty. But if on the other hand, as soon as you get into company where wine or any kind of intoxicating drink is being handed round, you try to evade being asked to take any, or if asked, make feeble objections and become ashamed of being a Teetotaller, instead of at once firmly declining to drink, do you not think you are very much like the sailor who hides himself in the cabin ? Would it not be better, at once boldly to avow your principles, and though your friends may not see the question in the light that you do, they will be sure to respect you for your courage in daring to be singular, in the face of an old-established custom. Remember, that one temptation fairly conquered, is better than a dozen resolutions, and if you succeed once, you shall come forth from the ordeal strengthened for fresh trials that may possibly await you. Do not think that I would have you rush heedlessly into danger for the mere sake of displaying your strength of purpose. Valor is a great thing,

but do not forget, that "discretion is often the better part of valor," and you will be wise not to put your head into the lion's mouth oftener than you can help, but rather follow the example of the gentleman, who, when he wanted a coachman, chose—not the one who could drive nearest the precipice without actual danger—but he who had sense enough to keep as far away from it as possible. Your duty consists as much in avoiding temptation, as in rising superior to its power when it comes upon you.

But to go still further: we will suppose you are persuaded by the mistaken kindness of your friends, that you drink even half a glass of wine, or whatever else it may be, the moment it has passed your lips you have broken your resolution to abstain, you have gone over to the side of the enemy, and have become a traitor to that cause of which you were recently a trusted member. If such should be your case, I do not envy your feelings; I do not upbraid you, I would not point at you the finger of scorn, I shall certainly not be the first to cast a stone, for I remember that all flesh is weak, but in all kindness and brotherly love, I ask you to think over what you have done, and there I leave the question for your consideration, and—may I not say without irreverence—prayerful consideration.

But your duty does not end with yourself: have you become acquainted with an important fact? have you made some new discovery? are you possessed of any knowledge that will benefit mankind? then why do you not hasten to impart your knowledge? why not use your utmost endeavours to make others sharers in the blessings you enjoy? This is undoubtedly a part of your duty, and a part that should never be lost sight of. If you are in earnest, you will find many opportunities of advocating the Band of Hope movement. I recollect when at school, frequently writing in my copy-book, "Example is better than precept," and I have often thought since, that it is one of the wisest sayings ever printed in round-text hand for boys to copy, and if we would bear in mind the great lesson it teaches, the world would be all the wiser and the better for it. Your example will probably do a great deal, but, at the same time, you should make up your mind to speak to all your friends and companions on the subject, and persuade them to attend the meetings of your Society, and there is very little doubt that some at least will become members. You will thus not only strengthen the cause, but may be the means of inducing many to sign the pledge, who might otherwise become drunkards.

And now, one more illustration and I have done. At the great battle of which I have spoken, there were several ships under the command of Nelson, and if some of the sailors had said, "oh, it doesn't matter about us taking part in the fight, ours is such a small ship," or "we have so few guns," it is very likely that the victory would not have been gained, but by each man doing his utmost to secure success—fighting bravely and boldly in his country's cause—England, as all the world knows, added another to the long list of her great naval achievements. And if our Bands of Hope are to accomplish that for which they were established, each individual member must work heartily and with a will. The carrying out of a great work rests upon your shoulders, and upon the success of the undertaking hangs, it may be, the wellbeing of thousands. But I have no fear as to the result ; you will do your duty, you will "acquit yourselves like men ;" you may meet with opposition, but it will not deter you, difficulties will be in your way, but they shall fade when you boldly approach them, and you shall go forth conquering and to conquer, till the kingdom of drunkenness shall be cast down for ever, and the day star of Temperance shine brightly on a prosperous and happy nation.

HINTS TO MOTHERS: THE SONG GIFT.

It was baking day, and Mrs. Austin was more than usually hurried. By a coincidence which will not surprise any mother, the children were twice as troublesome as common. They were fine, hearty, every-day children, and unlike the "book children," often unreasonable. Little wills will not unfrequently get tangled up in a way never heard of in books. So it happened while mother was rolling the pie-crust, the little voices in the back porch waxed louder and stormier, and mother was compelled to look out upon them and see the cause of the commotion. Frank had little Lina's doll by the leg and held it high over her head, while she was struggling to recover it, and little Annie seemed to be crying by way of chorus. Now I know some mothers who would just have washed up their hands and chastised the whole party, leaving them to gloom and sullenness for the rest of the day.

Not so with Mrs. Austin. A few mild, firm words were like oil on the waters. In her presence the storm was lulled, though, by no means quelled, so she said in a cheery voice, "Now all come into the kitchen with mother, and let us sing 'Shining Shore' over once, and see if it does not make all our hearts happy."

So the little ones trooped in as mother picked up her rolling pin, and began humming the air, and stationing themselves by the vine-covered windows, joined heartily in the song. It was a thousand times more

soothing than all the rebukes she could have administered, and left the heart beautiful and happy.

"Now shall we try 'Happy Land' before you run out to play again?" So the young voices united again in that sweet-spirited hymn, and by that time the angry furrows were quite cleared away. Then mother had just a little bit of crust left which would make three pies, in some bright, dainty, little "patty pans," and the pleasure of the children was complete as they watched the process of making, and saw the letters L. F. and A. cut in nice white covers above the delicious raspberries. Then with a few loving words of admonition, they all went out pleasantly to play under the shady apple trees, and there was not a word of contention heard among them.

Mother, to whom God hath given the blessed gift of song, use it without stint in your little home circle. If your children have an ear and voice for music, develop the talent as carefully as you would a gold mine in your garden. It will yield you far richer returns in heart and soul wealth. Sing about your work, and teach them to join with you. It will lighten your cares many-fold, and make home a more blessed spot in their memories for ever.—*New York Chronicle.*

MY BOYS' TRACT.

Dear Boys,—I hope you like to receive letters as much as I do, and then you will feel glad that I wish to write one to you; and this letter is not, like most letters, only written to one person, or at most one family, but to all the boys that can read it, or get it read to them, all over the world; and I hope you won't mind this: some think a good thing is best kept to oneself, just like that sly Jack, who ate his Christmas pie all alone in the corner; but he didn't enjoy it the more for that, I promise you; if he had given half to the next hungry boy he met, he would have liked his own part much better, and it would have tasted twice as well.

There is such a number of things I want to write about, that I don't know where to begin; I must say something of as many as three, however, and I will tell you what they are; fighting, tobacco, and strong drink. I suppose a great many of you, most of you, think that fighting is a sort of thing that boys must do now and then, when they are put upon, or called names, or insulted; and some of you bigger boys, when a fight begins, get round the little ones and encourage them to strike hard blows, and scratch fiercely, and thump and stun each other, and you call out, "bravo little un! at him again!" and think yourselves quite manly and "plucky" for so doing; and if anyone comes along and prevents your going on with this sort of fun, you are quite disappointed, and feel as if they had no right to interfere about your concerns, and very often you call him "muff," to each other, as a term of contempt: I am telling the truth when I write this, am I not, boys? and what have I written it for? just to tell you what a great mistake you are making. I know it is very difficult to make you listen to anything like reason when you are hot with passion, and longing to strike Ned again; but you will listen now, and I

think if I could make you see how cowardly it is to fight, you would be ashamed to do it ever again.

"Cowardly to fight!" you say, "that is all stuff, 'tis just the other way; that little Bill Smith is the coward, who won't never fight—little sneak he is—us brave boys always fight out our rows." Oh! but little sneak will have the best of it bye and bye; did you ever hear of a boy that was glad he had fought, when he had by accident killed the boy he was fighting with? I never did.

Did you ever hear of a boy that gloried in the number of battles he had been engaged in when he came to die? I don't think so. Did you ever know a boy, or did you ever yourself like to think that God was looking at you all the time you fought, and knew of all those blows you gave to George?

"Oh! but that is not fair," you say, "we don't think much about God any time, why should we when we were fighting?"

Do you know, boys, that the happiest lads that ever lived upon the face of the earth are those who *do* think about God, and who are not afraid to think about him.

"But," you say, "I am afraid I shouldn't be happy if I thought about all that sort of thing, God, and heaven and hell."

Why not? There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't all love Jesus, love God through him, and be blessed and forgiven, and then you won't be afraid to die, because you will feel that heaven is your home, and you would not fight then, because you would feel that Jesus doesn't want you to, and you love him too much to displease him.

There is another thing—it looks bad, doesn't it? to see brothers fighting; you cry out "for shame!" most of you, when that happens, don't you? But I suppose you never thought of this, that *whoever* fights, *they are brothers*—How do I make that out? Isn't God the Father of us all? When you go to the Sunday-school don't you say together, "Our Father." and you wouldn't think, if another boy came to your home, and called your parents, father and mother, that he ought to, unless he were your brother; so when you call God your Father, it shows that you *all* consider him your Father, and, oh! what could any of us do without so dear, so kind, so loving a Father?

The next thing I want to speak about is tobacco. The other day I saw two or three very little boys—of course, it couldn't be you, Willie, nor you, Charlie,—going into a tobacco shop; they were very little fellows, certainly not more than seven or eight years of age, (and you are more, are you?) and they brought out some small clay pipes, and a little paper of tobacco—poor silly little creatures, wasting their money in that fashion; I could have laughed at the funny sight of one of these youngsters with a pipe in his mouth, had it not been too sad: poor little fellows! and I see lads of all ages, smoking, smoking, smoking, as if they were chimneys on fire, they puff out such volumes of smoke, and in that smoke goes away their health, their strength, their money and their character. I daresay you see, as I do, some of those very young men, looking as white as a tablecloth, and their eyes heavy and sunken; 'tis

smoking makes them look so. If you would be handsome men, (and I know you all want to be that,) with a cheerful happy temper, and clear complexions and bright eyes, *don't smoke!* buy books, or apples, or nuts, or toys, or presents, or anything you like with your money, (on week days though, not on Sundays, Harry,) but don't buy *tobacco* or *strong drink*. That is my next subject. You know that when people take a good deal—a bad deal, I mean—of beer, or cider, or wine, or spirit, it makes them unable to walk straight, and very often they fall flat on the pavement, or in the street, and there lie 'till sometimes policemen fetch a stretcher and take them home: how disgraceful it is! I am sure you boys don't want to look like that: you laugh at the drunkard and mimic his queer step, but you don't wish to look so foolish and so disgusting when you are men: kind boys will feel too sorry to laugh, and wise boys will think to themselves, "how can I prevent myself from ever being like that man?"

I will tell you: *never touch what has made him so*: keep your mouth tightly shut against beer, or anything that can make you tipsy; it is quite easy to do so: if all the people you know tried to make you eat a lot of poor nuts, you wouldn't do it; or if they tried to make you eat stale fish, or any disagreeable thing of that kind, you would shake your head, and declare you couldn't, very quickly. The drink is as bad for you as either of those; it will injure you because it contains a poisonous matter that only excites you, and neither nourishes you, nor quenches your thirst. It is so much better never to begin to do anything wrong, than to leave off when you have begun: just speak kindly to one of the poor drunkards you know, and ask him why he doesn't leave off getting drunk, and become a sober man? and he will say, "it's easy to talk, but I can't give up the drink." Don't become like that, the slaves of beer and ale and rum, but remain free-hearted and happy-hearted boys and men as long as you live. We want you not only to keep from drink and tobacco yourselves, but to ask others to do the same, and form yourselves into a society, to show on which side you are, whether you mean to be sober or drunken men when you grow up. Now, I expect you know what I wish to advise you, for you are fine hands at guessing: "Bands of Hope!" is that what you are saying? you are right then, I want you all to be Band of Hope boys, to keep from drinking and smoking yourselves, and to persuade others to do so too, so that if I live 'till you are all young men, I may find teetotalism on every hand; teetotal judges, and doctors, and lawyers, and ministers, and grocers, and drapers, and butchers and bakers, and teetotal carpenters and masons, and shoemakers, boatmen, soldiers and sailors; no more drunken men falling about the pathway, no more public houses to tempt the fathers to spend what they ought to carry home, and a great deal happier faces to be seen almost everywhere, that is what your becoming Band of Hope boys will help to do.

Now I think I am tiring you with this long letter, but I am going to say a few words more; *don't gamble*: I was so surprised and so ashamed to see some nice boys who help our boatmen, gambling the other day

whilst they waited to be hired; and some boys play marbles, not for fun, but in order to get them away from those who don't know the game so well, and that kind of thing often leads them to what I spoke about first of all,—fighting.

What nice boys you will be if you neither fight, gamble, drink, nor smoke. I hope then, you will keep a very strict watch over your mouths, and never let a bad word come out of them. I have heard of a lady who always sponged her little child's tongue with pure cold water, when she had spoken falsely or rudely, to make it clean again—I am afraid some of you boys would need soap as well.

If you are all that I wish you to be, you will be gentlemanly boys, no matter whether you wear fine cloth clothes, or smock frocks, and I hope you will remember that gentlemanly boys are polite to ladies, and also polite to girls; they don't push them rudely aside to get the best place, and leave them the worst; they treat them as if it was their duty to take care of them, and give them the greatest pleasure, and show them the greatest kindness possible.

Now this is not a letter to the girls, so I have not said what they ought to be and to do; I have only told you your side of the question; perhaps I shall write to them another time.

Now good-bye, my dear boys! May God bless you, and help you! “whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, to do all to the glory of God.”

Your affectionate Friend,

M. A. PAULL.

Plymouth.

THE GREENGROCER'S STORY.

“Well, my Jessie, you're not like yourself to-night. What makes you so dull,—I would say sad?”

“Oh! James, I do feel very sad; my poor sister Mary, whose sorrowful end you've heard about, was brought back to my thoughts this afternoon very painfully, and ever since I have been in deep distress, from fear that you might carry out what you were proposing about the Burnside cottage. Promise me that you'll have nothing to do with it?”

“What's come over you now, wee wifie? I thought you were as fond of the proposal as I was?”

“Ay! but I had not thought about it further than of the profits. I have other feelings now. What if our little Jeannie should become like my sister Mary, or like her I heard of to-day?”

“I don't wish to hurt you, dear; but you know that Mary was—I've heard you say yourself—soft, as one would say, a little giddy and weak. But what have you been hearing, that's put you in such a state as this?”

“Maybe, poor Mary was weak, but all who go the same road are not so. It's a pity you're only to get the story at second hand; for I'm sure you would have felt sad too, if you had heard himself telling it, though you had no sister Mary and her misery to think about.”

"But who's 'himself?' Come away Jessie mine, I'll trust your second hand account."

"Don't treat it so lightly, and I'll tell you as well as I can. I daresay you may remember the green-grocer's shop at yon corner of Sauchiehall street—"

"Oh! it was in Glasgow, was it? Glasgow's wicked enough no doubt, quite different from G——."

"Stop a little. It was in Glasgow I heard the story, but it had to do with G——, and nearer us than you imagine. I went into that little shop on my way to the train coming home, to buy some nice grapes I saw in the window, for Jeannie; and I bade the old man,—what a fine looking person he must have been in his younger days, but so cheerless and weary-like now,—I bade him wrap them carefully up, for they were to be carried all the way to G——. When I mentioned G——, he asked if I lived there, and said it would be greatly altered since he saw it. Forty odd years it was since he had left it, and he could never bear the thought of coming again to visit it. The east end, where he had lived, just 'ayont the brig,' that's where we are now James, was but a straggling row of houses, newly named "Main street." In his time there were but few shops, he said; and when I mentioned that the place had so much extended that in the line of Main street there were some twelve or fourteen spirit shops, he shook his head, and after a little, murmured, almost sobbing, 'the first of the twelve has been the cloud and curse of my life.' I could not help feeling interested in the old man, and when he asked me if I had time to hear his short story, saying that to tell it would perhaps lighten his spirits, I very willingly consented."

By the time Jessie had reached this point in her narration, James also had begun to show signs of strong interest; and presuming that others may now also be willing to lend an ear, we shall take the liberty of introducing the old green-grocer himself to tell his own tale. It was a tale of love and joy, of ambition, temptation, sin, heart-breaking, disgrace, disease, and death. There was nothing in it uncommon, nay, even yet the records of humanity can show but too many bearing the same miserable family resemblance; but it had created one enemy, staunch and stern, to the drinking system and the drink traffic alike, and its recital may create others still; therefore it is now repeated. The old man proceeds:

"I am melancholy now, shrivelled too, and bent, but the time has been when the lasses pointed to me as the braw gardener from D——, and when I could join wi' the merriest in laughing away the hours. Till I was five and twenty years of age, I never knew a care, and, but for one thing, I might have led another life than the miserable, purposeless existence I have spent. My father had taught me his own trade, and when I got the place at D——, I set myself at once to show what I could do. My flower-garden and green-house, then not so common as now, were the admiration of the whole district, and many were the visitors that came to see my plants while the family were on their yearly visit to London. Among the rest a brother of the gamekeeper's came up from G—— with his wife and only daughter, very often on a Saturday night, staying over

the Sabbath, and going to church with us to the now famous K——. Liza Gordon, the daughter, was the best looking woman in G——. It was the opinion of others beside me. No doubt many of the older residents about the Main Street will remember her, and they'll tell you, it wasn't merely an old man's past fancy. For me, at any rate, I've never seen one that could compare with her then nor since. She was like a queen. And she was, when I first knew her, as good as she was bonny. After a year or two, during which we had become lovers, and had vowed everlasting love, I got a situation as gardener to a nobleman, whose place was some distance from G——. It was arranged that we should be married as soon as I could get a house put in order to receive my bride. Alas for the hope! Doomed it was to the bitterest disappointment. In spite of all that happened, Liza, I still to this hour believe, loved me with her whole heart; but she was unhappily entangled in the meshes of a net, that she could not break through; and hence the misery. Shortly after I left D——, Mrs. Gordon, her mother, was seized with a lingering illness, that made her so helpless that her husband could no longer be out of the house. He had to give up his work. But without some source of income, it was impossible the family could be supported. Gordon's house, which went by the name of Burnside Cottage, he had built himself. There was a little debt on it, which he had gradually been paying off while he continued at work. Anxious to keep his own comfortable home, for the sake of his invalid wife, to avoid selling it, he was persuaded to embark in the spirit business, as being a profitable one, and one that could be *decently* conducted in the cottage, where there was plenty of accommodation without either taking him from home, or causing any undue stir about Mrs. Gordon's sick-bed. Gordon's determination to open a public-house in the cottage had been formed during my absence at Lord ——'s, my marriage to Liza having been postponed indefinitely on account of her mother's illness.

'The first public-house that was opened in the district, Burnside soon became extensively patronized. So busy often did Gordon find himself that he was compelled to call in the assistance of Liza to meet the calls of his visitors. This had an unanticipated effect. Liza's beauty and good humour became a great attraction. Trade pressed in upon the cottage, and soon Gordon not only paid off the bond on his house, but added considerable extra accommodation to his premises. Mrs. Gordon, after a while, got well, and was able to lend a helping hand now and again. This I learned through my correspondence with Liza, which had hitherto been kept up with undiminished ardour on both sides; and I made it a plea for the speedy celebration of our marriage. Objections, however, were lodged in bar of such a proceeding. Gordon pleaded his wife's still feeble health as a reason for delay; but it appeared to me, from the tone of his communication, that he was less cordial towards me than I had reason to expect; so, getting leave of absence, I hastened to G—— to learn exactly what were our prospects. A cool reception by her father prepared me for what I afterwards learned particularly from Liza herself. Increasing means had created the desire for yet more, and familiarity with drink and

drinking had already so far hardened Gordon's heart, that he inclined to make everything subserve the prosperity of his business. Even the happiness of his child must yield to this. His case was not singular in this. It was simply the natural effect of his trade, as is universally witnessed. I appealed, and begged, and protested, and Liza wept, and Mrs. Gordon urged, but all was of no avail. Liza was needed in the house, and her father was inexorable. Nor could I obtain any promise as to when we might hope for a more favourable decision. Instead of this, I got a hint before I left G—— that Gordon had now other views for his daughter. The poor gardener was now no match for the child of the prosperous publican.

A month or two of unsatisfactory correspondence followed my return home, at the end of which I received a strangely written letter from Liza, closing our engagement without offering any explanation. About the same time I heard from a friend that there were strange rumors about the cottage, which was now regularly visited by many of the dissipated youth about the town. Liza was also said to be getting remarkably gay and sometimes boisterous in her manners, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her cheeks too red to be called rosy or the hue of health. In short, it was said she was getting to like her father's wares too well.

The reports were all true. And with the love of drink, love of me died away, till she could flirt with every appearance of enjoyment with any one that offered. Twelve months passed away, not without many ineffectual efforts on my part to reach, and, if possible, to restore poor Liza. My heart bled for my lost love. Bitterly I mourned the sad change that clouded now both her prospects and mine. Again, with a little hope, I visited G——, but my first visit to the cottage told me that remonstrance was unavailing. Liza was to be married, so said her mother, who was now even more callous than her husband, to the son of a merchant living at the West-End. The gardener was thus finally discarded.

The merchant's son was a scoundrel. The marriage to which Miss Gordon, as she was now called, had consented, not from any love or even respect for the suitor, but simply from vanity and ambition, feelings that had sprung up in her spirit under the fulsome flattery to which she was subjected in the course of her attendance on visitors to the Burnside,—the marriage was put off from time to time, till it appeared doubtful whether the youth had any such purpose in view at all. Liza's health at last appeared to be failing, and painful surmises began to be entertained about her. Again it was true. She had fallen,—the seducer's victim indeed, but prepared for him by drink. Drink, too, that wrought the ruin, she now used to screen her shame from herself. The expected husband ceased his visits. The cottage business generally declined. Gordon charged on Liza's "folly" his diminished gains. She fled from his house, and in a few weeks was living a life of open infamy in a neighbouring town.

In the meantime, I had sunk into melancholy spirits. My duties were neglected, and my situation was handed over to another. I went

back for a year or two to G—— where I wrought occasionally at my business, living as best I could. I can never forget—but I must finish my story. One day I was asked to assist in conveying a poor woman to the hospital; and there in the infirmary I for the last time on earth saw Liza Gordon. I did not know her at first. But as I was leaving the ward a nurse asked me to return a moment to one who wished to say a word to me. There she lay, just about to die. She could scarcely speak, and only whispered “Forgive,” and died. I saw her die. Oh! the public house! the drink! the curse! Oh! how long? how long?”

‘James,’ said Jessie, ‘the old greengrocer told me the story. Will you still think of taking that house? Has not Burnside Cottage a curse attaching to it?’

‘A curse! my little wife. If ever I should hint at a public-house again, just say “Liza Gordon” to me, and if I am not insane, the thought will cure me. Burnside Cottage! May heaven help me! Never! never!’

HOME INFLUENCE.

“I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and better women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear, on the *mothers* more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done.”—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

“I owe it to my mother, and I mention it with filial piety, for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion, which have never, never forsaken me.”—*Bishop Watson.*

“I would say to every young parent, the ordination of a minister over a church is nothing at all in solemnity compared to that ordination with which God ordains you in your household. An ordinary pastorate in the church is inconsequential by the side of a pastorate in the family. If God has called you to take care of children, you have a study before you; and you are bound to look into their nature, to know their constitution, and to acquaint yourself with those great laws on which their training depends.”—*H. W. Beecher.*

“The last thing forgotten in all the recklessness of dissolute profligacy, is the prayer or hymn taught by a mother’s lips, or uttered at a father’s knee; and where there seems to have been any pains bestowed, even by one parent, to train up a child aright, there is in general more than ordinary ground for hope.”—*The experience of a Prison Chaplain.*

“Good laws will not reform us, if reformation begin not at home.”—*Richard Baxter.*

“The instruction of your children cannot commence too early. Every mother is capable of teaching her children obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety of behaviour; and it is a delightful circumstance, that the first instruction should thus be communicated by so tender a teacher. It is by combining affectionate gentleness in granting what is right, with

judicious firmness in refusing what is improper, that the happiness of children is promoted, and that good and orderly habits are established. If children are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task of guiding them aright will be comparatively easy."—*Nichols.*

John Newton, in his worst days, could never forget his mother, at whose knees he had learnt to pray, but who was taken to heaven when he was but eight years old. "My mother's God, the God of mercy, have mercy upon me," was often his agonising prayer in danger, and we all know how it was answered.

IN THE SPRING TIME.

TUNE—"Buy a Broom."

In the spring-time of life, with our hearts warm and glowing,
We're bound in a glorious Temperance band;
For we know in the world that we shortly must enter,
Thick dangers beset us on every hand.

CHORUS.

But we trust in His strength who has promised to aid us:
In the day of temptation we faithful shall stand.

Then as each has been bless'd, let him care for another;
With gentle persuasion some soul we may win,
For the Saviour has taught us to think of our brother—
Oh, that we could labour and live more like Him.

CHORUS.

For His greatest delight and His constant endeavour,
Was to draw from the ways of destruction and sin.

'Tis a stain on our country, our dearly-loved England,
That drunkenness holdeth so stedfast a sway;

Oh, then let it be ours as good loving subjects,
To drive this disgraceful sin monster away.

CHORUS.

Never let it be said of the nations less favoured,
The sons of our land are more wretched than they.

What, though young, we can work, and our lives make a
blessing,

The slave of intemperance strive to reclaim;
Then the mother shall smile on the son who has grieved her,
The wife shall rejoice in her husband again.

CHORUS.

By the help of that God who has promised to aid us,
The life He has given shall not be in vain.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Looking at the great interests associated with the Sunday Scholars of the United Kingdom, we deem it of the highest importance that Bands of Hope should be connected with them. We would urge our readers to circulate the "Facts and Opinions for Sunday School Teachers," advertised on our pages. Let it be given to Ministers, Superintendents and Teachers, and no doubt a good effect will be produced. It is so cheap that many of our readers will find it easy to purchase a hundred for distribution. We hope they will do so, and inform us of the result.

Mr. T. O. Chapman, the Sunday School Agent of the Union, continues his labours in connection with Sunday Schools in London. Mr. Hooke, jun., is aiding the work in Bath, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree has also united in this good work, and visited several schools. At one of these, five hundred children listened to him as he warned them of the drunkard's awful end. Should any Christian friend wish to join the Committee of the Union in the visitation of Sunday Schools, such aid will be gladly accepted.

Appended is a list of the Sunday Schools recently visited, by Mr. T. O. Chapman:—

Church of England.—District Church, Regent square, Gray's inn road: Rev. T. Nolan, minister. Schools in Dutton street. St. Clement Danes, Strand: Rev. M. Killick, minister. St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Charing cross: Rev. Mr. Maull, minister. St. Giles's-in-the-fields, Oxford street: Rev. A. W. Thorold, minister. West street Chapel, West street: Rev. R. W. Dibdin, minister. St. Saviour's Chapel, London street, Fitzroy square: Rev. J. Penny, minister. St. John the Evangelist, Charlotte street, Fitzroy square: Rev. Mr. Moorhouse, minister. St. James's the Great, Pollard row, Bethnal green road.

Congregational.—New court, Carey street, Lincoln's inn fields, twice: Rev. W. H. Draper, pastor. Orange street, Leicester square: Rev. R. E. Forsyth, pastor. Pentonville hill, Rev. A. Buzacott, pastor. Tonbridge Chapel, Euston road: Rev. Kilsby Jones, pastor. Tottenham Chapel, John street, Tottenham court road: no pastor. Mile End Road Chapel: Rev. Dr. Chew, pastor; and Mission School, Three Colt lane, connected therewith.

Baptist.—Arthur street, Frederick street, Gray's inn road, twice: Rev. Dr. Wills, pastor. Henrietta street, Regent square: Mr. W. R. Vines, pastor. Little Wilde street, Lincoln's inn fields: Rev. Christ. Woollacott, late pastor. Kingsgate street, Holborn: Rev. Francis Wills, pastor. Vernon square, Gray's inn road, twice: Rev. C. B. Sawday, pastor. Cromer street, Gray's inn road. Meard's court, Soho: Mr. Bloomfield, pastor. Grafton street, Fitzroy square: Rev. C. Marshall, pastor.

Wesleyan.—Great Queen street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields. Liverpool street, King's cross.

Primitive Methodist.—Elim Chapel, Fetter lane, Holborn.

Scottish National Church.—Crown court, Drury lane: Rev. Dr. Cumming, minister.

Various.—Brewer's Court Ragged School, Drury lane. Working Men's Christian Association, Grafton street, Soho. Abbey Street British Schools, Bethnal green road. Hail's Lane Chapel, Bethnal green road. City Mission School, Satchwell, Bethnal green road. Hoxton Ragged Schools, Hammond square, Hoxton Old Town.

The Agent has delivered addresses at the following schools :—Arthur street, twice; Vernon square; and Cromer street.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

VISITS OF THE HONORARY DEPUTATIONS AGENTS, &c.

During the past month no less than forty visits have been made by the Voluntary Agency of the Union. For these kind and valuable services thus rendered, our thanks are especially due to the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and to Messrs. C. B. Benn, Deane, W. Elliott, Hawksworth, Hardwidge, Hine, Johnson, Shirley, and Storr.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL has been engaged during the past month in connection with the Bradford Band of Hope Union.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended meetings as follows :—Bloomsbury Refuge; Barnsbury Independent Chapel; Little Denmark Street Ragged School, twice; Mission Hall, Five Dials, twice; Denmark Street, Soho, three times; Southville, Wandsworth Road; King Street, Long Acre; Pond Place, Chelsea; St. Paul's National School, Clerkenwell; St. James's Walk National School, Clerkenwell; St. Matthew's, Prince's Square, St. George's-in-the-East; Caledonian Road Congregational Chapel; Leopard Court, Baldwin's Gardens, Leather Lane; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; Surrey Chapel; 122, Vauxhall Walk; Tottenham; and Victoria Street, Shadwell.

During the month, Mr. W. J. LAY has attended meetings as follows :—Old Ford; Marlborough Chapel; Old Milestone, City Road; Streatham; Whitfield Chapel; Barbican; Fetter Lane; City Road; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Deverell Street, Dover Road; Lansdowne Place; Exeter Buildings, Sloane Street; Lant Street, Borough; Gee Street; Trafalgar Place; Trinity Chapel, Borough; Peckham; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; and Mill Pond Bridge.

Mr. F. SMITH has, during part of the past month, been engaged in training the Choir to sing at the Annual Meeting of the Union, in Exeter Hall. He has, however, attended the following meetings :—Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road; Weigh House Chapel Sunday School, Fish Street Hill, two lectures; Bath Street, Poplar; Waterloo Street, Camberwell.

MR. G. BLABY.—The *Ealing Post* thus describes a lecture by Mr. G.

Blaby, entitled "Beauties of Temperance Song." Mr. Jonathan Luck presided, and ably introduced the lecturer to the audience. Mr. Blaby then commenced his musical lecture, dividing his subject into two parts; the first part being the evils of intemperance, or the dark side of the picture. Opening melody, "A Temperance Man." He then dilated very ably on the evils arising from intemperance, and he illustrated this with the song "You will remember me." In the next place he spoke of the effect of drink on the body and the mind, illustrating it with "The Bottle." The lecturer then spoke very effectively on the influence of drink on the social circle and maternal affection. Its influence even made a mother forget her offspring, which he illustrated by a thrilling anecdote and the affecting melody of "Dear Mother, drink no more." The first part was brought to a close by an able and talented description of the drunkard's end, which he illustrated with the song, "The Inebriate's Lament." The second part:—Blessings of Total Abstinence, or the bright side of the picture, commenced with the opening melody "Happy Day," which all appeared to join in and fully enjoy. The able lecturer then commenced telling them what those blessings were, how it raised the drunkard from his degraded and miserable condition, to a respectable position in the world, and made him a useful member of society, and he illustrated this portion of the lecture with the melody "If thou wilt abstain," the audience joining in the chorus. He then went on further, to say what the temperance movement had already done in reclaiming its thousands and tens of thousands from a drunkard's grave, and converting his once miserable home into a happy home, as full of comforts as the other was devoid of them. Song, "My happy temperance home." He next adverted to what it would yet achieve, believing that it was yet in its infancy, and that 'ere long the great enemy "alcohol" would be finally abolished from our land and every land, and in support of this he eloquently referred to the Band of Hope as the means to accomplish this great and glorious purpose, and that they, the men and women of to-morrow, would plant the temperance flag, never to be uprooted. Melody, "The Temperance Flag." In conclusion he would remind them of its ultimate success, and encouraged his Temperance friends to go on and prosper, and God would bless their endeavours. Mr. Luck then expressed the pleasure he had felt in listening to Mr. Blaby, and said he had come there that evening, as he had done many a time before, to give his aid and support in favour of the good cause of temperance. He had just received a letter from a gentleman, with a request that Mr. Blaby should pay them another visit, and he was sure they would say "yes" to that. They must have been highly entertained and amused. It was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously, that Mr. Blaby should come and give another lecture in about a week or ten days. The meeting then closed by singing the National Anthem. The lecture was listened to with attention, and appeared to give general satisfaction. It was respectably attended, especially considering the dullness of the weather, and the dirtiness of the entrance to the school-room, and we have no doubt when Mr. Blaby next visits Ealing that he will get a crowded house.

PEEL GROVE.—A juvenile meeting, convened by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, was held in the Temperance Hall, Peel grove, Bethnal green, on Thursday, April 21st. The following is a copy of the bill distributed in the Sunday Schools of the neighbourhood, on the previous Sunday, by Mr. T. O. Chapman, Sunday School Agent:—

No Drunkard shall Inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

**United Kingdom
BAND OF HOPE UNION.**

If your PARENTS will give their CONSENT,
COME TO THE BAND OF HOPE MEETING

TO BE HELD AT THE

PEEL GROVE INSTITUTE,

BETHNAL GREEN,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 21st, 1864.

Very interesting ADDRESSES will be given by Rev. G. W. M'CREE,
Mr. STEPHEN SHIRLEY, and Mr. T. OXLEY CHAPMAN.

 *To commence at Seven o'clock. Be in time.*

Moderate Drinking leads to Drunkenness.

The children and many of their parents having assembled, the meeting was opened by the chairman, the Rev. H. D. Northrop, B.A., minister of Victoria Park Congregational Church, who expressed his entire sympathy with the Band of Hope movement. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. S. Shirley, whose Temperance version of the fable of "The Lion and the Mouse," greatly pleased the young folks. Mr. T. O. Chapman addressed the children in a very pleasing manner; his story of "William Watson" will be long remembered by them. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree spoke on the chemical properties of strong drink, and the wisdom of never using them, and elicited some very intelligent answers. During the evening some melodies were well sung by the children. The rev. chairman informed Mr. M'Cree that he would convene a meeting of his Sunday school, and form a Band of Hope in connection therewith; a resolution which greatly cheered the friends.

BARBICAN.—A Band of Hope demonstration was held in the Sandemanian Chapel, on April 19th, when the Rev. J. Boyle presided. A large audience were evidently delighted with the singing and recitations of the children, as arranged by Mr. R. B. Starr. "The London Sparrow" was quite popular, and "In the Spring-time," composed by Mrs. Snellgrove, was sung with great spirit. The address was delivered by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, whose story of "The Young Sailor" was listened to with breathless interest by both young and old.

BATH.—The meetings connected with the second anniversary of the Band of Hope belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, in this city, have been held during the past month. On Good-Friday, the members of the committee, with several friends of the society, took tea together in the Vineyard School-room. After tea, a meeting was held,

Wine is a Mocker.

Strong Drink is Raging.

presided over by Mr. Hooke, jun., when several addresses and recitations were delivered. On Sunday, April 3rd, a special address was delivered to the children of the Sabbath schools, by the Rev. S. Lepine, (of Abingdon.) On Monday, April 4th, the annual tea meeting was held. After tea there was a sale of useful and ornamental articles. This was followed by a public meeting, J. H. Cotterell, Esq. (one of the Vice-Presidents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union), in the chair. The secretary, Mr. F. Manning, read the report, which showed a balance due to the treasurer of about £1. 10s. The total number of members was stated to be over 400. The adoption of the report was moved by the Rev. W. Mottram, and seconded by Mr. Sturges. The Rev. A. Ramsey, (of Gloucester,) in moving the re-election of Mr. Hooke, jun., as president, and Mr. F. Manning, as honorary secretary of the society, delivered a most eloquent and able address, in which he appealed to his hearers to join in the conflict with England's greatest foe, and thus become champions "in the truest chivalry." T. Thompson, Esq., exhorted those present to have faith in one another, their principles, and their God, and finally they would conquer. Mr. T. Line having delivered a stirring address, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman. The adjourned meeting was held on the following evening, Mr. Hooke, jun., in the chair, when, in addition to recitations given by Masters Lane, Bishop, Garlick, and others, interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. T. Noyes and Mr. William Garlick. The anniversary closed (as it had begun) with prayer.

WANTED,—INFORMATION.

The Editor is preparing a paper on the present position of the Band of Hope movement throughout the world. Will our readers kindly send him what information they may possess? For instance, let him know:—

1. The name of the Band of Hope.
2. The name of its Secretary.
3. When and where it meets.
4. Number of members.
5. Influence of local drinking customs on the children.
6. How they resist that influence.
7. Facts which illustrate points Nos. 5 and 6.
8. Mode of conducting the Band of Hope: describe in full anything *special* in doing this.
9. Relation of the Band of Hope to a Christian Church, Sunday School, or Temperance Society.
10. Present prospects.

Our friends will please to write on one side of their paper. Crossed manuscript must not be sent.

Address—Rev. G. W. M'Cree, 37, Queen Sq., London, W.C.

Good Friends! write speedily, and we will thank you much for your kindness.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The annual meetings for the present year, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, have been held. Notwithstanding the adverse influence of the Whitsuntide holidays, combined with extremely hot weather, they were well attended, and we believe afforded entire satisfaction to subscribers, the friends of the movement generally, and the earnest workers who attended them. They were commenced as usual, with the early prayer meeting, in Bloomsbury Chapel, which for several years has been kindly lent for this purpose, by the Rev. W. Brock and deacons. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree presided, and gave a short address on the text, "a seed shall serve him." Appropriate prayers were offered by various friends.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

The ninth annual meeting of this society was held at Exeter hall, Strand, on Monday evening May 16th. A choir of six hundred children from various Bands of Hope in the metropolis, under the direction of Mr. F. Smith, sang various pieces during the evening. The chair was taken by Charles Gilpin, Esq., M.P. The following ministers and gentlemen were on the platform:—The Dean of Dromore, the Revs. John Rodgers, M.A., J. Burns, D.D., Stenton Eardley, M.A., Newman Hall, LL.B., E. P. Fairfield (Michigan, Deputy-Lieutenant of the State, and President of the College), G. W. M'Cree, Samuel Couling (Scarborough), John Kaye (editor of the *Wesleyan Times*), W. Charlesworth, C. Harrison, Isaac Doxsey, and J. Boyle; and Messrs. Joseph Payne, Warren Hall, W. Purvis, John Rutherford (Northampton), John Thwaites, W. R. Selway, Joseph Sturge Gilpin (Nottingham), John De Fraine, Robert Mellors (Nottingham); G. W. Murphy, W. Tweedie, Robert Rae, William West, Colonel Young (Bedford), S. L. Carleton (United States), Eben. Clarke, jun., W. J. Haynes, William Sims, Elihu Burritt, William Spriggs, T. I. White, S. Shirley, R. B. Starr, G. S. Wybroo, T. Wood, F. Fusedale, A. Hawkins, S. Johnson, Silas Tucker, W. Bell, &c.

A hymn was sung, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Isaac Doxsey. The children then sang the second piece on the programme.

A summary of the report was given by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree.

The third melody was then sung.

The CHAIRMAN said: My excellent friend on my right (Mr. M'Cree) has promised you the "pleasure" of listening to me after the hymn which you have just heard. I feel that I can offer you nothing in comparison with the melody of those young voices raised up in praising a cause the

good of which they have proved, and in returning thanks to the Giver of the success to that cause (cheers). Amongst the various institutions which, during this month, hold their anniversaries in this hall, I think there is none—really none—which presents a higher claim—I had almost said so high a claim, upon the benevolent, the enlightened, and the Christian community, as that whose anniversary we are assembled to celebrate, and whose principles we are met together to promote (cheers). A few days hence, and what I was about to call the “parent” society—a kindred society, at least, to this, is to hold its meeting in this hall, under the presidency of that gentleman whose name has been rightly received this evening with cordial approbation—I mean the president of the Band of Hope Union, Mr. Morley (cheers). That association labours heartily, earnestly, and successfully to promote the Temperance reformation by persuading all of every age to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It labours successfully; but oh, how often unsuccessfully when it deals with those whose habits are formed, and whose characters are formed, and who find it too often all but impossible to break off their injurious habits, and to get rid of the character acquired! But there is peculiar reason and peculiar importance in our addressing ourselves to the young—these young mortal immortals—before they have felt the power of temptation, before they have acquired habits deleterious to themselves, saddening and darkening in their influences, and in raising, if possible, a barrier around them against that vice by which more have fallen than, perhaps, all other vices put together. Well, the Band of Hope Union, and those who promoted this institution, have cast their eyes along the pathway of life crowded with myriads of every age—some with the buoyant step of youth, others with the tottering gait of age, and they find that in the midst of that pathway is one pitfall deep and dangerous, into which more fall than into all other snares; and towards that pitfall there is but one pathway, and the Band of Hope Union would bar that pathway. The Band of Hope Union would place an obstacle to the entrance into that pathway by which alone the pit can be approached. I remember, many years ago, the importance of pressing the Temperance question upon the young was brought before me forcibly, and I have never got rid of the impression. It was long before we thought of Bands of Hope. I was visiting in Lancashire a poor man in connection with an Accident Association with which I am connected. He was suffering severely from an accident which had occurred to him in consequence of drunkenness. It was not the first time that he had injured himself through drink, and over and over again he had made an effort to escape from the thralldom into which he had fallen. I sat by him, and I reasoned with him, and urged him to abstain altogether from intoxicating liquor, as the only means for him to amend. He listened to me carefully, patiently, earnestly, approvingly, but at last, in his broad dialect, he said, “I mon gang mine own way;” and then pointing to his little boy beside him, he said, “But yon—oh, if you could keep yon from the drink!” Well this association would “keep yon from the drink.” This society would, by gentle persuasion such as alone is compatible with its ope-

rations, persuade children to commence aright, and by abstaining from the first to escape the temptations of the future. I rejoice, as you have rejoiced, to hear the favourable report which has been read this evening, or rather, not read, but told us—talked to us—explained to us by my excellent friend Mr. M'Cree. It was a great improvement upon reading. You have rejoiced with me in the success which has attended the efforts of this association; and I can only say, may that success be multiplied a hundredfold! (cheers). We rejoice in the success which has been achieved; we believe in that success continuing: we believe that

(cheers) "Truth, and love, and knowledge,

The civilising three,

Still show, from good that has been,

The better that will be ;"

and we heartily hope that those who are banded together in a cause like this will be favoured to see the result of their labours blessed to all around them in the increasing intelligence, the increasing morality, and the increasing happiness of that rising generation which are the joy of the present and the hope of the future (cheers). I do not forget that the business of a chairman is less to speak than to listen; but I could not take my seat in the chair as I have done this evening without thus far expressing my earnest and hearty sympathy with the object which we are met to promote, and my willingness on all occasions on which it is in my power to lend a helping hand to those engaged in this movement (applause).

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE announced that the Rev. Mr. Bucke and Handel Cossham, Esq., would be unable to attend, but the Rev. Dr. Burns had very kindly consented to speak.

The Rev. JABEZ BURNS, D.D., said that he had come more especially to do honour to that illustrious woman who was the founder of Bands of Hope, and who had passed to her reward since they had last assembled in that hall. He referred to that noble Christian woman, Mrs. Carlisle. He had the privilege and the honour of introducing Mrs. Carlisle to the Temperance societies of England. Her life was a life of constant prayer. At the commencement and conclusion of every effort she sanctified it with an earnest spirit of importunate prayer, and she had so much of the love and spirit of her Master that wherever she went she made her influence tell in promoting the good cause. She laboured till she was blind, and till she could no longer walk, and during the past year she had gone to that higher world where the labourer received the crown and the reward, but she had left in the United Kingdom thousands and thousands of results. As soon as the Temperance cause was inaugurated she became a thorough teetotalter, and she was a wonderfully old-fashioned teetotalter, having no idea of any sort of teetotalism but one, and that was entire abstinence. There was a very distinguished medical man in Dublin, who was going to lecture to show that Dr. Lees, and Dr. Carpenter, and Professor Miller, and others had gone to the extreme in representing alcohol to be so entirely pernicious, and he was going to show in his lecture that alcohol had a conserving influence upon the

tissues, and that if it did not contain nutrition it saved the waste of the tissues. Good Mrs. Carlisle was perfectly terrified at all this nonsense, and she was taken to the lecture. The lecturer went through a rigmarole of metaphysical, and physical, and technical definitions, and when he had done, good Mrs. Carlisle, as she was wont to pray about everything, put up her arms and said, "Lord Jesus, save us from the tissues!" (laughter). In this spirit of thoroughness, simplicity, earnestness, and self-sacrifice this good woman lived and died. He would now say three or four words with respect to the occasion of their being then assembled. He said, with reference to all noble enterprises, "Give us the children" (cheers). If the Church of the Saviour was to prosper, and if we were to see a permanent revival, give us the children. If we were to have an intelligent population, give us the children. If we were to have a growing population that should thoroughly reform and put in order the House where the chairman sat, give us the children (laughter). If we were to put down the drinking customs and the profligate habits of the nation, give us the children (cheers). It had often been said that schoolmasters were great pedants, and imagined that they were very important personages. As a schoolmaster was one day walking in the town where he taught, he met a person, and told him that he was the master of the parish. The person he addressed said, "Well, I had not the pleasure of knowing that." "Well," said the schoolmaster, "I will show you how it is. Some people think that the men are the masters, but they are not; for the women master the men (laughter). And then the women are not the masters, for the children master the women, and I master the children. Therefore, fairly and logically, I am the master of the parish." They would never get a thoroughly Temperance London until they got the children. Give them the children, and then people would not go bamboozled through the world, hood-winked, and talking about intoxicating drinks as "the good creatures of God." Give them the children, and society would become rid of the prejudices in favour of those drinks, and persons would grow up with very strong predilections in favour of teetotalism. Give them the children, because habit was second nature. He believed there were hundreds of drunkards in England whom no process could save, their self-control being almost extinct. The taste for alcohol was not natural, but artificial; and before the artificial appetite was formed, give them the children. Finally, give them the children, because children were not the slaves of custom. Give them the children, and the cause would then have in its favour power, and mind, and heart, and influence, and intellect, which were unshackled, and which might tend, under the blessing of God, to emancipate the country from the curse of strong drink. He had three or four verses to read before resuming his seat. Had he known that the poet laureate of teetotalism, of ragged-schools, of city missions, of omnibus improvements, and of every good movement which influenced this great city, would have been present, he should never have dreamed of trying to write verses (cheers and laughter); but under the emergency of the occasion, and having to supply the place of two absent speakers, he thought he had better supply the place of one in prose and of the other in poetry (great laughter):—

We want the little boys and girls
 To join the Temperance band ;
 And then we'll give old Alcohol
 No quarter in the land—

A phalanx mighty, brave and strong,
 To battle with the foe ;
 And drive the deadly legions back
 That fill our land with woe.

Then let us cheer our Bands of Hope
 In this most glorious fight,
 Till God shall give the victory
 To Temperance and to right.

And let us daily send our prayers
 To our good God in heaven,
 That to our growing Bands of Hope
 All needful good be given.

For children's loud hosannas please
 The Lord of our salvation,
 And He will crown our Bands of Hope
 That try to save our nation.

(Loud cheers).

The children then sang the fifth piece on the programme—" Try again."

The Rev. STENTON EARDLEY next addressed the meeting. He said that he took the last words of the song to himself. He had often spoken on Temperance platforms, but he felt that he had never spoken as he ought to have done, and he was now going to " try again." He would first of all congratulate the society that it had not expired under the venom of the House of Commons (hear). He supposed that the honourable chairman was one of those who got sprinkled with the saliva of that little acid drop from Sheffield, although he was still living (cheers and laughter). Let there be but a single generation of sober men and women, and Sheffield would never send up to the House of Commons such a bag of venom as had so recently displayed itself (applause). He supposed nobody could doubt that there was great need for some special work to be directed against the terrible curse of drinking. The conviction had deepened with him day by day that Temperance reformers must go farther back than the adults; and he thought that any earnest honest worker in the Temperance movement would be driven necessarily to the conviction that to save the land they must have the children (cheers). Nothing was more natural. Drinking was often compared to a torrent which it was impossible to stem; but if they could not turn a river when it had grown wide and deep, and its volume was enormous, they should go higher up the stream. As poetry seemed to be rather in the ascendant, he would give an old stave—not his own (laughter):—

" A pebble in a streamlet's track,
 Has turned the course of many a river ;
 A dew drop on the baby plant,
 Has bent the giant oak for ever."

(Applause).

He believed there were thousands of the adult population whom nothing could save; but Christian enterprise did not throw down its weapons, and sit down in despair because there were difficulties, but if they could not achieve an object in one way they resolved to try another. Perhaps nobody in that hall was prepared to receive his testimony with respect to the amount of misery produced amongst children by the drunkenness of their parents. He held in his hand a letter from a lady of rank, who was not a teetotaler, but who had been striving for years past to meet and remedy the great distress and sorrow that existed in the families in her own county of Kent, and especially amongst children. She, in conjunction with others, had established an asylum for the reception of children who were neglected by their natural guardians, and had no proper homes. They had established a branch girls' school at Chelsea, and a boys' refuge at Maida-hill. In the course of her letter she said, "Each child we have sent from Kent has gone simply through the parents' drunkenness. We send no children who can be legitimately inmates of the union, but only those who cannot be there. Indeed, out of the two hundred and fifty girls of the county of Kent who have been in our London school, two hundred and thirty have been sent simply from this dreadful cause." In another part of her letter she said, "A beer shop has been opened in our absence in a before truly peaceful hamlet, and *has done its work*." They all knew what the work of the beer-shop was. Could the keeper of such a place sincerely thank God on the Saturday night for blessing his honest industry during the week? He (Mr. Eardley) did not know that he could kneel beside a man who earned his livelihood from the misery of others. Instead of such a man thanking God for his prosperity, it would be more consistent for him to thank the devil himself. In an article in the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* it was said that if 21 feet were allowed to each public-house and beer-shop of London, excluding club-houses and refreshment-houses, they would form a street of 39 miles! It was stated as a fact, that last year the Government engaged 300 excavators to perform a certain work, and the contractor built for their convenience a small public-house. In the 12 months of 1863 the men spent in it £7,500., which was an average of 10s. per week per man. A few days ago Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in a case which came before him, in which a poor woman having gone into a public-house, and been maddened by drink, had then destroyed £20. worth of property, said, "The time may come when, if people will madden their fellow-creatures by selling them these pernicious things, they themselves shall have to bear the loss." (cheers). He (Mr. Eardley) was delighted to hear that remark. Teetotalers were thankful for very small indications of a smile from the judicial bench. He would call attention to the testimony of a brewer on the sale and use of strong drink. It was contained in an article in the *North British Review* for February, 1855, by Charles Buxton, Esq.; M.P. He said:—"Startling as it may appear, it is the truth, that the destruction of human life and the waste of national wealth which must arise from this tremendous Russian war are outrun every year by the devastation caused by national drunkenness."

Nay, add together all the miseries generated in our times by war, famine, and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, and they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity. This assertion will not be readily believed by those who have not reflected on the subject, but the fact is, that hundred of thousands of our countrymen are daily sinking themselves into deeper misery, destroying their health, peace of mind, domestic comfort, and usefulness, and ruining every faculty of mind and body from indulgence in this propensity. It would not be too much to say, that there are at this moment half-a-million homes in the United Kingdom where home-happiness is never felt owing to this cause alone—where the wives are broken-hearted, and the children are brought up in misery, owing to this cause alone. Then the sober part of the community pays a heavy penalty,” he said, “for the vices of the drunkard,” and he (Mr. Eardley) would add, “the profits of the brewer” (cheers). “Drink is the great parent of crime.” In another place he said, “Not only does this vice produce all kinds of positive mischief, but it also has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will, soaking their brains with beer, or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the church all united against the beer-house and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell.” Again he said, “Looking, then, at the manifold and frightful evils that spring from drunkenness, we were justified in saying that it is the most dreadful of all the ills that afflict the British Isles. We are convinced that if a statesman who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply would be that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues could be stayed.” “The question is, whether millions of our countrymen shall be helped to become happier and wiser—whether pauperism, lunacy, disease, and crime shall be diminished—whether multitudes of men, women, and children shall be aided to escape from utter ruin of body and soul?” The writer would close the public-houses at ten o’clock at night, and he would let the coffee-houses remain open as long as they chose. He further said, “We trust that no squeamish timidity will prevent our statesmen from cutting the knot, and making it the regular duty of the police to see that all the houses for the sale of fermented liquors are shut up at the time proposed.” “There is one other regulation which we rather suggest for consideration than recommend, namely, that if any person is found in a public-house, or coming out of it, in such a state of drunkenness that the police have to take charge of him, not only that the drunken person, but also the publican, should be fined; and still more strongly would we urge, that if the individual thus found be a *woman*, the publican should be fined still more heavily.” (cheers). “Experience has shown that a Maine-law sustained by public opinion is not by any means so absurd a piece of

legislation as it looks at first sight." Mr. Buxton then remarked, "The use of this Maine-law would be not so much to deprive drunkards of their liquor as to remove temptation from those who have not yet fallen." "We conclude," he said, "earnestly commending the suggestions thrown out in the previous pages to the consideration, if not to the adoption, of our readers. We are face to face with the most prolific source of sin and misery in our age. Let us not be misled by a spurious humanity to deal with it softly. The evils are mighty; the remedies must be strong." When the claims of teetotalism were urged on some persons they asked for its scriptural authority. They always instanced Timothy—that much-abused young evangelist (laughter). It was astonishing to see how many men had got his stomach in their pockets. Men did not want any scriptural authority when their motives were their stomachs; but as soon as persons brought high Christian motives to bear on the subject, and abstained from intoxicating liquors for the good of others, objectors asked them for the scriptural warrant for teetotalism. The fact was, there was liberty in the matter. Those who asked for chapter and verse utterly mistook the very genius of the Bible (cheers). It did not say in so many words, "Do this," and "Do that;" but it put a life into men, and said, "Work that out!" (cheers). That life was a life of love, and love was to be the interpreter of duty. Professing Christians sometimes sang—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

and they would get into rapture on the subject; and then, perhaps, when asked whether they would give up a glass or two of wine to save their brother, they would refuse to do so. He impeached this hypocrisy in the Church! He liked most of all to appeal to Christians. He believed that the Temperance movement was the work of God, and that the reason why, in times past, mere secular teetotalism had failed was because it was merely secular. The Church of God had not taken up the movement, and placed it amongst its own philanthropic operations, or it would not have been so weak and sickly as it had been in past years (cheers).

CHARLES GILPIN, Esq., then said that he was compelled to retire from the chair, but Joseph Payne, Esq., would supply his place.

The chair was then taken by JOSEPH PAYNE, Esq.

Melodies Nos. 6 and 7 were sung by the children, and a collection was made in the meanwhile.

The Hon. SAMUEL L. CARLETON, of the United States, then addressed the meeting. He expressed the pleasure he felt in being present that evening. He had come from that State in which they had outlawed the traffic in intoxicating drinks (cheers). He had been a teetotaler for twenty-five years, and he had the honour of being president of the Band of Hope in the State of Maine. He believed that Bands of Hope were, to the welfare of the world, what Sabbath schools were to the Church of

Christ. Attempts had been made in his State to regulate the traffic, and they had failed, and no success was achieved until it was abolished altogether. Facts and figures were brought before the people which showed distinctly that there were in the United States from fifty to sixty thousand persons annually who went down to the drunkard's grave. After the prohibitory law was passed, it was several times upset by the opposite political party; but, after a trial of seven years, the people went to the legislature, asking them to leave it to the people to say whether they would have the law or not. The legislature complied; and when the day came for the people to vote as to whether the traffic should be abolished or not, out of a population of one hundred and twenty thousand voters, fewer than one hundred voted against the abolition (cheers). They now had a Maine law of the people, and not simply of the legislature. There was a class, as there always would be, down underneath everything like respectability and decency, and they still continued the traffic to some extent, but it was carried on in underground passages and bye-places, as was acknowledged even by the enemies of the law. Large quantities of liquor had been seized, and thrown into the sewer. Some men, who were thought Christians, put up their hands, and said, "Oh, what a waste of property! Why not sell it, and give it to the poor?" (laughter). It was felt, however, that they had been giving it to the poor long enough. He hoped the day was not very far distant when the people of England would be able to outlaw the accursed traffic. It was almost past the power of man to portray the blessed results that would follow the entire destruction of the traffic in this country. It was the drinking customs of the country which supported the traffic, and the work of Bands of Hope was to undermine those customs (cheers).

The eighth hymn on the paper was then sung.

The Chairman (Joseph Payne, Esq.) said they had had their friend Mr. Gilpin in the chair, and they knew that it was said of John Gilpin, that he went farther than he intended—(laughter). He (Mr. Payne), who then occupied the chair in the place of Mr. Gilpin, had certainly gone farther than he intended, for he had intended to take no part in the meeting. He would say a few words as to what ought to be the result of the arguments that had been stated that evening. They ought to feel for the cause, and to kneel for the cause, and to steal for the cause, and to appeal for the cause. They ought to feel for the cause, for if they did not feel they would not act. Then they must kneel for the cause. It was said that teetotalism was put in the place of religion. That was a slander. Teetotalism merely put the people in a condition in which they would hear the gospel. If a man were to go half drunk into a church, would not Mr. Bumble, the beadle, very soon put him out?—(laughter). Teetotalism made men sober, and then the operations of religion were brought to bear upon them. An old divine said, "Prayer is a blessed messenger between heaven and earth, having communication with both worlds, and, by a happy intercourse and sure conveyance, sending up the necessities of the one, and bringing down the bounties of the other"—(applause). The teetotal cause and the Band of Hope cause stood in need of prayer.

Then, they should steal for the cause. It might seem rather odd, that a judge should recommend stealing—(laughter). He meant, however, that they should steal time to serve the cause. An Irish poet said—

“The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night.”

Then their duty was to appeal for the cause. They should join the cause themselves, and seek to induce others to do the same. They should begin at once, and endeavour in all sorts of ways to further the movement. They could not give themselves greater enjoyment than by tasting the luxury of doing good. The learned chairman concluded a humorous speech, interspersed with several laughable anecdotes, for which we have not space, by reciting his 1984th poetical tail piece:—

“The National Temperance League,
And the beautiful Bands of Hope,
Have gained great applause for the Temperance cause,
And have won it the widest scope.

Their friends are abstainers all,
Who fast by their plans have stood;
They do not sit, mum, but to others say, ‘Come
With us, and we’ll do you good.’

The singing of Temperance songs,
With strength and with sweetness too,
Has gladdened the hearts of the good in all parts,
And the hearts, I am sure, of you.

John Gilpin of old was famed;
To children his name is known;
But he’s dead and he’s gone, but there’s one who lives on,
And that Gilpin away has flown.

Now ’ere we depart we’ll say,
With our Temperance flag unfurled,
‘As onward they go, may the Bands of Hope grow,
Till they fill up the wide, wide world!’”

—(loud cheers).

The Chairman then announced that their friend from “the other side of the water,” the Rev. Newman Hall, was expected at nine o’clock.

The Rev. G. W. M’CREE said that it was an unsettled problem, which was “the other side of the water.” Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, might be able to solve the difficulty. Sir Roderick, however, did settle another matter of greater consequence the other night. Being at an evening party, some young men, who had drunk copiously of wine, were following Sir Roderick into the drawing-room. One of them said to him, “Sir Roderick, you know a great deal about geology as well as geography; can you tell us the rock upon which young men are likely to split?” “Well,” said Sir Roderick, “judging from your deportment, I should say *quartz*” (quarts)—(laughter). Mr. Carleton had argued in favour of the abolition of the traffic. He

(Mr. M'Cree) was in favour of prohibition, and he contended that the legislature had no right to license men to hurt their fellow-men. That was Maine-law philosophy, and they could not do without that. And then, on the other hand, the promoters of Bands of Hope said, "We will take care, by God's help, that these children shall be so instructed in Band of Hope principles that they will not be tempted to enter the public house." That was the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union philosophy, and they could not do without either philosophy. He would tell the National Temperance League on the one hand, and the advocates of a Maine-law on the other hand, that they could not do without the Bands of Hope. Whilst they in their measure were doing a noble work, and cutting off a bough here and a bough there, the Band of Hope movement came and laid the axe at the root of the tree (cheers). If they got hold of the children they would, by God's help, be a Maine-law to themselves. Mr. M'Cree concluded by giving some instances of the necessity and efficiency of Band of Hope operations.

The children sang the ninth piece on the paper.

The Chairman said that the Rev. Newman Hall had arrived precisely at nine o'clock as he had anticipated. He would introduce him with four lines :—

Newman Hall has a deal to do,
Yet Newman Hall to his word is true ;
And Newman Hall is with us to-night,
For the Bands of Hope are his heart's delight.

(laughter and cheers).

The Rev. NEWMAN HALL, who was warmly received, said that he was that morning before breakfast out amongst the beautiful lanes and meadows of Hendon, listening to the rapturous singing of the birds, and gazing upon the wondrous beauty of the flowers ; and he thought that those birds that were singing so beautifully, and those lambs that were frisking so joyously, and those bright leaves that were clothing the trees with beauty, and those lovely flowers, were all young, and they were all totallers—every one of them. He hoped the young friends would learn a lesson from nature. They could be strong as the trees, and beautiful as the flowers, and happy as the birds and lambs, upon cold water. (cheers). He saw some lilac bushes, and oh, how beautiful they were ! The branches were covered with a beautiful profusion of flowers, and as he looked at them he thought that if some rude destructive person were to come with a great cudgel and knock away at the beautiful branches, spoiling those flowers of the lilac, he should feel disposed to be very angry with him, and he believed he should have a right to be so. But supposing some person were to go into one of the beautiful orchards where the apple trees were in such glory, and knock down the branches of the apple trees that were full of blossom, he would be doing more than destroying the flowers ; he would be destroying the fruit, for the blossoms would be fruit very soon. Those children were blossoms,—blossoms more beautiful and more valuable than the blossom of the lilac or the apple tree. They might flower, and shed

their fragrance, and the blossom might ripen into fruit to benefit society and glorify God; and if he saw any one come with rudeness and cruelty and beat down those blossoms, he could not help being angry. He did right to be angry. Drink in this country had broken down many and many a fair blossom, and was threatening to break down many more. He prayed God that he might be more and more angry with drink, which did such damage (cheers). They tried to keep the children teetotallers, in order to keep them from the damage which might be done to them through drink; and many through life had had reason to bless God that they had been members of the Band of Hope. The question was sometimes asked, "Will the children keep the pledge?" He maintained that as large a proportion of children as of adults kept the pledge when they had once taken it, and, perhaps, the proportion was larger. Some time ago the venerable Premier, Lord Palmerston, was at Leeds, speaking for some public institution, and he used this illustration:—"If you want to drain a morass, what will you do, if you are wise? You will divert the little streams that flow into the bog, and make the morass. Divert those streams, and you cure the morass." That was a very good illustration of what the Band of Hope movement was doing (applause). Nobody who partook of intoxicating drinks could claim to be safe from their influence. The Temperance movement was one which concerned all classes of society, and those who helped it forward might one day find that they had been helping themselves or their own relations (cheers). There was a beautiful Pagan fable of Circe, a princess who dwelt upon the coast of Italy. It was said that by her enchanted cup which she gave to her guests to drink, she turned them into swine. The companions of Ulysses drank, and shared that fate. Ulysses, aided by Mercury, went with his sword in his hand, and rescued the victims of her enchantment, and they became men and women once more. Ancient fable was modern fact. Under the Circean influence of drink men and women became swine, and not only were they injured in their bodies, but the intellect, and heart, and conscience, and soul were all destroyed (cheers). Should men and women remain swine in the hands of the sorceress? Those who engaged in the teetotal cause had the help of a better than Mercury. They had the help of Christ, the friend of sinners; and he had given them a simple antidote, and that antidote was cold water (cheers). Should they say to their fellow-creatures, "Listen to the enchantress, but don't listen too long; drink of her cup, but don't drink too deep?" No, let them rather say, in the language of the poet,

"Taste not at all the sweet Circean cup;
He who drinks often at last drinks it up;
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He who abstains, and he alone, does right."

(loud cheers).

On the motion of Mr. EBENEZER CLARKE, jun., seconded by Mr. WARREN HALL, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Charles Gilpin, Esq., and Joseph Payne, Esq., for their services in the chair.

JOSEPH PAYNE, Esq., responded on behalf of himself and his predecessor in the chair.

The Rev. NEWMAN HALL pronounced the benediction.

The Children sang the last piece on the programme as the audience were retiring.

THE CONFERENCE.

The annual Conference, was held in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, May 18th, 1864, when a larger number of delegates, both from London and the provinces attended, than on any preceding occasion. We have only space to give a partial list of the ladies and gentlemen present :—

Rev. Clarmont Skrine, Barnet; the Misses Rogers, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Thomas Bowick, Mr. Deane, Mr. Rowland Hill, jun., and Lieut.-Colonel Young, of Bedford; Mr. W. Bray, Mr. A. Firth, Mr. I. Phillips, and Mr. H. Sewell, from Bradford, Yorkshire; Rev. John Cort, and Rev. Wm. Rose, from Bristol; Mr. G. Beamish, Coventry; Mr. D. Clarke, High Wycombe; Mr. Wm. L. Matthews, Isleworth; Mr. James Raistrick and Mr. Joseph White, Kirkstall, near Leeds; Mr. John Bincks, Leeds; Mr. A. Walton, Liverpool; Mr. Robert Boyle, Manchester; Mr. John Phillips, Newport, Monmouthshire; Rev. John Phillips, and Mr. John Rutherford, Northampton; Mr. Robert Mellors and Mr. Joseph Sturge Gilpin, Nottingham; Mr. J. Lloyd, Richmond, Yorkshire; Rev. Samuel Couling, Scarborough; Mr. James S. Bartlett, and Mr. S. Hoyland, Sheffield; Miss J. Rudlan, Mr. W. Small, and Miss S. Stammer, Sudbury; Mr. John Rowan, and Miss Worthington, Wandsworth; Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, jun., Walthamstow; Mr. Richard Cooper, Wednesfield; Mr. W. Seaton, Wells, Somerset; Mr. W. B. Affleck, and Mr. D. Whalley, Yeadon, near Leeds.

The following is a list of some of the friends who attended from various parts of London :—

Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Rev. Dawson Burns, Rev. W. W. Robinson, M.A.; Rev. Joseph Boyle, Rev. Isaac Doxsey, Rev. J. Guthrie, Rev. W. R. Rowe, Rev. E. W. Thomas; Mrs. Brice, Mrs. Nichol, Mrs. Tuffrey, Mrs. F. Smith; the Misses Wood, Eldridge, Smith, Twitchin, Matthews, Butler, Barrett, Denison, Evans, Webber; Messrs. G. M. Murphy, Edmund Fry, William West, Thomas Dodd, W. Ludbrook, T. A. Smith, R. Rae, Venning, Fairey, R. Nichol, R. A. Gowan, John Warner; T. O. Chapman, Sunday-school agent of the Union; Green, E. F. Storr, George Joblin, J. Fosberry; Mr. W. Bell, agent of the Union; Mr. Thomas Cash, Mr. Andrew Dunn, Mr. John Matthews, Mr. James Eaton, James F. Watson, W. Charratt, Sydney Loveson, T. Hudson, J. P. Draper, A. J. Arnold, Thomas I. White, John Mantle, Alexander Bryce, W. J. Barlow, G. Baker, W. Tweedie, B. Harvey, C. Searl, M. Searl, Thomas Jones, W. Matthews, Henry Benjafield, W. Brown; G. Blaby, agent of the Union; W. J. Lay, agent of the Union; James Wood, W. Orange, John Ambler, W. Crosher, H. H. Tipper, J. Brice, S. Dorr, J. Stead, W. Richardson, T. E. Cocking, J. Moule, E. Hermitage, G. J. Hunt, — World, Friend, J. Hardwidge; F. Smith, agent of the Union; G. N. Bowman, C. J. Peowrie, E. Steele,

W. H. Toynbee, H. Street, W. H. Brooking, G. H. Marshall, G. Prichard, J. W. Bull, H. G. Follett, R. St. Kirby, R. Cable, D. Raymond, W. H. Crowther, H. Burridge, &c. &c.

MORNING MEETING.

EDMUND FRY, Esq., in the chair.

The proceedings commenced by singing the 18th hymn. The Rev. W. W. ROBINSON, M.A., then read a portion of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, and afterwards offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN said he apprehended the business of a conference was to confer; not so much to listen to long speeches as to short, pertinent, and conversational addresses, from which they might obtain the results of experience, so that in the multitude of counsellors they might find wisdom. They had met together that day as a small party, but they had met to do a great work; and it was not, perhaps, going too far to say, that many of the greatest works were accomplished by apparently the smallest instrumentalities. The Band of Hope movement might be regarded as a small movement in the country, but he believed that not only was it destined to do a great work, but it had achieved blessed results already. It had trained the minds of thousands of children to think aright on one of the most important and practical subjects of the day. He considered that they had met together to consider and promote the greatest work of national education. They had two great works to do,—to endeavour to unteach what had been taught in by gone times, and to teach sounder and better principles for the future; and he believed the Band of Hope Union had already done a most valuable and useful work in that way. There was no need to argue the point whether the Band of Hope Union was a desirable institution, as all were now perfectly agreed as to the necessity of some such movement existing. Although the temperance cause had prospered, and was still prospering, their experience taught them that there was still a great need to teach people sound truths upon the temperance question; and every day they were furnished with sad illustrations of the great necessity of the work which they had taken in hand.

The secretary (Rev. G. W. M'Cree) then made a statement.

Mr. MURPHY then read a paper written by HENRY MUDGE, Esq., of Bodmin, on "Total Abstinence in relation to the Health of Children."

The Rev. W. W. ROBINSON said, that some time ago he was very ill, and the doctor strongly urged the necessity of using alcoholic drinks; he, however, declined to act upon the doctor's advice, and he rejoiced to say that soon afterwards he perfectly recovered without the use of alcohol, or any substitute of an alcoholic nature.

Mr. T. A. SMITH said it was very seldom that a bottle of physic was made up without containing alcohol, and he had no doubt that Mr. Robinson had taken it in the form of medicine. The mortality among children was very great; and he believed it was owing di-

rectly and indirectly to the use of intoxicating liquors. He thought there were few men of his advanced age that enjoyed such excellent health, and he believed it was entirely owing to the fact of his being a teetotaller from early childhood. He regarded the question of total abstinence as of the highest importance to parents. It was absurd to contend that intoxicating liquors and beer were necessities of life; chemistry and physiology clearly proved the absurdity of such a statement. Mr. Mudge in his excellent paper had spoken of the importance of the brain, and how much the brain was affected by the use of alcohol; he (Mr. Smith) could corroborate the truthfulness of that statement by relating the result of an experiment he had made upon a dog. He had passed alcohol into the dog's stomach, and immediately afterwards the brain was taken out, and alcohol was discovered in it. He was inclined to think that alcohol was of service in some particular cases, just as arsenic, strychnine, and chloroform were; but science taught that children never required intoxicating liquors; their functions were always sufficiently active. He had always found that where children never drank anything but water, they enjoyed much better health, and were freer from disease than those children who had been accustomed to drink beer or wine.

Mr. BOYLE said he had recently made inquiries relative to the influence which induced children when they left the Bands of Hope to forego their resolution to remain teetotallers, and he had found that the great operative cause was, that their parents took their beer regularly, because they were counselled to do so by old friends who persuaded them that it was good for them. He had always found it comparatively easy to argue with persons as to the injurious effects of spirit drinking; but he always experienced considerable difficulty in convincing people that beer was injurious; and he should be glad to hear from some of the gentlemen present how he might effectually argue upon that point.

The CHAIRMAN said, that some short time ago, a young man and his son went out to enjoy a stroll, and while they were out, the young man was severely bitten by an adder. When the young man reached Brighton he was extremely ill, and a doctor was immediately called in. The doctor pronounced him to be in a very critical state, and remained with him for five hours, administering stimulants, and doing all he could to counteract the mischief of the poison. The young man afterwards recovered, and the doctor expressed his great surprise at his complete recovery, as he said it was the first time he had ever known so severe a bite attended without loss of life or limb. The explanation both to the medical man and all his friends was, that the young man had been, from his birth, a teetotaller.

Mr. BOWICK said he had found, as the result of observation and experience, that abstaining children suffered more from local abscesses, boils and glandular swellings, than non-abstaining children; and expressed his conviction, that the use of alcohol was sometimes necessary as a medicine.

Mr. SEWELL said, that before he became a teetotaller, he suffered so much from boils, that his friends always thought they would cause him to go into a consumption, but that since he had joined the Temperance society he had been perfectly free from them.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE, then read his paper:—"A Survey of the Band of Hope Movement," which gave a most encouraging account of the state of the movement, not only in all parts of the United Kingdom, but in many other parts of the world.

Mr. T. A. SMITH thought that some means should be devised for retaining children in the Band of Hope after they were fourteen years of age, as he had found that children after they had attained that age, frequently left the society; and he suggested that a course of instruction should be adopted, which would be suitable for the capacities of boys of that age, and that the meetings should be made as attractive as possible.

Mr. RUTHERFORD thought the difficulty might be met by the formation of writing, elocution and other classes. Similar classes had been formed in his neighbourhood, and they were going on very satisfactorily.

Lieut.-Col. YOUNG thought that if a badge of honor, or some distinctive mark of approbation, were given to boys of good conduct when they reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, many would be thus induced to join the senior society.

Mr. BRAY said that it was customary in his district to allow the young people to manage the business of the society in conjunction with its adult officers, and they had found the plan to work admirably.

Mr. MURPHY thought there was one point in the paper that deserved especial attention,—the opposition that the movement met with from those who ought to be foremost in helping. He believed that the time had come when it was absolutely necessary that all persons interested in the Temperance cause should investigate places, and collect facts, as to the events that were transpiring under the very noses, and by the connivance of the Christian magistracy, and to lay those facts before them in such a manner as to convince them that they were the result of their idleness, their indifference, and even, sometimes, their hatred to the Temperance cause. If his suggestion were acted upon, he thought much good might result from it.

Rev. W. W. ROBINSON thought that many professing Christians held aloof from the Temperance movement in consequence of its meetings not being generally conducted on a religious basis.

Lieut.-Colonel YOUNG thought it was the duty of ministers to endeavour to make persons Christians, and not to hold aloof from them until they were so. If the clergymen thought the cause was a good one, let them join it and improve its character; but if they did not, let them keep away.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE thought the remarks of Lieut.-Colonel Young were exceedingly good, and held it to be the duty of every Christian to assist in the work in which they were engaged. He regarded Mr.

Murphy's suggestion as a very important one, and which, if carried out, would conduce greatly to the prosperity of the Temperance cause; but his past experience had taught him that such Commission of Inquiry ought not to be confined solely to teetotallers, or else, as in the case of Mr. Smithies' statistics, the public would be loth to accept the truthfulness of the facts elicited by the inquiry.

Mr. MURPHY said, that at the meeting of the Sunday School Union, it was stated that there were more than 200,000 young children in the city of London that were not reached either by the Sunday-school or Ragged-school instrumentality; and at the London City Mission meeting it was declared that there were nearly 900,000 persons that were not brought under any religious influence whatever. He thought that such a fearful state of things should prompt the committee of the Band of Hope Union to exert themselves to the utmost to rescue those children from their horrible condition.

The Rev. ISAAC DOXSEY moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by the Rev. W. W. ROBINSON, and carried with acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN having acknowledged the kindness of the meeting, the conference adjourned until two o'clock.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Lieut.-Colonel YOUNG occupied the chair.

The proceedings commenced by singing the 23rd hymn; after which the Rev. Joseph Boyle offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN said he regarded drink as the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Gospel, and expressed his conviction that if teetotal principles were universally established, the cause of Christianity would greatly prosper.

Mr. BOYLE read "A paper on the state of the Band of Hope Movement in Lancashire and Yorkshire, from the British Temperance League," and stated that there were 100 Bands of Hope in Manchester and the immediate district, within a circuit of three miles from the Exchange. In connection with them were 14,000 pledged consistent members, of which 6,600 were females, and 7,400 males; and on an average 164 meetings were held during the month.

Mr. BELL said he had recently been visiting various places in the North, and every where that he had gone, had found the movement prospering.

Mr. SEWELL and Mr. VENNING said they were rather disappointed with the paper, as they thought the British League might have gained more facts as regarded the prosperity of the movement.

Mr. BOYLE testified to the extreme diligence with which the Secretary of the Temperance League had conducted the inquiry, and said that if there were a paucity of facts, it arose from the objections which were generally entertained by the Secretaries of the Bands of Hope to epistolary correspondence.

Mr. MURPHY inquired if Mr. Boyle could endorse the truthfulness

of the statement he had made in reference to the number of the Bands of Hope in Manchester.

Mr. BOYLE said he knew as a fact that it was so; in fact, the number was rather under-stated.

The Rev. Mr. M'CREE confirmed the statement of Mr. Boyle as to the interest the Secretary of the League always manifested in their movements, and moved a vote of thanks to the British Temperance League for their kindness in preparing the paper.

Mr. SEWELL seconded the motion, and Mr. Hoyland supported it. The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. J. P. DEXTER read a paper "On Clubs and Evening Recreations for the elder Members of the Bands of Hope."

Mr. THOMAS HUDSON said the paper was a very important one, and might be designated an educational essay, combining physical, intellectual, and moral training. He thought it highly important that young people should be occasionally brought together for the purpose of physical training; but the recreations should be conducted by persons who would enter into the spirit of the game, and for the time being act as though they were children.

Mr. T. A. SMITH thought that the carrying out of the suggestions of Mr. Dexter would necessitate an expenditure which the funds of societies would not be able to bear. They might be carried out in some cases, but they could never be carried out, he thought, to any great extent.

Mr. J. P. DRAPER said that if the suggestions in the paper were acted upon they would require more teachers, and there was a great deficiency in that respect at present existing.

Rev. Mr. M'CREE thought that many persons would subscribe to help them in the formation of clubs, libraries and gymnasiums, in connection with their Bands of Hope, who were not disposed to assist a mere Band of Hope.

Mr. DEXTER said that his suggestions were made to those Unions whose local advantages enable them conveniently to carry them out.

The Rev. ISAAC DEXSEY read a paper, entitled, "The necessity of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools."

The Rev. JOSEPH BOYLE said, one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the advancement of the cause was the hostility which was manifested on the part of very many Christian people to the Temperance movement, amongst whom were included Sunday-school teachers. He thought that if the Sunday-school teachers could be induced to join with them in their work, great good would result from it; and he expressed his regret that so many teetotal Scottish ministers became lethargic in the cause when they took up their residence in England.

Mr. BARTLETT spoke of the difficulties they had originally encountered in Sheffield, in forming Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools, and of the great success which had attended their efforts, there being now scarcely a Sunday-school in Sheffield without its Band of Hope.

The Rev. Mr. SKRINE said a Band of Hope had just been formed in his District, and that it was going on well.

Mr. MURPHY thought the claims of Teetotalism should be advocated in every place; and he felt confident that every right-spoken utterance on behalf of Temperance, whether before an adult or juvenile audience, would never be lost.

Mr. BECK spoke of the satisfactory state of the Band of Hope movement in the neighbourhood in which he lived.

After some further conversation, the Rev. G. W. M'CREE said that many ministers who seceded from the cause when they took up their residence in London, assigned as a reason, that the London water was bad. He, however, lived in a much more impure atmosphere than any other minister in London, and had drunk the water for fifteen years, without experiencing the slightest ill effects from it.

The Rev. JOSEPH BUTLER moved, that a vote of thanks be given to the Essayists. Mr. MURPHY seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. THOMAS CASH proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by Mr. TWEEDIE, and carried with acclamation. The Chairman briefly expressed his thanks.

“**EVENING MEETING.**”

W. J. HAYNES, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.

The proceedings were commenced by singing the 16th hymn.

The Rev. Mr. ROWE, of Camberwell, offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN called upon Mr. T. Oxley Chapman, to read his paper on “Sunday School Visitation in the Metropolis,” in which he proceeded to shew that there existed a necessity for visitation, in order to remove existing prejudice, and to supply information as to the objects contemplated in the establishment of Bands of Hope. He also said a few words as to the mode of conducting the visitations, and the results intended so be secured by it.

Mr. SAMUEL BOWLY said he felt it to be his duty to be present at the meeting, as he regarded it as a most important auxiliary to the Temperance cause. He was astonished at christian parents placing intoxicating liquor in the way of their children, and, in reality, teaching them to use it. He believed, that although they might not succeed as they would wish, at present, in gaining access to Sunday and other schools, yet he felt firmly convinced that they would ultimately do so. He thought it was a fact worth mentioning, that there were many landlords of public houses and beer shops, who were rejoiced to see their children become members of a Band of Hope; and he believed that there were thousands who would rise up at the last day, and call them blessed, for having been the means of rescuing them from temporal and spiritual misery.

Mr. HOYLAND rejoiced to be able to state that there were many Sunday school teachers in Sheffield who were total abstainers.

Mr. AFFLECK said that he knew a village about five or six miles from the town of Leeds, that was, about six months ago, visited by the Agents of the Band of Hope Union. They addressed the parents and children, and he believed very good impressions were made upon the minds and feelings of the hearers. Shortly afterwards, a Band of Hope was established in connection with the Sunday school, and at the present time, out of 700 scholars belonging to the school, upwards of 500 were in the Band of Hope.

Mr. HARDWIDGE suggested that attempts should be made to form Bands of Hope in Workhouses.

Mr. BELL said that in the Leeds workhouse there were nearly 200 children pledged teetotallers.

Rev. J. PHILLIPS spoke in the most eulogistic terms of the manner in which Mr. Bell pleaded the cause of the Union, and the success that had attended his efforts.

Mr. BOYLE said that in Manchester the schools were divided into so many districts, and two persons were appointed to each district for the purpose of visitation. A catalogue of those schools where no Bands of Hope existed was also kept.

Mr. CLARKE said the children in the Band of Hope with which he was connected formed the important part of the Sunday school; and that all the teachers with one exception were teetotallers.

Mr. FREDERICK SMITH read a paper on "Deputations."

Mr. JOBLIN said he agreed with Mr. Smith's paper, that all their Band of Hope meetings should be made as attractive as possible. He thought that meetings should also be held that would be suitable to the capacities of the elder children—youths from 14 to 15 years of age.

The Rev. ISAAC DOXSEY said he did not think the blame rested always with the deputations; and his past experience had taught him that secretaries were frequently very remiss in the performance of their duties.

Mr. PHILLIPS said that considering the numbers of meetings, the diversities of character and occupations of those who composed the deputations, and the little incidents which interrupted the very best arrangements, they on the whole succeeded capitally, and failed comparatively seldom. He thought that the conductors of those meetings should always be prepared for any emergency, so as to prevent disappointment from the non-appearance of any speaker.

Mr. UDALL suggested that the two papers which had been read should be printed, and put into the hands of every delegate. He thought that considering there were 900 schools in London to be visited, other visiting agents should be appointed, as it was quite impossible that Mr. Chapman could visit every one of them.

Mr. PRITCHARD spoke of the inconvenience he had been subject to in attending Bands of Hope meetings, and the disappointment he had met with in the fewness of the children present, which was owing in the majority of cases to the neglect of the secretaries.

Mr. FOLLITT corroborated the statement, and said that upon several occasions he had made engagements to address meetings on particular evenings, and when he reached the rooms in which the meeting was announced to be held, there had been not the slightest preparation for it.

Mr. FIRTH bore testimony to the truthfulness of many of the remarks in Mr. Smith's paper. The conductors of the Band of Hope with which he was connected always knew before the meeting commenced who was going to speak or sing, and they always made such arrangements as would prevent disappointment.

Mr. SHIRLEY said he had great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had prepared the papers read at that meeting.

The Rev. Mr. ROWE seconded the resolution, and in doing so, expressed an earnest hope that many of the Sunday-school teachers would be induced to join them in their Christian work,

The CHAIRMAN, said in reference to the appointment of fresh agents, that Mr. Chapman would still go on with his visitation, and if the funds of the society would permit it, other agents would be appointed.

The resolution was put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Mr. W. WEST expressed the disappointment he had experienced in not being able to be present at the morning conference, and the great pleasure he had derived from what he had heard at the evening meeting. He concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the two secretaries, Mr. W. M. Dunn and Rev. G. W. M'Cree.

Mr. HOYLAND seconded the motion.

Rev. Mr. M'CREE in returning thanks said, he was much obliged to them for their kindness, and that he had always felt, and should still continue to feel, the greatest pleasure in doing whatever he could to promote the prosperity of the cause.

Lieut.-Col. YOUNG moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by Mr. STONE, and supported by Mr. CAMPBELL.

The CHAIRMAN briefly returned thanks.

The proceedings terminated by singing the Doxology.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In order that the report of the anniversary meetings may not extend beyond one number of the *Record*, it has been determined to publish the papers read, *in extenso*, in the form of a pamphlet. See the advertisement on second page of cover.—*Ed.*

MARY NICOLL.

I happened, a few years ago, to be staying in the beautiful Border town of Kelso. One evening, returning from a stroll over the romantic ruins of Roxburgh Castle, loud voices, proceeding from a public-house in one of the streets leading to the Tweed, arrested my attention, and I

waited to see the cause. Shortly there emerged from the dram-shop a respectably-dressed artisan, followed by a young woman, evidently under the influence of liquor. Clinging to the man's hand was a pretty little girl, some five or six years old, sobbing as if her heart must break, and shrinking from the attempts which the miserable woman ever and anon made to raise her in her arms. Instinctively I followed this wretched group at a little distance, until they reached a flight of stone steps leading to a court above. Here the woman stopped, and appeared inclined to return to the den she had recently left. Expostulation and threats seemed to have little effect upon her; the wretched creature, maddened by the poison she had been imbibing, persisted in returning for more, until the man, irritated beyond endurance, raised his hand, and, before I could reach them, struck her to the ground.

Sorrow and shame for his unmanly action followed quickly upon its commission. In an instant he had flung himself down beside his wife, and with every word of endearment, raised her from the stones. It was affecting to hear his broken words—

“O Mary, Mary! that it should ever come to this pass—that I sould ever strike thee—my wife, my wife!”

He raised her tenderly from the ground; he put back the tangled hair from her face, and wiped the dust from her lips with a look of longing love which I have never seen equalled, and tried to arrange her crushed bonnet, calling out to her to pardon him; but she only stared around and smiled a vacant smile. She was drunk—alas! dead drunk.

Seeing that no further violence was to be apprehended, I turned from the group with a shudder, and gladly emerged from the low street into the flood of crimson sunlight that was illuminating the Square. So deeply had this melancholy scene affected me, that instead of going home I retraced my steps and strolled for some time upon Kelso bridge. The beautiful evening—the unruffled river, silvered by the moon's rays—the extraordinary serenity which existed here, calmed me. But as I turned my steps homeward, and saw the old grey abbey towering in the midst of the beautiful town, I thought with sadness how soon man's ungoverned passions can make the fairest paradise a hell upon earth. And still more, I thought that of all the agents by whose aid the Evil One is permitted to effect this change, none serve him so well and so faithfully as the demon Drink. Alas! that it should be so. Here, smiling nature, cooling, healthy, peaceful—there, the close whisky-shop, feverish, deadly, exciting; here, the crystal water, man's natural beverage, ever refreshing, ever pure—there, the insidious poison, unnatural, destructive, and fatal. Should there be one moment's hesitation about our choice?

Some time after this evening, I learned more about the actors in the wretched scene I have just described. Their story was an affecting, but, I fear, a very common one. William Nicoll was an honest and skilful workman. When he married Mary Raeburn, no one in all Kelso dreamed of their future career being aught but a happy and prosperous one. Earning good wages, industrious, careful, and respected, the young couple were the admiration and envy of the whole town. But what prospects

are too bright for intemperance to destroy! It would be impossible to trace minutely the course which had brought them to their present state. What mattered it that they were not intemperate all at once—that they began by taking a little, and fell by degrees—that the evening toddy led to the morning dram, until the bottle became their hourly companion? In the midst of this a child was born, the girl I had seen that morning. It seemed to check them at once. The sight of that little one, “young and without a stain,” sobered them. So often are little children God’s messengers to fallen man. In a happy moment they were induced to sign the pledge. The effect was marvellous. William left his old friends, who even respected and honoured his fortitude, began to save money, and once more stood high in the estimation of all.

So did Mary—for a time. But alas! her strength failed her, and she fell again. The ways of sin were too alluring for the poor woman, and she returned to them. For a long time William bore with her hopefully, trusting, by kindness, to win her back; but all in vain. Descending lower and lower, she lost at last all love for her husband and child, all respect for herself. When her husband returned from his day’s work, it was often to find her as I saw her on that evening.

In time I grew acquainted with William Nicoll; indeed, I threw myself in his way intentionally. I could not fail to take a great interest in him. I found him possessed of considerable talent, well informed and well read upon many subjects far above his present position. Now that he had escaped from the pernicious thralldom of drink, he spent much of his leisure in study, and the time was not far distant when he was to leave his manual occupation and fill a more important position in life. Nor could I help loving his little daughter “Menie,” who was his constant companion. She was so winning in her pretty childish ways, so attached to her father, and entered so eagerly into his present habits, that I could not but share in the love and admiration which William Nicoll, the reformed drunkard, bore for her.

In a little time he told me the history which the reader already knows; but he bore much more hardly upon his share in it than I have done. He did not conceal how much he had been to blame in the outset, and how mercifully God had dealt with him. He bowed his head submissively to all the sorrow He thought fit to inflict upon him, but he did grieve, he said, for Menie—his beloved Menie, his only hope and pleasure of life. Then I heard from him, that (so utterly lost had his poor wife become) he had found it necessary to separate his child entirely from her, and had put her out to nurse with strangers, spending all his spare time with her who had never known a mother’s care. And when I told him of the scene I had witnessed, he said that he had never raised his hand before or since that time to the “poor woman,” that he loved her still dearly, and prayed God always that she might yet be restored to him. But although I joined in that prayer heartily, I could not hold out much hope or comfort to my poor friend. Only I besought him to remember how he had shared in her sin at first, and to bear with her to the last, leaving no means unused to redeem her.

I need not detail at length the measures taken to win back the once pure Mary Nicoll from her present degradation. I grieve to say they all failed. Oh, how rapid is that downward path she was pursuing! how soon the dreary end comes! I saw but little of William Nicoll now, but when we did meet, I could judge by his bent form and careworn face how terribly his sorrows tried him. I noticed that he grew more pale and thin, that he took less interest in his occupation, and that his face never brightened except when Menie was by his side.

I was in my study one beautiful spring morning, when my door opened,

and William Nicoll stood before me. A stout stick and small bundle were in one hand, his daughter Menie was clinging to the other. I could not help starting up in surprise, giving vent at the same time to my wonder that he was not at work.

"I hae left the factory, Sir," he said slowly, "never to return to it. Before that sun goes down in the west, we maun be mony miles frae Kelso town. I and Menie, Sir, are puir travellers now, seeking our daily bread in furrin' parts. I couldna' help it, Sir," he said, in answer to my mute appeal, "I hae long prayed for instruction, and at last the answer came. And it seemed to say,—Take Menie far awa' frae the evil example, and bring her up to be a pure and guid woman. And when I told her, she put her wee hand in mine, and so, Sir, trusting in our Father which is in heaven, we hae started on our journeyings." He looked such a sad and broken man, standing there with his lean hands resting upon the oaken staff, and his daughter seemed so fragile and unfit to battle with the rough world, that I could do nothing but look at them pityingly for a time. At length I said—


"And your poor wife—how have you arranged for her?"

"We hae left her everything; house and plenishing, and a'. When I asked Menie," (and it was very affecting to witness how the strong man ever and anon appealed to his little daughter for support and approval), "she agreed wi' me, and, please God, her share of what these hands can gain shall be sent to her here. But she is nae wife to me, Sir, nae mither to Menie, and it was time that they suld part. We ha'e left her wi' her mither. Maybe she may stop even at the brink of the pit, but until then Menie and I shall not see Kelso again. And so, Sir, we made bold to come to gie ye farewell, and to say will ye no ask a blessing upon me and Menie before we start?"

We knelt down there, the man clasping his child close to his loving heart, laying his rough cheek against her soft hair, mingling his tears with hers, and thus, together, their prayers went up to the God whom they loved to obey. Will it be wondered at, that my voice failed me, that the words my heart dictated could not find utterance?

William Nicol did not send money long to Kelso. The wretched woman whom he did not leave until she had lost all feeling, one dark night missed her homeward path, and, straying to the river side, was found drowned in a pool which would not have endangered the life of a child. But the fatal drink had robbed her of power to save her life.

Oh! fathers, with fair girls growing up around you, beautiful in the spring time of their lives: Oh! husbands, with fond wives looking to you for example and support: bethink you what is to prevent your loved ones making shipwreck of their lives as Mary Nicol did. Oh! teach them temperance in time, and inculcate it by *example*, or who can say that the sin of placing temptation in the way of weak minds may not be yours?

 *Owing to the long Reports of our Anniversary Meetings, we are reluctantly compelled to omit several interesting items of intelligence.*

THE LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the past month, Messrs. Bell, Blaby, Lay, and Smith, have been busy in visiting various Bands of Hope, &c.

N.B. During June and July, Mr. W. Bell will be in London. Societies are requested to make early application for his services.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

MY GIRLS' TRACT.

My dear Girls,—In my letter to the boys,* I told them of some bad habits which I hoped they would avoid, or where they had formerly indulged in them, leave off; these were fighting, drinking, swearing, and smoking. I, of course, should not expect to see *girls* fighting, though I fear sometimes it is possible in some places to see even such a miserable sight as that, but many who would be ashamed openly to lift their hands against another, do their companions as much harm by saying unkind things about them when they are out of hearing; it could not be you, Ann, of course, who would do so mean an action? but yet many a girl has lost friends, and been degraded in the eyes of all (until the truth was found out), through the cruel slander of another. Girls are perhaps, as a rule, more jealous of the good things others are getting than boys; and if this is natural to you, you must all the more try to conquer it. Your love of dress and admiration often makes you unkind; you can't bear for another to be thought prettier in face or apparel than yourself, and then you devise some means for getting showier clothes than you have had before to outstrip the one who has excited the praise. There is hardly a more foolish looking person than she who dresses better than her manners; you may be a lady, Jane, in a plain print gown; and you, Sarah, in your second-hand blue silk, so covered with grease spots, may look very tawdry, and disagreeable, and unlady-like.

I know you would every one of you like to be ladies, and so you may, not by fine dressing, but by taking pains to be courteous, and loving, and soft in your way of speaking and acting. I often see young girls rushing rudely along, shouting and running in the streets, talking coarsely and even lightly using that Holy Name, which the Mahomedans, with all their ignorance of true religion, never utter but with solemnity, and who from His "high and holy place" is angry with those who take his name in vain.

Dear girls, will you not think of these things? will you not try to keep yourself, or rather ask God to keep you, from lending your lips to the utterance of these imprecations and oaths? I have heard girls exclaim over a dress or shawl in a shop window, and call upon God in the most fearfully careless manner. I trust they were not Band of Hope girls, nor Sunday-school scholars. I trust, Mary, they never sat in your and your cousin's places in the class; and that you, Grace, never smiled at their blasphemy. When you seek fine dress, pretty ribbons, and trinkets, it would be well to ask yourself whether you are any the better for spending your money and thoughts in these things; who will love you for them? There is no harm in being neatly and even prettily dressed—I think we should all try, rich and poor, to be thus attired—but when we put on gay, showy clothes, we look neither agreeable nor

handsome to the eyes of persons of taste. Girls should never wear their bonnets and mantles as if they were all the nice things they possessed, which, I fear, is often too true, and empty minds and bad tempers are to be found with very smart ribbons. Monstrous crinolines, with frocks full of holes extended over them, as I see now and then, are not at all pleasant objects; how much better children and women look who are neat and orderly in their appearance, and who have, too, a cheerful, sunny face, and a kind, good-natured way of speaking and acting.

I have nothing to say to you about smoking, except that I hope you will discourage the boys from doing it; just kindly laugh with them about their pipes, tell them how foolish it makes them look to have little money-wasting, health-destroying implements stuck in their mouths; tell them how much you dislike a smoky complexion; how wise it would be to save the money thus squandered, and buy some nice book or article of dress, or a treat into the country on a holiday. But if it is bad to see young girls encouraging smoking, how much worse is it when they drink intoxicating liquors with their companions, and thus sanction the use of what has done more than anything else to make English women unhappy. Yesterday was Good Friday, and I saw several drunken men in our streets, reeling about in the sunshine, unable to enjoy the beauties of creation, spread out so richly before them by our Beneficent Father in heaven; on the day that was to commemorate the love of Christ in dying for them, they were wasting their time and talents, and becoming a burden and a source of unhappiness to all who knew them.

Oh! if you, dear girls, whilst you are but children, and as you grow up to be women, would but be thorough teetotalers, and try to influence those you come in contact with to be so too, how very much you might each one of you do to prevent drunkenness in the land! If every daughter, and sister, and wife, and mother, were to vow vengeance against the drink that has cursed so many happy homes, and made so many women and children worse than widows and orphans, how few men, comparatively speaking, would care to drink. How much good in this way even little girls have done; they have such pretty winning ways of coaxing and entreating as they sit on their father's knee, that many a hard man who has drunk himself to poverty, and almost to despair has been won back by God's love working through his little daughter! You have a great deal to do at home to make your father long to be there: help your mother, take care of the younger ones, and see that the comforts of your money-earning parent are attended to. It is wonderful how cheerful a dull room can be made with a few penny pictures and a few flowers. If you live in London or some great city, you may not be able to get these, but in the country you may always manage a cup or glassful in the summer months, by taking a walk with the little ones; and do be kind to the babies, little, helpless, confiding creatures; it is so sad to see elder sisters tyrannising over the younger members of the family.

Not long since, whilst walking out one afternoon, I passed a small crowd who had gathered round a little boy, who was violently resisting all the rough attempts of a girl about eleven or twelve years of age to

get him home. He did not speak, only made a strange sound of distress; and as one and another spoke to him, enquiring what was the matter, and he took no notice, some of the children said that he was deaf and dumb, that he had fallen down in the muddy road and besmeared his face and hands, and was afraid of his mother's anger if he went home in that condition, and his unkind sister refused to wipe the mud off him, or do anything else besides dragging the poor little angry mute back with her to the house; many of the bystanders spoke to her of this cruel and neglectful conduct. I did so myself, and asked how she could bear to treat her poor, afflicted, little brother so harshly; but she seemed to care nothing for the remonstrances, although it prevented her from being quite so cruel as before. Some girls will frighten little children entrusted to them with cruel threats of blackmen and policemen, and perhaps thus make the poor things fearful and timid all their lives long, who but for this would have been brave and bold.

If you become Bond of Hope girls now, and keep your pledge, you will all your life promote the cause of sobriety, and be a blessing in this respect to all whom you meet. One more subject, and I have done. You will not get to heaven by belonging to a Band of Hope, unless you think seriously of your duty, and from that fly to the Lord Jesus, who will, if you believe in Him, save you from the power of sin, and from its punishment. There is no hope for you, however happily circumstanced you may be, unless you love to feel that Jesus Christ is always with you, knowing everything you do, and helping you to overcome temptation. A woman, yes, even a child, without Jesus is like a ship without an anchor, a bird without a nest, a tree without a root, a house without a foundation. In all your young troubles, go and tell Jesus, just as the disciples of John the Baptist, deprived of their master by cruel Herod, went and poured out their sorrows on that pitying bosom; in all the griefs of life—and many of you, dear girls, though you have only lived a few years, know plenty of these—remember He will be your ever-present, sympathising Friend, never too occupied to attend to you, never forgetful of your wants.

Your affectionate friend,

Plymouth.

M. A. PAULL.

THE BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.

(RECITATION.)

This little band
Do, with their hand,
The pledge now sign,
To drink no wine,
Nor brandy red,
To turn their head;
Nor crazy gin,
To tempt to sin,

Nor whisky hot,
 That makes the sot ;
 Nor beer nor ale,
 To make them pale ;
 Nor fiery rum,
 For fear they come
 Unto that Hell
 Where none can dwell,
 Whence Peace must fly,
 Where Hope must die ;
 So here we pledge perpetual hate.
 To all that can INTOXICATE.

THE LOST BATTLE.

A man came to me one day, and I was teaching him the doctrine of a divine providence, when he exclaimed all at once, " Why, I believe in a providence as well as you do. The other day I hadn't a shilling to bless myself with ; I went out into the street, and was wandering about when I saw a shilling fall from a man's hand, so I went and picked it up and spent it. Now, I'm sure providence intended me to have that shilling." I then began to tell him about the commandment—Thou shalt not steal—whereat he was wonderfully amazed, because he considered he was perfectly justified in appropriating that money to himself. Now, what must be the state of a large portion of those three millions of people? Just take, for example, that portion of London in which I do my part as a Christian man. If you take a little map which is attached to my tract on " Ragged Schools," you will find in my district three places of worship marked on it, and in the same district you will find a number of black spots, which represent the houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, of which there are no less than 26. At home I have another plan, a larger one, which shows the position of every house open for the sale of intoxicating liquor in London, and, how many spots are there on that? There are more than ten thousand! and it is against the influence of this host that we have to contend day by day. On Sunday, the 19th of April, a number of wise and good men were set to watch 88 of these houses for five hours, and the result of their labours was that 48,000 persons were found to have visited those 88 houses on that Sabbath day; and if all the ten thousand were patronised to the same extent, it would give the total visits at five millions. Five millions of customers to the public house on a Sunday! and yet I am told that if I try to prevent those visits I am the enemy of the poor man, but I say I am his friend. We are told that we are defeated because Mr. Somes's bill did not pass; well, perhaps, we are, but we remember that on one occasion Napoleon rode on to a field of battle, and was met by the general who had been commanding, and was told that he had lost the battle. Napoleon took out his watch, and, looking at the sun, exclaimed, " There's

time to win another." This is what we say; we have lost one battle, but there's time to win another, and, before the sun of this world shall set, depend upon it we shall win our fight.—*From an address by the Rev. G. W. M. Cree.*

IT'S QUITE SAFE, SIR.

Many years ago, before mining operations were so cautiously conducted as they are now, a benevolent gentleman paid his first visit to the "black country," as the coal district of South Staffordshire is called; and having secured the services of a smart lad of fourteen to guide him to the house of his friend, he entered freely into conversation with him by the way. He discovered that the boy worked in one of the many pits by which they were surrounded, but in consequence of "the pit playing," he was enjoying a holiday; and wishing to hear how they went on below, the following colloquy ensued between them:—

"Have you worked there long, my lad?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "my brother first came up and got work, and then sent for me."

"Do you like to work in the pit?"

"Oh yes; I like it very well."

"Do you use the safety lamp when you work?"

"No, sir; we take naked candles."

"But is it safe to work with naked candles?"

"O yes; it's quite safe, sir."

"Do you never see fire-damp?"

"Yes sir: there is a good lot in the headings when we go down of a morning, but we drive it out with our jackets and pans before we go in with our candles."

"It's quite safe;" so thought the youth, and yet, within five days after this conversation occurred, news spread over the district that an explosion had taken place in the very pit to which he had referred, and all who had any friends connected with its working were gathered in sad suspense around the mouth of the shaft. Mothers were there, weeping as mothers only can; sisters were there, anxious to see whether their brothers had been saved or lost; wives were there in the frenzied bitterness of an uncertainty, which was even worse, for the moment, than would have been the knowledge that they were widows indeed; and there, too, were the energetic men who, with an expression of grave earnestness upon their countenances, were preparing to descend and see what havoc had been done. Once and again they made the attempt, and had to return for their own safety's sake, but at length they were enabled to proceed, and one by one the mangled bodies of the sufferers were sent to bank. What a pang of pain shot through the heart of our friend as he saw among the corpses that of the light-hearted boy who, but a few days before, had said to him, "It's quite safe, sir—it's quite safe." And thus, from over confidence, the benefits which might have been derived from the use of the safety lamp were lost, and these lives were sacri-

ficed in consequence. In vain for these men had the skill of Stephenson and Davy invented that ingenious lamp; they neither saw its necessity nor admired its efficiency—and content with their naked candles, solaced themselves by saying, “It’s quite safe, sir—it’s quite safe.” One can scarcely credit the existence of such a feeling in the face of their knowledge of the fact that fire-damp was regularly there, and yet, alas! on the surface of the earth as well as under it, the same over-weening confidence, attended too with the same sad results, is continually manifested. For, pervading the atmosphere of our modern society there is the fire-damp of strong-drink; and, though ever and anon men are startled and saddened by some terrible explosion which robs a family of its position, its happiness, its peace, its very means of existence—yet they systematically refuse to employ the safety lamp of abstinence, and are continually saying, “We are quite safe, sir—we are quite safe.”

Let us reason for a short time with such as entertain this flattering persuasion. Are you so safe after all? Look back upon the days of your boyhood, and trace the histories of those who commenced with you the journey of life, sat with you on the same bench at school, played with you in the same happy games, began with you the same trade, or entered with you on a course of preparation or training for the same profession. Where are they all now? Some, indeed, there are who occupy posts of honour and usefulness in the world, and have become successful in the walks of life on which they entered; some too, dropped, through weakness of physical constitution, into an early grave; but how many have been sucked into this whirlpool of intemperance, and gone down helplessly beneath its bubbling waters? And those who have been thus engulfed were not by any means the dunces of your school, or the least enterprising of your companions—on the contrary, they were the leaders in all games of skill, and the most distinguished for energy, dash, ability, and courage. They were the idols of the band, yet they were destroyed: and, in the light of such facts, will you persist in saying, as you sip your glass, “It’s quite safe, sir—it’s quite safe?”

Or take another view of it. Look around the town in which you reside, whatever it may be—for unhappily in this respect all British towns are too much alike—and ask yourself to what you must trace nine-tenths of the failures in business and losses of character that have occurred in it since you knew it; and must not the answer be still the same—strong drink? You remember a minister of the gospel who was distinguished for eloquence above many, and was long known as an earnest man;—what was it that sent him to a foreign land to hide his shame? and why is it, as men breathe his name yet, that they heave a sigh and say, “Poor fellow, he loved his enemy too well?” You have a teacher in your mind who was acknowledged on every hand to be one of the most successful in imparting knowledge to the young;—how came it that he lost his position in that noble seminary with which he was connected, and sunk through various stages of decline, until he became utterly dependent on the chance charity of the passer by? You knew a town councillor, perhaps, who was remarkable for his public

spirit and his attention to the interests of his constituents;—how has it happened that he is now wandering out-at-elbows, and almost a pauper, through those very streets which often witnessed him, with the chain of office round his neck, marching in procession to the house of God? In all these cases there is but one answer that can with truth be given. And with these instances before you, will you persist in affirming as you lift the bottle, “It’s quite safe, sir—it’s quite safe.”

Oh, thou detestable drink! what havoc hast thou wrought among the children of men; and still, as the little child plays, all unconscious of its danger, round the cockatrice den, they lift thee to their lips and say, “We are quite safe!”

How, then, shall we account for this delusion? Mainly in two ways. It arises first from the fact, that the disasters and deaths occasioned from strong drink, do not occur all at once. They are taking place some here and some there—some this month and some the next; and so the impression produced is not so striking as if they were all concentrated into one brief space of time. Just as in ordinary times, though men are always dying, we are not so much impressed with the certainty of death as when a fearful epidemic is raging; so, though many deaths are constantly occurring through intemperance, the feeling awakened is not so strong as it would be if all those which take place in a year were to be concentrated into a month, or a week, or a day. Ah me! if such should be the case, the most terrific epidemic ever known—the bloodiest battle-day the world has ever seen—were nothing to it! But is the evil really the less because it is thus spread out? Nay, it remains the truth, that in this land of ours, untold thousands annually perish through strong drink! How, then, can you tamper with it, and think yourself safe?

But the fact that no one ever becomes a drunkard all at once, will also help to explain the delusion of which we speak. You cannot tell, as you look on the history of such an one, when he became a drunkard—nay, he cannot tell himself. He knows when he began to take it, and he knows now that he is helplessly in its power; but as to putting his finger on any precise point between these two extremes, and saying, “There is when I became a drunkard!” he can do nothing of the kind, simply because there is no such point. The boundary line between moderation and intemperance is thus not strictly defined. The one shades into the other, like the various tints of Berlin wool in a piece of lady’s needlework; at the one side there is the lightest hue of moderation, at the other the deepest dye of intemperance, but the shades between merge almost imperceptibly into each other, *and they are all only different degrees of the one colour*; that is to say, moderation is already a shade of that of which intemperance is the deepest hue. Now, it is because men are wilfully blind to this that so many of them become the victims of strong drink. Some, indeed, may never go farther than moderation; but there is undeniable danger that moderation may become intemperance, therefore prudence dictates that we should all abstain.

To take, then, this personal ground, we ask you to abstain for your own safety’s sake. Do not say, that if you saw that you were sure to become

a drunkard by taking strong drink, you would abstain at once. When you make that discovery, it may be too late for you to deliver yourself; it is easy for you now, in the exuberance of your strength, to say what you can do. You may even, like Sampson, make a show of binding yourself, only that you might display your might; but, alas! when the real chains of habit have coiled themselves around you, and you arise to shake yourself as at other times, you may discern that your strength has gone from you, and may have to sigh not merely, "I am sure to become a drunkard," but "I am one already." You do not need to be absolutely sure that your house will take fire before you insure your property. You do not require to know that your vessel is certain to go down, before you seek to cover its loss by having it underwritten to the full. It is sufficient in such cases that danger is probable, and you take precautions accordingly. Nay, the higher the degree of danger, the greater is your precaution. But this is precisely what we wish you to do in becoming an abstainer. There is always danger in tampering with strong drink; but that danger is vastly increased in these days, by the fact that intoxicating liquors have been so insidiously allied with all the actions and vicissitudes of life, that we cannot but meet them on every hand, and so there is a special call for caution in regard to them. The voyage of life is always perilous: but in these days our danger rises principally in the reef of drunkenness. Yonder, like the fabled Sirens of whom Homer tells, intemperance stands upon the ragged rocks of ruin, and with her cup in her hand, she seeks by her bewitching music to allure the passing voyager. All around her lie the bones of her victims whitening under the burning sun; and if we would escape their fate, we must thrust our fingers into our ears, and make ourselves deaf to the voice of the charmer charming ever so wisely. Let us take this course in abstinence, and then we shall be able to say with truth, so far as intemperance is concerned, "We are quite safe, sir—we are quite safe!"

THE CONTENTS OF A JUG OF SPIRITS.

(RECITATION.)

Within these earthly walls confin'd,
The ruin lurks of human kind;—
More mischiefs here united, dwell,
And more diseases haunt this cell,
Than ever plagu'd Egyptian flocks,
Or ever cursed Pandora's* box.

Within these prison walls, repose
The germs of many a broken nose,
The chatt'ring tongue, the horrid oath,
The fist for fighting nothing loath—

* Pandora, according to heathen fable, let loose into the world, from her box given by Jupiter, all human evil.

For ever fasten'd be this door!
 Confin'd within—a thousand more
 Destructive fiends of hateful shape,
 E'en now, are planning their escape!
 Here (only by a cork controll'd,
 And slender walls of earthen mould)
 In all their pomp of death, reside
 Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied,—
 The tree that bears the deadly fruit
 Of maiming, murder, and dispute,—
 Assault, that innocence assails,—
 The images of gloomy jails,—
 The giddy thought, on mischief bent,—
 The evening hour in folly spent;
 All these within this jug appear,
 And then—the hangman, in the rear!
 Thrice happy he,—who early taught
 By Nature—ne'er this fire sought;
 He, with the purling stream content,
 The beverage quaffs (that Nature meant
 For man) by his good Maker sent.

THE MODEL PRIEST.

Bishop Ker once wrote :—

Give me a priest who, at judicious age
 And duly called, in Priesthood shall engage,
 With dispositions natural and acquired,
 With strong propensions for the function fired;
 Whom God by opportunity invites
 To consecrate himself to sacred rites;
 Who still keeps Jesus in his heart and head,
 And strives in steps of our Arch-priest to tread,
 Who can himself and all the world deny,
 Lives pilgrim here, but denizen on high;
 Whose business is, like Jesus's, to save souls,
 And with all ghostly miseries condole.

Give me the priest these graces shall possess,
 Of an ambassador the just address;

A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,

A leader's courage, which the cross can bear,

A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,

A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,

A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,

A guide's dexterity to disembroil,

A prophet's inspiration from above,

A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

This is a beautiful portrait of a good parson, and the only comment

which we make upon it is, that we cannot conceive how such a man could possibly refuse to sanction and support the Band of Hope movement.

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

A CHAPLAIN'S STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

"That, Sir, that's the pet of the regiment, that boy is. No skulking in him. He don't know what fear is. They're a brave set, the whole family—why, Sir, they're all in—father and two brothers, besides himself."

The boy spoken of was a noble fellow in appearance, though scarcely sixteen years of age, large, erect, with bold, sparkling black eyes, with dark complexion, and an unusually frank and pleasing expression of countenance. I had been attracted toward him by some resemblance I fancied I saw between him and a son of my own, whom I had not seen for several months. Wherever he went, he seemed treated with marks of peculiar deference. I immediately entered into conversation with him.

"You have seen some fighting, I believe?" I said.

"Yes, Sir, five battles."

"And were you never wounded?"

"Yes, Sir," and turning up his coat-sleeve, he displayed a deep red scar just above the wrist.

"Your father and brothers, I think I heard, were in the service?"

"Yes, Sir, my father is captain of company A; my brother George is first lieutenant, and Henry is sergeant; he's only three years older than I am."

"Have they all been in battle, too?"

"In the same ones that I have, Sir."

"And in what capacity do you serve?"

"O, sometimes as orderly, sometimes as drummer; anything that I can do best at the time."

"And how do you feel when you go into a fight?"

"Really, I do not know, Sir—I believe my only feeling is fear that father or the others will be killed. When they come out safe, Sir, I'm the happiest fellow you ever saw."

"At that moment a soldier accosted him. He held in his hand a small black bottle, and asked the boy if he would like a taste, I having gone a little to one side.

"Thank you," said the boy, "I'll take a little;" and from a small tin tumbler he had about him, the boy drank, what I should consider quite a dram. It troubled me. In imagination, I saw that handsome young face red and bloated—the tongue stammering under the pressure of the accursed stimulant; the hands shaking, the eyes watery and inflamed.

A moment after he joined me again. "O what!" was my troubled questioning, "what shall I do to save this fair, brave young lad?" My very heart ached as I thought of it.

"How do the men generally go into battle?" I asked. "In good spirits?"

"Almost always," was the reply.

"Some poor fellows have a mistaken notion that drinking whiskey before they fight, gives them greater courage."

"The soldiers nearly all drink, Sir," was his quick reply.

"I am sorry to hear that," I said.

"Why, don't you think they should have something to cheer them?" he asked, apparently surprised.

"If the cause they are fighting for is not enough to inspire them, I do not know what is," I replied.

"Do you think it is wrong, then, for the soldiers to drink?"

"I think it is a terrible habit for anybody, soldier or civilian." He looked thoughtful.

"I never tasted ardent spirits till I came here," he said. "I don't know as I do now because I like it, but it seems to please the men."

"Have you a mother?"

"O, yes"—his eyes brightened—"I get letters from her every week."

"Are you her youngest son?"

"Yes, Sir; we are all three here—I am the youngest."

"Would she approve of your drinking, do you believe?" His countenance fell in a moment.

"I don't quite think she would, Sir."

"My dear boy, are you afraid to act as your mother would counsel you?" I asked.

"But the soldiers would think it strange, and take it hard of me, if I refused them."

"Did you ever see a man or boy who was not honoured for doing right?" I asked him. "I perceive that in the regiment you are a great favourite. You have won a name for courage and courtesy. Now suppose you add to these the high principle of being afraid to do what you know is helping to ruin the souls and bodies of men? Think for a moment what an influence you would exert upon these soldiers here, many of whom have tender consciences. How much better than to encourage them in such an evil practice; for evil it is, and only evil—as you must see often from its consequences."

"We have had some trouble, Sir, from the use of liquor," he said frankly.

"What argument can I use," I persisted, "to induce you to drop the habit yourself? It is an evil, insidious foe, that decks its victims with flowers while it poisons him. Before men know it, they are content to sit down passively under its deadening influence. You are very young, and it is the time to form good pure principles, and good habits. I think you would have greater influence than you have even now. Not a soldier here, dram-drinker or not, but would think the better of you if you would but take this noble step."

"But what shall I do, Sir?"

"Resolve never to taste that fearful poison." I will not say anything

now upon the inducements you might hold out to others. I want to save you ; for strong as you may feel in your self-made resolutions, my dear boy, you may fall. I have seen many a lad, as bright and beloved as you, sink into a drunkard's grave. Resolve—God will bless you, and your mother will love you for it."

He looked down as he walked. His cheeks were flushed—his conscience evidently approved of the pointed advice I had given him.

"You are very kind, Sir," he said, as he looked up, "to take so much interest in my welfare. I'll think of it, and if I see you to-morrow, let you know."

On the morrow I saw him, but it was in the midst of smoke, fire, and carnage. It was when I knelt by gasping men to hear their last messages ere the brave blood they had so nobly shed had left the warm chambers of their hearts for ever. Late in the afternoon I was called to a captain who was frightfully mangled by a shell.

"Friend," he said, "I am dying. I leave three fatherless boys, if they are yet living." I enquired his name—it was that of the pet of the regiment. "Poor boy, his father!" I sighed.

"Do you know my boy, my Ernest?" he gasped.

"Yes, I know him."

"Then, if you meet with him—give him this letter. It is from one he will never see in this life. Tell him to be a better man than I have been. I die," and with one great cry of anguish, he threw himself forward and was gone.

"Poor boy," I thought, "lately so full of hope and joy; this is the first blow."

All day long and all the night, too, I ministered to the dying. Many a time, as I listened to the words of love and tenderness, my heart seemed almost bursting with sympathy and agony.

"I shall leave a poor little orphan child alone in the world," said one.

"God will be father and mother to it, my friend," was my attempt to comfort.

"Yes, yes—but still she will be a poor little orphan," was the sad response.

"O, if God would only spare me to my little family!" groaned another. "I was all their help, all their dependence. O my wife! O my babes! who shall console them?"

"I am the last one left to my mother, and now I must die, and not even ask her to forgive me," moaned a sturdy, red-faced man, who lay there with both legs shot off, and a frightful wound in the head.

Another would strive to lift to his lips the miniature of wife or child. O, how many have I aided to perform this touching, tender rite, by guiding the cold and half-palsied fingers!

"Please take that ring off—you will send it—her name is inside!"—was the exclamation of a handsome young man, as he put his cold hand in mine.

"My wife is here, here," whispered another, as with a heavenly smile

he crossed both hands on his breast, his lips stiffening the while. I thought he meant to express the affection which he cherished for her in his heart; but on moving the locked fingers, there, just under the red and clotted shirt, was the photograph of a young and beautiful woman, in a little morocco case, hung round his neck by a single cord of silver.

"Mother will miss me," was the only cry of a young man, scarce eighteen, and the tear, brimming up to the lid, and the quivering lip were too much for me. I knelt down by him, my fortitude all gone, and weeping like a child. But there was no need—ere the tears had dried, or the lip ceased its grieving, he was gone to tenderer care than that of a mother.

I have often wondered, as I moved from scene to scene, each more dreadful than the last, how the brain could bear the repeated encounter with the worst forms of agony, how the heart could suffer the constant strain of sympathy and not burst. I have said to myself—"Can I witness this anguish, helpless to relieve, many moments longer?" And yet, when the imploring eye turned towards me, dimming and darkening in death, it might be something—perhaps some strong angel—has chained me to that bed of suffering till the last convulsive throes had ceased forever.

But I am wandering from my story. My next impulse was to find my noble young soldier. I had heard that he was not wounded, but a messenger came to me in great haste, saying that Ernest was in the hospital—a great square barn that had been converted to that service—and had sent for me. I lost no time in hurrying thither, and soon found myself in the midst of another scene of horror. I saw my boy lying on a heap of straw which was covered with a coarse cloth. His face was frightfully pale—traces of a deadly anguish convulsing his features.

"O Mr. ~~_____~~!" he cried, drawing his breath with spasmodic violence—they are *all* gone. My father, my brothers: O, what shall I do?"

"My poor boy," I said, my tears denying me further voice.

"How cruel—how cruel!" he sobbed—"not to leave me one—only one."

I opened my arms and gathered him to my bosom, striving by the magnetism of sympathy, to soften his anguish somewhat. He lay quite still, but his pent-up sobbings shook my whole frame. I thought of my own boy, and if ever I prayed for the fatherless, if ever I took hold of heaven by faith, it was at that sad moment. When he could bear it, I spoke to him. He said he was wounded in the foot—he wished it had been only through the heart.

"No, my dear boy," I said, "God has spared you for some good purpose—be thankful. You have your mother left."

"My mother!" he cried—"O what a dream I had last night. Yes, yes, I remember it now. I thought I told her all that you had said—and she advised me to do as you suggested—then all at once I saw she was an angel. O poor mother, the news will kill her."

I bethought me of the letter given me by the captain, and took it out, little thinking what news it contained. He read it—gave me one wild

look, that seemed almost a reproach—and fell back senseless on his bed. I snatched the letter up, and a perusal of the first two lines,—“When you read this, dear husband; the hand that penned it will be cold in death,” and saw at the bottom the trembling signature of the wife and mother. I wondered not that the dreadful news, coming at such a moment, had deprived him of life; for we thought him dead for some moments, and when at last he gave signs of reviving, I trembled for the consequences of returning recollection.

Poor child! I never shall forget the wan, unearthly look with which he regarded me, when our efforts had proved successful. He caught my hand, and held it with a trembling grasp for hours, and if at any time I essayed to move, the tears would run down his cheeks. For days he lay in a kind of stupor, the mind deadened by the dreadful blow; the senses scarce taking cognizance except of my presence. Once in a while if I offered it, he would taste food, but would take it from no one else. His recovery was slow—for weeks together he never left his bed. One morning, just after daylight, I was sent for in haste. I supposed my little soldier was dying, but no. There he sat, upright in his bed, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing, his lips parted in glad smiles.

“O chaplain,” he cried, regardless of who was about him, “get right down on your knees and praise God for me. My mother is alive, and one of my brothers, who they told me was killed, the eldest one, was taken prisoner, is released, and coming to see me to-day. O chaplain! won’t I be good now?” he cried, the tears falling like rain. “What shall I say to God, to thank Him?”

There were rejoicings all through the rude hospital. One poor dying fellow turned his face round and whispered a “Thank God.”

The letter was in my hand. It had been delayed two weeks. It seems that when the mother wrote last, she had to undergo a painful operation, from which she had a presentiment she should not recover. But all had passed off well, and she bade fair to live many years longer. The effect of such joyful news was an almost instantaneous recovery from depression and illness. I took that occasion to impress the great principles of truth upon the grateful heart of the boy, and through God’s help, I was successful. Ernest has been home with his brother since, to visit his mother, but he will not desert the post of duty. He is now back again, a young, happy, high-toned Christian, an enemy to the grog-cup, and to all the vices that demoralize the camp. But though strict in the observance of every duty, frank to condemn sin, and quick to defend his principles, he is more than ever the idol of the soldiers and the pet of the regiment.

A MISSIONARY’S WORK.

Mr. Thomas White’s labours among seamen, watermen, lightermen, dock labourers, &c., employed on the River Thames, at Wharves, and in the Regent’s Canal, London and St. Katharine’s Docks, &c., with calls and visits to ships and barges,

sailors' boarding houses, coffee houses, shops, dwelling houses, and the homes of pledged members, in the parishes of St. George's, Shadwell, Ratcliffe, Stepney, and Limehouse, from January 5th to 31st of December inclusive, are as follows:—

Houses, shops, sailors' boarding houses, coffee shops, wharves, &c.	2765
Coffee houses, &c., to extend the circulation of the "British Workman" and "Band of Hope Review" ...	314
Ships and Barges in the Pool, Regent's Canal, London and St. Katherine's Docks, and at Wharves along shore ...	708
"British Workman" and "Band of Hope Reviews," &c.	2287
Periodicals and Pamphlets	818
English, Welsh, and Foreign Tracts	17,000
Names obtained for Closing Public Houses on the Sabbath:—House of Commons, 1950, Lords, 1300 ...	3250
Bills of Invitation to attend our Meetings distributed among seamen and landsmen, independent of several hundreds of large bills for Lectures, &c.	3500
Pledges taken from captains, mates, seamen, and ship apprentices	597
Pledges taken from landspeople	223
Total	820

TEMPERANCE IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The second Sabbath in December was to be devoted, in all the Sabbath-schools of New York State, to the subject of Temperance. Could not a similar arrangement be made by the Sabbath-school teachers of this country? If the following questions were to be given out on one Sabbath, to be answered on the following one, it would be a useful exercise:—

What was the first case of drunkenness recorded in the Bible?—Answer, Gen. ix. 21.

What was the second?—Gen. xix. 32.

What was to be done with the son who was a glutton and a drunkard?—Deut. xxi. 21.

What was said of Nabal, in 1 Sam. xxix. 36?

Who did David say he was the song of, in Ps. lxxix. 12?

What was done at Belshazzar's feast?—Dan. v. 3, 4.

On whom was a woe denounced in Isaiah v. 11, 22?

Who does Paul say, 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

Who does the Bible say have woe and wounds?—Prov. xxiii. 30.

On whom did God first enjoin total abstinence from wine and strong drink?—Lev. x. 8, 9.

What was required of the mother of Samson in Judges xiii. 4.

What did Hannah, the mother of Samuel, say of herself, in 1 Sam. i. 15?

What did the wise man say of wine and strong drink, in Prov. xx. 1 and xxiii. 32?

What does the Bible say about kings and princes, in Prov. xxxi. 4 and 5?

What about the man who giveth his neighbour drink and maketh him drunken, in Hab. ii. 15?

What was the law for the Nazarite?—Num. v. 3, 4.

What did the Rechabites say they would not do?—Jer. xxxv. 6.

What did God say of them, in Jer. xxxv. 18, 19?

What was predicted of John the Baptist, Luke i. 15?

What did Paul say it was good not to do to save a brother?—Rom. xiv. 21.

What solemn charge did he give to Christians, in Eph. v. 18?

Was Timothy a wine or water drinker?—1 Tim. v. 23.

Why was wine recommended to him?—1 Tim. v. 32.—*Weekly Record.*

A NOTABLE TESTIMONY.

The Mayor of Gloucester is also a member of the medical profession, and at the opening of a beautiful fountain, presented by the Gloucester Temperance Society, he said:—Few could tell more fearful tales of the miseries entailed by drink—few have witnessed more fearful scenes caused by the drunken demon than I have. I have known a fine handsome little fellow burnt to death whilst his mother was carousing with two or three drunken neighbours at a public-house. I knew in my early practice a butcher who went home from this market, and in a drunken, maudlin state went upstairs to see his boy, a fine little fellow, fifteen years of age, who was asleep, for he was very fond of his children, and soon afterwards the mother was roused by the screams of her boy, and on her rushing upstairs she found him burnt to death! I could go on relating these kind of incidents till night. Mr. Sessions has referred to the moral effects of drunkenness and its influence on health. I have now left the profession, and although I have never hesitated to speak the truth, yet I can now do so openly and boldly. I have no hesitation in saying that nearly one-half of the cases of illness that I have been called upon to treat have been caused directly or indirectly either by eating too much or drinking too much. As Dr. Abernethy said to a patient, “You eat when you are not hungry, you drink when you are not dry, and then you come to me!” The fools of this world must always have some hobby to ride. Now the question is put to me, “Have you read Banting?” “Who’s Banting?” I say. Banting is telling you how you are to manage to bring a corpulent man down to a moderate size, and it is a wonderful system of dietary. Why, look at some you can think of in this town, look at their flushed faces—beer, “bacca,” and brandy seem almost ready to start out. See how corpulent some of them were; does it require Banting to tell them how to get their fat down? I will tell

them in a very few words how to get it down. I recollect reading of a celebrated French dog doctor, to whom all the ladies were in the habit of bringing their lap-dogs, who with their tongues hanging out could hardly waddle along. He did not tell the ladies what his remedy was, but said he had some fine physic for them, and would soon cure them, if they would only bring them to him. He kept these dogs in a capacious airy room, with plenty of water—which you will have here—and he fed them upon that and hard biscuit, with plenty of exercise. I'll tell you how he exercised them. Three times a-day he went up into the room with a good long coach whip, and for an hour coached them round the room. The dogs in a few weeks were sent back to their mistresses with fine lithe active bodies, capering and wagging their tails at a fine rate. I have no hesitation in saying, that if those who study Banting were to go under such a course of dietary as this—drink plenty of water, and only eat hard biscuit, and run to the top of Robin's Wood Hill two or three times a-day, they would soon bring their fat down. Mr. Sessions said something about the teetotalers being accused of being men of one idea—one-stringed Paganinis; I don't see any harm in that, and if the idea is a good one let us by all means accept it. With regard to the effects of drunken habits, I say, from the bottom of my heart, that Samuel Bowly and his friends confer more good upon humanity, and they would do more to raise the working classes to the high and dignified position they are capable of occupying if their measures were carried out—more to extend the boundaries of virtue, than 50,000 reform bills.

GLEANINGS.

FRESH AIR FOR THE CHILDREN.—I had occasion to compare the health of two streets, one a street with well-to-do artisans and small tradesmen, the other a tumble-down street where lodged the very poor. To my great surprise, the children of the very poor were less sickly and died less than those of their better off neighbours. On examining the mothers of these families, I got what I think was a satisfactory explanation. The mothers of the poor children confessed that their children were seldom or never indoors; but few of them went to school, and they consequently spent their days in the street. The more opulent class kept their children out of the street and sent them to school. Of course, no rule can be laid down as to the number of hours people ought to keep in the open air, but there can be no doubt of the soundness of the advice—"Get as much as you can." Get it for yourselves, get it for your neighbours. Let the Government, let corporate bodies, let munificent individuals do what they can to tempt men and women into the parks of great towns of neighbouring fields.—*Dr. Lyon Playfair.*

THE CLERGY.—Mr. Uran, of the British Temperance League, says:—"On looking back over the month, I find that nearly a third part of my meetings have been presided over by clergymen of the Church of England, a fact which I leave to speak for itself."

A MEDICAL OPINION.—Dr. T. Bull, in a work on "The Medicinal

Management of Children in Health," states:—"The practice of giving wine, beer, or indeed any stimulant to a healthy child is highly reprehensible; it ought never to be given except medicinally. Marcellin relates an instance of seven children in a family, whose bowels became infested with worms from the use of stimulants. They were cured by substituting water for the pernicious beverage. In this city, spirits, particularly gin, are given to infants and children to a frightful extent. I once saw an old Irish woman give diluted spirits to an infant just born. It is easy to discover when children have been fed (?) upon spirits; they are always emaciated, have a lean, yellow, haggard look, the eyes sunk, the lips pale, and the teeth discoloured, the cadaverous aspect of the countenance being most fearful. They are continually suffering from bowel complaints and convulsive disorders, which, under these circumstances, terminate invariably in an early death."

AN AGED ABSTAINER.—A woman named *Flora Macleod*, better known as widow *Macpherson*, a native of *Inverness*, died here on the 25th ult., at the extraordinary age of 103 years and 7 months. We understand that she was a total abstainer for 45 years prior to her death.—*Inverness Courier*.

DRAWING THE LINE.—There presented himself for shaving a big, burly, good-humoured coal heaver, with a pipe in his mouth, who, drawing his hand across his chin, requested to know when a shaver would be disengaged. The journeyman to whom this question was put, looked doubtfully at the young proprietor, and the young proprietor looked scornfully at the coal-heaver, observing at the same time, "You won't get shaved here, my man." "Why not?" said the coal-heaver. "We don't shave gentlemen in your line," remarked the young proprietor. "Why I seed you a shaving of a baker when I was looking through the window last week," said the coal-heaver. "It's necessary to draw the line somewhere, my fine feller," replied the principal. "We draw the line there. We can't go beyond bakers. If we was to get any lower than bakers, our customers would desert us, and we might shut up shop. You must try some other establishment, sir. We could'n't do it here." The applicant stared, grinned at *Newman Nogs*, who appeared highly entertained, looked slightly around the shop, as if in depreciation of the pomatum pots, and other articles of stock, took his pipe out of his mouth, and gave a very loud whistle, and then put it in again, and walked out.—*Nickleby*.

PROHIBITION AT WASHINGTON.—Speaker *Colefax* has issued an order forbidding the sale of liquor in the house wing of the capital, and his order is being strictly enforced.—*Washington paper*.

HOW THEY DEAL WITH DRUNKARDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—In the *Lyttelton Times*, published in the province of *Canterbury*, in the above colony we find the following advertisement.—"Notice to the public.—Whereas it has this day been proved to the satisfaction of us, the undersigned, being three of her Majesty's justices of the peace, that one *Mary Robertson* has become an habitual drunkard, and is injuring her health by excessive drinking—we hereby, under the provisions of the 33rd

clause of the 'Public House Ordinance, 1862,' give notice that we prohibit all persons from supplying the said Mary Ann Robertson with any spirituous or fermented liquor whatever for the space of two years from date hereof." This warning is enforced by the threat of a fine of £20. or three months' imprisonment.

IMPROVED LIFE.—In the report of the United Kingdom Temperance Provident Institution, just issued, the fact is announced that £127. bonus goes to the abstainer as against £100 to the careful moderationist.—*Temperance Star*.

MORTALITY OF PUBLICANS.—The mortality betwixt the ages of 45 and 55 amongst the whole population of England is at the rate of 18 in the 1,000; while amongst the publicans it is 23.—*Tweedie's Temperance Almanac*.

LIGHT FOR TEACHERS.

At the Band of Hope Conference, held in Exeter Hall, an esteemed delegate expressed his belief that a suitable tract for Sunday school teachers should be widely circulated. He also recommended that "Facts and Opinions for Sunday School Teachers," recently published by the Union, should be distributed as widely as possible. This has been done to some extent. It has been placed in the hands of teachers in London, Forest Hill, Scarborough, and Bath. One thousand copies were distributed at the annual meeting of the Sunday School Union. Can our friends help us in this good work? We must gain the glorious host of Sunday School teachers to our cause. The following are some extracts from letters received by the editor on the subject:—

"The wide circulation of the 'Facts and Opinions' you have collected must result in good. I have heard the 'Records of a Bible Class' questioned at meetings of Sunday School teachers, but heard Mr. Sherman declare (in answer to a question at a meeting held in Surrey Chapel, early in 1853) that he had no desire, and saw no reason for retracting that or any other statement he had made upon the question of teetotalism.

— "GEORGE M. MURPHY."

"I have read your selection of extracts through, and think they are very striking and well adapted for circulation. If I can have some, by purchase or otherwise, I shall be happy to put them in circulation in this town. All our Dissenting ministers, except the Wesleyan Methodists, are abstainers, and the clergyman of the largest parish is not only an abstainer himself, but he has a very flourishing local society. By the agency of these gentlemen I think I can secure a general circulation for your papers. Please send me some.

"I believe about one-tenth of all the children born into this kingdom

become habitual drunkards. This is an appalling thought. Never a Sabbath School of 500 children, but 50 of these pure little souls will be darkened by our national curse falling upon them—50 of those budding lives canker-eaten before their fruit has ripened. I know that many make the proportion higher; Sherman, to wit, as quoted by you, makes it one-third in one of his classes. Though unquestionably true of his particular class, this average is easily shown to be too high for the general population: 600,000 children are born into the United Kingdom annually; 60,000 people die a drunkard's death annually; and yet 600,000 drunkards are always amongst us. From these data it will be seen that one-tenth is the average. The yearly supply with which nature repairs the waste in the population (600,000) is diminished from this one cause by a terrible proportion (60,000); and I am quite convinced that the most effectual way to remedy this state of affairs is by striking at the root of the evil, and making, so far as we can, the rising generation an improvement on the risen one in the matter of sobriety.

“F. SESSIONS.”

BRIEF NOTES.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION.—The Committee of the National Temperance League have resolved to hold a *fête* at the Crystal Palace, on August 9th. Over one thousand children, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, will sing on the occasion. Each teetotal chorister is to be presented with a copy of the New Testament.

COMMITTALS FOR DRUNKENNESS.—In 1861, the number of persons committed for drunkenness was 82,196; in 1862 it was 94,908; and in 1863 it was 94,745.

REMARKABLE OPINION.—The Member of Parliament for Preston says, I do not believe that since the world began, a more respectable, a more responsible, and a better conducted class of men, ever existed than the licensed victuallers.

ANOTHER OPINION.—The Rev. J. Clay, the late Chaplain of Preston Gaol, says, I have conversed with 15,000 prisoners, who have declared that the enticement of the beerhouse has been their ruin.

A GOOD OMEN.—The reception by Lord Palmerston of the deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance is described as the most gratifying ever met with from a minister of the Crown.

PARLIAMENTARY OPINION.—The members who voted on Mr. Lawson's Intoxicating Liquors Bill, on June 8th, were as follows:—For the bill, 37; against the bill, 294; majority against the bill, 257. Several members paired in favour of the bill, which made the number 40 or more in its favour. Bets were made by gambling members of the House of Commons, that ten senators would not vote for the bill, consequently all the bets were lost.

WORKERS.—The Scottish Temperance League have five agents constantly employed in the advocacy of our principles.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.—A series of sixty tracts, illustrated with

engravings on wood, have been published by Mr. John S. Marr, of Glasgow.

GREAT OPEN AIR MEETING.—The annual demonstration of South London Temperance Societies will be held on Monday, July 4th, at Kennington Park, at two p.m.

A GOOD PLAN.—In the gardens attached to the splendid hotel in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, there is a department specially arranged, when none but teas, ices, cooling drinks, with other refreshments of an unintoxicating nature, are supplied.

A GOOD BOOK.—Five copies of the "Condensed Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic," may now be obtained for half-a-crown.

AN OLD FRIEND.—The Rev. T. Messer is now lecturing successfully in the metropolis, accompanied by Mr. Thomas, whose musical talents make him very popular.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

VISITS OF THE HONORARY DEPUTATIONS AGENTS, &c.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL is now in London, and has addressed numerous and, in some cases, large gatherings, and we rejoice to say, the societies who have engaged him have found his services of very considerable advantage. Societies desirous of securing his services as far as the middle of August, are requested to communicate with the secretary at once. The following evenings are already engaged:—July 4, 5, 7, 11, 13, 15, 18, 19, 25, 26; Aug. 1, 8.

During the last few weeks, Mr. BELL has lectured in London as follows:—St. Matthew's School, Prince's Square, St. George's-in-the-East; Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials; Chelsea; Bloomsbury Refuge; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Surrey Chapel; Praed Street, Paddington; Albion Hall, London Wall; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road; Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Mercer's Street, Shadwell; City Road Congregational Chapel. At several of the above places, Mr. Bell has lectured more than once.

During the month, Mr. G. BLABY has attended the following meetings:—Barbican Chapel; Bloomsbury Refuge; Commercial Road Chapel; Caledonian Road; Denmark Street, Soho, three times; Calthorpe Street Sunday School; Esher Street, Kennington; Cater Buildings, Chelsea; Packington Street, City Road; Dalgleish Place, Limehouse; Goring Street, Hackney Road; One Tun, Westminster; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Kentish Town; Mason Street, Old Kent Road; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane; Gee Street, Goswell Road; Fetter Lane; Old Milestone; Temperance Hall, City Road; Change Row, Westminster; Croydon and Mortlake, Surrey. He has also preached seven sermons, and addressed five Sunday schools.

Mr. T. O. CHAPMAN has recently visited the following Sunday Schools:—
Church of England.—St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Charing cross;

Rev. Mr. Maull, minister. St. Giles's-in-the-fields : Rev. A. W. Thorold, minister.

Congregational.—Whitfield Chapel, Charles street, Long Acre : Rev. H. W. Charlesworth, pastor—twice. Orange street, Leicester square : Rev. R. E. Forsyth, pastor. Pentonville hill : Rev. A. Buzacott, pastor. Tonbridge Chapel, Euston road : Rev. Kilsby Jones, pastor. Tottenham Chapel, Tottenham court road. Fetter Lane Chapel : Rev. R. G. Harper, pastor. New court, Carey street, Lincoln's inn fields : Rev. W. H. Draper, pastor.

Baptist.—Kingsgate street, Holborn : Rev. Francis Wills, pastor. Arthur street, Gray's inn road : Rev. Dr. Wills, pastor—twice. Vernon square, Gray's inn road : Rev. C. B. Sawday, pastor. Grafton street, Tottenham court road : Rev. C. Marshall, pastor. Henrietta street, Regent square : Mr. W. R. Vines, pastor.

Primitive Methodist.—Elim Chapel, Fetter lane—four times.

Scottish Free Church.—Regent square : Rev. J. Hamilton, pastor.

Various—Mission Hall, Five Dials. London City Mission School, Satchwell street, Bethnal green road. Denmark Street Ragged School.

Mr. Chapman has delivered addresses at the following schools :—Arthur street, Elim Chapel, Whitfield Chapel, and Satchwell street ; he has likewise attended a meeting of the Elim Chapel Sunday School teachers, at which they resolved to form a Band of Hope, and four of them signed the pledge.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as follows, during the past month :—Peckham ; Fetter Lane ; Gee Street, Goswell Street ; Albion Hall, London Wall ; Earl Street, London Road ; Deverell Street, Dover Road ; Landsdowne Place, Kent Street ; Barbican Chapel ; Lant Street ; Amicable Row ; Meadow Road ; New Kent Road.

Mr. W. J. LAY has, since the 20th of May, attended meetings as follows :—Cromer Street ; Nunhead Green, Peckham-rye ; Mercer Street, Shadwell ; Caledonian Road ; Cross Street, Blackfriars Road ; Tottenham ; East Lane, Walworth ; Salem Chapel, Bow Road ; Commercial Road ; Packington Street, City Road ; Spa Fields Chapel.

LIVERPOOL ROAD.—The fourth annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening, 25th May, in the school room of the Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool road, Islington. The chair was occupied by T. B. Smithies, Esq., and the report was read by the Secretary, Mr. Parker. We present the following extracts :—"The number of members now in connection is 246, viz, 138 boys and 108 girls—20 of the latter and 24 of the former having joined during the year. This Band of Hope is composed almost entirely of children belonging to the Liverpool road Wesleyan Sunday-school ; and it may be observed that the numbers above stated amount to more than one-third of the scholars in that school. The meetings of the society have been kept up with as much regularity as circumstances would permit ; and a very pleasing degree of interest in them has been manifested by the members—a good attendance having generally been maintained. The library has been enlarged during the year, and now contains 107 volumes, most of which

are useful Temperance works. The children exhibit a great desire to make use of this library ; but it is still too small to meet all their requirements, and the committee would be thankful to receive either books or subscriptions from any friends who may be disposed to help them in making more ample provision." After the report had been read, the meeting was addressed by the chairman, Mr. R. B. Starr, the Rev. G. W. McCree, Mr. Hugh Owen, and Mr. T. O. Chapman. A vote of thanks to the chairman was moved by Mr. Willoughby, and seconded by Rev. J. Pearson, (one of the circuit ministers), who complimented the members on their healthful appearance, and exhorted the friends to go on and prosper. The meeting closed with the benediction. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the members of the society sang several Temperance melodies during the evening.

On Tuesday, June 7th, the members of the Peckham-rye and Nunhead Band of Hope enjoyed their annual excursion. The weather was gloriously fine, and the capital vans (supplied by our worthy friend, George Howlett, at a reasonable cost) conveyed, through a most charming country, the joyous little folks to Hampton Court, where, in company with several lady members of the committee and their old friend and superintendent, Mr. H. G. Follett, they spent one of the happiest of holidays. The palace, picture galleries, gardens, fish ponds, fountains, flowers, the maze, the park, and the many games (in which young and old alike joined), all received a fair share of their attention, to say nothing of the eatables and drinkables, so necessary after such exertions ; and the happy band returned home in the evening, having had another proof that wisdom's ways ARE ways of pleasantness.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—The annual meeting of this association was held on Thursday, May 17th, in Exeter Hall, London. About 30 teetotal non-commissioned officers from Woolwich, Warley, and other garrisons were on the platform. Mr. Saml. Moiley presided, and the report, read by Mr. Tweedie, referred to the establishment, by means of deputations from the League, of temperance societies by the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and stated that about one-half of the students attending the English theological colleges are total abstainers, while at five of those colleges, the names of which were given, there is no dietetic use of fermented or spirituous liquors by the students. Ten meetings had been held by the League at diocesan and other training colleges for school-masters, which were attended by the principals and tutors, as well as by the students, many of whom became abstainers, and it was found that at six of the ten colleges visited no intoxicating liquors of any kind are provided for the use of the students, except under medical prescription. Two conferences had been held with London school-masters to consider the propriety of introducing temperance into elementary schools as a branch of common education, and arrangements were made for the delivery of addresses to the children of many metropolitan schools during the ordinary school hours, as well as for an extensive distribution of temperance publications. Eleven meetings had been held at warehouses. The average attendance at the meetings was about 120.

Eight of them were presided over by principals of firms. Select private meetings had been held in town and country to bring the question before the influential classes, and a series of special public meetings had been held in different districts of London, including 16 at the Lambeth Baths, the average attendance at which was upwards of 1,000 persons. The number of addresses delivered by the lecturers and honorary deputations of the League during the last year was about 1,600. The missionary to sailors had, during three years, held 420 meetings on board ships in the port of London, and had induced 796 seamen to sign the pledge. Numerous meetings had been held with the soldiers at Aldershott, Woolwich, Warley, Weeden, Birmingham, as well as at Kensington Barracks, Regent's-park Barracks, and the Tower, and a military temperance society had been formed at the Tower, which had now 120 members. Meetings had also been held with the militia, the police, and other classes. An extensive correspondence had been maintained with friends of the movement in all parts of the country; advice and assistance, both in speakers and publications, had been freely rendered to clergymen, missionaries, and others desirous of engaging in temperance work; interviews had been held with numerous principals of colleges, heads of mercantile firms, military officials, and other gentlemen of influence, and in many cases of persons of intemperate habits followed up by missionaries and private friends, the results have been of the most delightful character. After the report had been read, the meeting was addressed by the chairman, Mr. Edward Hornor, J.P., Halstead; the Rev. John Griffiths, M.A., Rector of Neath; the Rev. Joseph Brown, D.D., deputy from the Scottish Temperance League; Mr. Samuel Bowly, Gloucester; the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.; and the Rev. Stenton Eardley, M.A., of Sireatham.

LITERATURE.

The Editor has great pleasure in recommending for perusal and circulation the following:—

BOOKS.

Work and its Reward. By KATE TYER. W. Tweedie.

Gertrude Winn. By NELSIE BROOK.

PAMPHLETS.

Beershops: England's Felon Manufactories. J. Caudwell.

Manufactories. By R. G. GAMMAGE. J. Caudwell.

A Bishop's Appeal on Intemperance, One Hundred and Twelve Years ago. J. Caudwell.

Temperance Comparisons. By the REV. W. W. ROBINSON, M.A. J. Caudwell.

Rules of the Order of the Sons of Rechab. Published at Albion Hall, London. E.C.

The Star of Hope, Bath.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. SAMUEL COULING, Scarborough.

Mr. D. B. HOOKE, Jun., Bath.

Mr. J. P. HUTCHINSON, Darlington.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

SKETCHES OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND BAND OF HOPE SPEAKERS, No. 1.

THE POMPOUS SPEAKER.

With self-satisfied strut, graceful flourish of pocket-handkerchief, and loud blast from his nostrils upon the same, this gentleman takes his position upon the platform. It is Sabbath afternoon—a monthly appointment for laying aside the regular lesson of the day, and hearing speeches about missionary matters. The gentleman has come for the purpose of being one of the speakers. He looks round with patronizing air on the company whom he is to address, clears his throat, says ‘h’m’ several times, and proceeds:—

“My dear young friends, let me observe, as a preliminary, that I must have perfect silence while I address you. You must bestow on me your undivided attention, and not be guilty of disorderly conduct or confusion. If you interrupt me while I am addressing you, or signify by your inattentive deportment that you do not appreciate my remarks, I shall be obliged, though reluctantly, to bring my address to a conclusion.”

He has by this time succeeded in getting their eyes and mouths pretty well open, from curiosity as to what is coming next. He continues:—

“My dear children,—I am very glad to see you all here this afternoon. I have from my earliest childhood experienced a deep solicitude for the welfare of the young and rising generation. The sight of a little child awakens in my heart a warm interest for the whole family of infantile humanity. I see them with the world before them; with its hopes and fears, its dangers and its troubles all unknown to them. I gaze upon their future; but oh, what a gaze! My youthful hearers, the Sunday-School is infused with a spirit of profound conviction in certain fundamental truths. The Sunday-School looks to the indoctrination of the youthful heart in all the divine attributes. It contemplates the entire sanctification of every child of Adam.”

Here the superintendent ought to step up to the man, and tell him that the children do not understand a word of what

he is telling them; but he is a little afraid of hurting the stately person's feelings, and so suffers him to plunge on. He proceeds, and after talking a great deal about himself, a little about the Sunday-school, Adam's fall, and several other things, presently gets into the thick of his speech. He is more pompous than at first. His flourish of speech and flourish of pocket-handkerchief are both on the increase. He uses words of great length, and very hard to be understood. The most of his hearers do not understand his speech at all; and it would be no loss, except the loss of time consumed in uttering it, if nobody understood it. It is inflated fustian. It is ornamental dullness. It is heavy frothiness. It is not on any subject in particular. The great man was announced to speak on something connected with the object for which the meeting was held. But he cannot lower himself to that. He understands that several other persons are to speak, and he will let them attend to that part.

At last, long after the proper time, he brings his remarks to their promised close. Those of his hearers who are still awake have been looking forward to this moment with pleasurable expectation. The sleepers care not how long he keeps on. He has settled them. He wipes his massive brow, parades down from the platform, takes his seat on an honourable chair, and looks round on the exhausted victims of his address, as much as to say, "Was'n't that a magnificent speech?"

Truly magnificent! "The pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lust of the flesh." Very fine stuff to blow the trumpet with, but very poor fare for hungry and starving young souls.

There are some men who do this pompous sort of talking for the sake of making a display; but there are others who do it, because they do not know better. They have heard a great orator or two, and think they ought to speak as the great orator speaks. Mr. Stuff, when addressing a Sunday-school, thinks he is Daniel Webster addressing the Senate, and puts on airs accordingly. He comes as near his model as a poodle dog comes when he attempts to growl like a lion.

If the pompous man ever does any good with his gift of speaking, it will be after he shall have laid aside all the feathers, gold lace, and brass buttons of his style. He must speak with more simplicity, and must be sure that what he utters is sound sense, instead of a long string of empty nothings, covered up with great swelling words of bombastic pedantry.

THE STATE OF MILLWALL.

The public-houses,—of which there are no fewer than thirteen in the limited district assigned to me of only about a quarter of a mile in length, with houses only on either side of the main road, a few short streets turning off excepted,—form the centres of leisure hour resorts. In them the interesting details of brutality are delightfully talked over; and in them the foundations of dramas, which frequently end in tragedies, are laid. Homes and families must yield to the imperious demands of their engagements. And thus the high wages become a curse; thus they are misspent and scattered; and thus they tend to a speedier demoralization than if less money was paid them. One family I know, by the labour of the father and two of his boys, had a weekly income of £8. Suddenly they lost their employment, and in a fortnight the family was without a sixpence. I am given to understand that the wages of single workmen very often amount to £8., and even £10. per week. Of course, so large a sum must be made up either by overtime or piece work, but I know workmen of a certain class who regularly earn from fifteen to twenty shillings per day, and many are paid at the rate of £2. and £3. per week. In the Millwall Ironworks and Ship-building yard, which stands in the very centre of my district, nearly 4,000 men and boys are employed. This factory, which is not only the largest in the island, but also I believe in the world, is the centre of much ungodliness. Men from various parts of the United Kingdom are to be found in it. Some particular shires are more largely represented in it than others, and these happen to be not the more cultivated. The amount of blasphemy, swearing, and profanity, which is spoken within it, is, I am told by the more God-fearing men, truly awful. Religion and religious professors are held in the utmost contempt. It is a furnace of persecution for any who have the hardihood to take a decided stand for Christ. They soon become known all over the works, and wherever they go they are scoffed at and dubbed with the most insulting names. Every temptation which human ingenuity, aided by devilish cunning, can suggest, is tried to make religious professors break through their consistency, and should they fall but once before a temptation, farewell to their peace and comfort ever afterwards. One man recently told me that every form of persecution had been tried to make him fall; and, as a last temptation, his fellow-workman put more work on him than he was able to bear. This, however, also failed, for the man wrought to the serious peril of his health, in order to triumph, and he did so. And I thank God he still stands.

There are two things in which the men in this locality generally agree. 1st. In their utter disregard of God and His claims; and 2nd, in their morbid love of unmanly sports and brutal exhibitions. As to the first, all shades of scepticism exist; as to the second, every available opportunity for giving proof of it is shown. At the recent execution of the five unfortunate men at Newgate, so many of the men were present as to necessitate the suspension of many of the others for the day. On the evenings on which the men are paid, as well as the succeeding evening,

their instincts are developed by rows, and rounds of fighting taking place, at which knives are sometimes brandished. Even Sunday witnesses a continuation of these disgraceful scenes. I remember seeing, during one Sunday afternoon, three separate fights on the same spot. Instead of making any attempt to separate the combatants, the people around goaded them on, and if one of them should be too drunk to stand steadily on his own legs, some one would be found to hold him up until the other dashed upon him. No person, more feeling than the others, ordinarily interferes; if he does so, he is most likely to receive more than he bargained for. Social family relations are held in light esteem, and the most sacred affinities between man and wife are treated as excellent jokes. Men, who have not yet brought their wives to the locality, frequently pass themselves off as single, and men who want to get rid of their wives, and banish them from the locality, give out to their mates that they are living unlawfully together; and what course is left to the astonished and unfortunate wife then, but to seek, at least for a time, if the means of proving her husband's statement a falsehood be not at hand, to hide her face? Sometimes men may be seen striking their wives before the public gaze, and even more brutal still, attempting to strike them with their feet when the women are down.—*City Missionary's Report.*

THE APOLOGY.

A RECITATION.

The glass you offer, I with thanks, decline.
Thanks, for your kindness. Neither ale, nor wine,
Nor fiery spirit, I'll accept from thee,
As proof of cordial hospitality.
I value not the less your generous mind;
And, lest you think me churlish, or unkind,
Will give the reason; and am certain you
Must then approve the act, and reason too.

I dare not taste! there's danger in the drink!
To me, it seems like standing on the brink
Of that dark precipice whence thousands fell,
Whose fearful histories I have studied well.
Men of repute for genius: education:
Religious teachers: rulers of the nation.
These stood as firm as we stand, in our day,
And yet they lost their balance. Who can say
But we, like those whose ruin we thus see,
From the same cause may find like misery?

Do I mistrust myself? you ask—I do!
 And yet I know myself as strong as you
 In mind, and will; my self-respect as high:
 And, I am sure this fact you'll not deny,
 That it requires much firmness to withstand
 That which is offered by your liberal hand.
 It proves not mental-weakness that I've signed
 The Temperance pledge. It needs a constant mind
 To resist temptation from the friend we prize:
 Not friendship's offering can a friend despise.
 And, here, the pledge a shield is, a defence
 To resist temptation. For on what pretence
 Can a true friend, then, urge that thing on me
 Which compromises honour?

Thus you see,

The Temperance pledge gives power to self-denial,
 And strength for conflict in the day of trial.
 From custom's thralldom it thus sets me free:
 And this, to you, is my apology.

LIFE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Wall, the prompter, who was useful on the stage, happened one evening, to play the *Duke* in the tragedy of "Othello," having previously given directions to a girl of all work who attended on the wardrobe, to bring him a gill of the best whisky. Not wishing to go out, as the evening was wet, the girl employed a little boy, who happened to be standing about, to execute the commission, and the little fellow (no person being present to stop him), without considering the impropriety of such an act, coolly walked on to the stage, and delivered his message—the state of affairs at this ridiculous juncture being exactly as follows:—The Senate was assembled, and the speaker was—

Brabantio. So did I yours: Good, your grace, pardon me;
 Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
 Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
 Take hold of me; for my particular grief
 Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,
 That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
 And is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Here the little boy walked on to the stage, with a pewter gill-stoup, and thus delivered himself:— "It's jist the whusky, Mr. Walls; and I couldna get ony at fourpence, so yer awn the landlord a penny; and he says it's time you was payin' what's down i' the book." The roars of laughter which followed are indescribable, and I daresay the scene will long remain stereotyped in the recollection of all who witnessed it.—
Glimpses of Real Life.

THE GLASS OF BITTERS.

By the Rev. THEODORE CUYLER.

The prodigious increase of tippling under medical prescription (the patient generally being his own doctor), calls for attention. Thousands who would be ashamed to be seen tippling at a bar are not ashamed to swallow daily draughts of bitters, or to prescribe porter, Madeira, and even cognac for their dinner tables—all “for a weak stomach.” Is nothing else weak about them?

Clergymen and all sedentary professional men are in especial danger of enslavement when they call in the treacherous assistance of alcohol as a tonic. The eloquent Dr. K——, whose discourses on the sufferings of Christ were never surpassed for melting pathos, delivered those very discourses under stimulation from the wine cup. This was fifty years ago; before the temperance reform had taught such as him their peril. His ally overmastered him; but God brought this excellent man to repentance and reformation before his lamented death.

Should alcoholic drinks be ever used medicinally? Our answer is that when so used a man had best never be his own physician. His teaspoon is apt to grow into a tablespoon; his wineglass grows insensibly into a tumbler, and then into a brimming goblet, which “biteth at the last like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.” A wise physician may sometimes use alcohol to save life, just as he might use opium; but I doubt if a wise physician would ever use it when any other remedy will answer the purpose. How can he know that he is not feeding a latent appetite that will yet destroy his patient? One of the most eminent civilians of America whom the bottle has destroyed, fell into intemperance under medical prescription. He had been an abstainer until middle life; he was then recommended to use wine as a daily tonic after recovery from a weakening disease; his ally became his conqueror. Lord Macaulay indicates the secret of the younger Pitt’s enslavement to the bottle, by telling us that port wine was freely administered to him in early youth as a medicine.

LOVE WITHOUT WISDOM.

“What is wrong, Philip; why are you not taking something?” This was addressed by a mother to her third son, at a party assembled at her house. The company, after supper, had had placed before them a liberal supply of intoxicating drinks. The mother had seen her son not partaking of anything; she had come round to where he was sitting, and touching him on the arm, whispered these words to him.

“Nothing is wrong,” said he, “but I don’t want anything.” “Not want anything,” said the mother; “why not; are you not well?” “I am quite well,” he replied, “but I shall take nothing to-night.” The mother, apparently both astonished and displeased, went back to her seat. About an hour after, she returned, and in a tone of entreaty said, “What will the company think, Philip? you are certainly not giving them a very

welcome reception; can you not make yourself like the rest, and take a little?" Instantly he turned round, and with a look which indicated great firmness and considerable vexation, but no disrespect, he said, "Do not trouble me any more, mother, on that subject." The writer of this tract, being next to Philip at the table, was the unwilling witness of this interview between mother and son.

Now, what had been the experience of this family in regard to strong drink? That mother had already lost two sons by drink. She had been a widow ten years; a daughter and three sons were at home, and two sons "were not." The sad career of each of these may be described in a few words. Eight years before this, the eldest son was in a good situation in a counting-house in Edinburgh. He possessed superior abilities, and had excellent prospects. The father on his death-bed, had given the charge of the family to him. "John," he had said, "you must do what you can to fill my place in the house when I am gone; be kind to your poor mother, and take good care of your sister and brothers." These words, uttered in such solemn circumstances, had impressed John's heart for a time;—and well had he obeyed. But, alas! by and by they had been forgotten. Strong drink has brought many sons to disregard their father's dying commands, and such was its influence on him. So completely was he brought under its power, that for the love of it he utterly neglected his mother and sister and brothers, gave up all his former associates, and lost his good name! His duties at the office became but imperfectly performed. His employers marked the change. In the strongest terms they both entreated and threatened. It was of no use. Promises were made by him but to be broken; resolutions formed only to be followed by deeper plunges into vice! Dreading that his employers were contemplating parting with him, and experiencing a pinch for money, he was guilty of embezzlement to a considerable extent, and then disappeared. For four years his mother could hear nothing of him. At length an acquaintance of the family met him in a foreign country, and sent word that he was living there as he had done at home. In fifteen months after, the mother received an intimation of his death.

The other son, the second in the family, had been a traveller for a commercial house. He had married a member of a family somewhat above his own in worldly position. They had two daughters. For several years after their union, their home had been filled with sunshine—their hearts with happiness. But he was at length overcome by the temptations which met him in business. From different quarters of the country reports about his intemperance and negligence reached the ear of his employer. He lost his situation. He got another as a salesman, but lost it too by the same cause. The next situation he obtained was much inferior. He was now on that sliding scale, down which many a young man goes to ruin. Every change is one for the worse,—every step is one downward; the next employment received is more menial than the former; and the general appearance gradually becomes the more indicative of poverty and vice! It was so with him. Thus he descended, till employment was lost altogether. Then, in that meanness to which

drink can bring even a noble heart, he permitted himself to be supported by her he had sworn, but a few years before, to cherish and protect. The little handiwork his wife had learned in youth—never dreaming that she and those dear to her would yet be dependent on it for daily bread—now stood her in good stead. To work in a drunkard's home, and to support a drunkard's family, was her task, and nobly she did it. But soon under the hard work and a heavy heart her health gave way, and she was laid in an early grave! Left to his own resources, the husband again sought employment and found it. For three or four months he remained steady; and hopes were entertained that his wife's death had brought him to see the folly and cruelty of the life he had led. But he gave way again; and after several fits of hard drinking, died raving in delirium!

Such had been the influence of drink in this family; and when I saw the son that night refusing to touch or taste, I fancied it was the thought of this that was at work in his mind. I thought that memory was bringing up the past with its bitter experiences, and that under the influence of these a brother's heart had come to resolve to shun that which had so deeply injured those who were gone. My surmises proved correct. Philip afterwards became a member of the Temperance Society! and more than once has he told me that that night, in the midst of the party's glee, the remembrance of John and William had come into his mind, and that when the drink was set on the table, the thought occurred to him that *that* had killed them. So completely did this idea get possession of his mind, that it produced violent emotions in his breast. In his imaginings he actually thought he saw his brothers' blood upon the glass, and heard their voice of warning coming to him from it! Under the power of such thoughts and feelings as these, no wonder he acted as he did.

His conduct is easily understood; but how shall we account for the mother's? When I saw her urging her third son to touch the intoxicating cup before him, I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming—Foolish woman! you have lost two sons already by strong drink, and is that not enough? Will you do what you can to lose a third?

Was her heart really destitute of love? Far otherwise. She was naturally a kind-hearted woman, and often had she shewn herself a loving-hearted mother! Grief for her two sons had made deep furrows on her brow. Even that night, an observing eye might have discovered that her wounded heart was far from healed. And her third son she loved most ardently; indeed, it was love for him that led her to urge his partaking of the drink. She just wished to see him happy like the rest. *But it was love without wisdom!* Her past experience had been well fitted to teach her a lesson, but that lesson she had not learned. There was peril in the cup, but her eye was yet blind to it. She had not come to see that drink had been the murderer of her children! She blamed her sons—she blamed the companions that had helped to lead them astray—but she did not blame the drink. In her father's house and in her own it had been regularly used!—she had ever been accustomed to regard it as necessary for enjoyment, and her own history, sad though it was, had not

dispelled the delusion. Her affection was as strong as ever; but it continued to shew itself, in this matter at least, without the guidance of wisdom.

Is she alone? Are there not many mothers in our country who, though with one son ruined by drink, yet place it on their tables before the other members of their families and ask them to partake of it? In India, a few months ago, a little infant was sleeping in its cot; the attendant incautiously left the door open—a wolf entered, and carried the child away. That wolf, since the hour the terrible truth was known, has been before the mind of the agonized mother by night and by day. In her love, she keeps her other children nearer to her side; and in her wisdom, always now sees the door closed at night herself. Our sympathy for her is mingled with admiration! Drink is worse than that wolf. The wolf but killed the body, but drink kills both soul and body! And yet many a mother whose son is ruined by drink, still keeps it on her table, and puts it now and then to the lips of her other children! In this case, our sympathy is mingled with amazement.

Is she alone? How many thousands of mothers countenance the intoxicating cup, though they know the injury it has wrought in the families of their neighbours! It may have done no evil as yet within their own households, but is it not wisdom to learn from the experience of others as well as from our own? Ah, our own often comes when it is too late! What has taken a son or a daughter from one fireside may do it from another. The constitutions of children in their general features are the same. Among a given number who are taught to drink, the history of the past declares that a given number shall fall! Of what family, or of which member of a family, this shall be true, no one can tell; but is it not wise to remember the fact, and to be influenced by it?

Mothers, think what your children may become by intoxicating drink! That innocence you now see in them, and in which you delight, may be supplanted by deep guilt—that mirth by misery—that rosy countenance by the bloated face of the drunkard! An immortal destiny is before them, but drink may make it one of blackness and woe! Surely, whoever puts danger in their way, it should not be a mother. They will encounter sufficient peril in the world without *your* adding to it. The Bible—reason—maternal affection—all demand that they be led in the way of safety by you. Should *your* eye not be quick in detecting danger? Should *your* voice not be earnest in pointing it out! Teach them to shun drink—teach them to hate it. Send them out into the world *abstainers*. If you do, they will probably honour you and bring gladness to your hearts; and if they fall through the pernicious influence of others, they will not be able to say, as many have been, that it was a mother's voice and a mother's hand that led them on in the path which has brought them to ruin! The evils of drinking are written in letters of blood on many a hearth. Take care lest you write them on your own! There is no want of love in your hearts—nature has put it there—but see that it be not blind love. Let it be guided by that lesson which the effects of the drinking customs everywhere are fitted to teach you. In everything—but, oh! especially in this—ever seek to add wisdom to a mother's love!

LESSONS ON A JOURNEY.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

I have been on a tour. Railways, gigs, horses, steamers, and rolling rivers have done me service. Loving words and children's kisses have been my welcome. Ah! but the contrasts I have met with—let me tell about them.

Travelling in a third-class carriage—I see life there—I found myself seated beside a round, jolly, florid-faced man who told me that he was a sub-contractor, under Mr. Brassey, the eminent railway engineer, and was then returning from France to see his family.

“Do you employ Englishmen only on your work?” I asked.

“I have English, French, and Belgians,” was the reply.

“Which do you find the best workmen?”

“Oh! the English. Some of them get three times as much money as any of the others.”

“Do they save much?”

“Not a penny, sir. They drink it all. Brandy is cheap, and they are always getting drunk. Some of the men spend most of their money by the middle of the week. Now the Belgians don't do that. They are sober men, and take care of their money. They work hard, save all they can during summer, go home in the winter, build a house, put their old parents or their wives into it, come back in the summer, make some more money, go home and build another house, and so on for a few years; and then we see no more of them.”

“Why?”

“Because they have got a house, a garden, a few fields, and can do without working for me.”

“And how about the English workmen?” I enquired.

“Lord bless you, sir, they drink all their money, and after working hard for years; and getting high wages too, they land at Dover without a shilling.”

What a contrast! The Belgian going home to a new house, a smiling wife, a garden full of fruits and flowers, green pastures and fields of corn, and the Briton landing at Dover with nothing but a bundle of clothes in a blue cotton handkerchief, a pack of cards, and an old pipe. Glorious Briton!

During a visit to a famous market-town in the north, I spent a short time in the house of a tradesman. Looking around me I saw elegant furniture, a table spread with books, a comely wife, smiling children, and a blazing fire casting a ruddy glow upon the soft carpet. Before me sat my host—a frank, prosperous, intelligent man. Observing my eyes fixed upon a beautiful painting—a study of cattle—hung over the fireplace, he said:

“That's a specimen of my work, and if you will come with me I will shew you some more.”

I followed him into another room, and had the pleasure of feasting my eyes on twenty admirable productions of his pencil.

—“How do you manage,” I said, “to attend to your business, your family, and your philanthropic pursuits, and paint all these fine pictures?”

“Oh!” said he, “I do them in my *spare time*!”

It is needless to remark that my host does not drink wine. His genius can be brilliant without such aid.

Here is a contrast!

“Look at that man coming across the market-place,” said a friend to me. I did so. He was a pale, worn, tottering young man. Dressed in dirty linen, an old pilot coat, greasy trousers, and shabby shoes, he shumbled along leaning upon a stick.

“That young man,” said my friend, “is the son of one of our richest merchants. He was in the firm, but having become a drunkard, and wasted his money, he is now what you see—a ruined man!”

Ah! thought I, as he crawled past, what a difference there is between spending spare time in painting pictures, and spending it in drinking wine. Who does not know that wine is the bane of artist-life?

Standing in the Court-house of a large town, I saw a man who was charged with having indulged in the twin luxuries of the British brute, namely, drunkenness and wife-beating.

“I have been his wife for twenty years, gentlemen,” said his wife to the magistrates, “and during that time he has given himself to drinking. When he is drunk he calls me infamous names; beats me, and threatens my life.”

“What do you say to the charge?” asked a venerable magistrate.

“I was in liquor,” replied the British brute.

“Gentlemen!” said the wife, “something should be done to *debar* him from getting liquor.”

Aye! said I to myself, that woman has hit upon the Maine Law. She never heard of moral suasion, legislative enactments, and the liberty of the subject. Poor thing! twenty years of sorrow have kept her in darkness, but she has felt enough to know that it is wrong that men should be allowed to grow rich and great by selling drinks which make her husband a British brute. And is she not *right*?

“How much a week do you make?” said the presiding magistrate.

“Twenty-six shillings.”

“How much of that do you allow your wife as a separate maintenance?”

“Three!” said the British brute.

“You are a selfish fellow! You must pay her six shillings weekly, and promise not to molest her. And besides this, you must pay eleven shillings and costs.”

“Aint got no money.”

“Then you must go to prison,” and to prison the British brute went.

In the same town and on the evening of the same day a working man reverently entered the house of God. A friend of his—that person sitting beside him—told me his history:—

“That man,” said he, “can make thirty shillings per week. He has been a great drunkard. His life was of such a shocking character that his wife could not live with him, and went to reside at G——, when she

got work at a mill. Soon after she left him, her daughter—a mere girl—forsook her father's house and became an abandoned prostitute. She actually decoyed her sister—a child and no more—away from home, took her to N——, and offered her to a woman who keeps a brothel. Happily the woman would not have the child, and she was sent back to her father. Well, he grew so wicked that he got a knife, sharpened it, and said he would go to G——, find his wife, and do a deed the world would hear of. I," said the speaker, "heard of this, went to him, got him to sign the pledge, and persuaded him to attend a place of worship. Well, in two weeks' time, he spent twenty shillings in the purchase of a Bible, and feeling anxious to have his wife home again she has been written to, and there," said he, placing a document in my hand, "is her answer. She is coming!"

"Well," thought I, "if total abstinence were only judged by 'its fruits' instead of by the caricatures of its foes, what would be the verdict?"

The final contrast which came before me was a sad one. I got amongst some wild hills, and in a plain building saw some colliers listening to a temperance lecturer—he was a minister. Near him were another minister and a poor drunkard. Many were signing the pledge. Young and old—rough colliers and pleasant maidens—did so.

"Come, sir," said the poor drunkard to the minister who sat beside him, "Come! If you will sign the pledge, I will."

The minister rose, took his hat, and—walked out!

"Never mind that, my good fellow," said the minister who was enrolling the names in the pledge book, "take care of your own soul. Come and sign."

Kind words have power. Example has force. The drunkard walked up to the table and signed the pledge. Which of those ministers acted most worthily?

Poets sing of 'a good time coming.' Ancient seers have predicted the reign of righteousness. I believe in their visions. We shall have a sober, wise, and holy world. The sins that are shall pass away. Blessed contrast—come!

A JUDGE'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Chief Justice Hale once remarked, "The places of judication, which I have long held in this kingdom, have given me an opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years; and, by a due observation, I have found that, if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries and other great enormities that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking, or of tavern and ale-house meetings." The proportion is little less at the present time.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SPEAKERS.

THE DRUNKARD AND THE MONKEYS.—A rich drunkard kept two monkeys for his sport. One day he looked into his dining-room, where he and his guests had left some wine, and the two had mounted the table, and were helping themselves generously to the wine—jabbering and gesturing, as they had seen their master and his guests. In a little time they exhibited all the appearance of drunken men. First they were merry, and jumped about, but soon they got to fighting on the floor, and tearing out one another's hair. The drunkard stood in amazement. "What!" said he, "is this a picture of myself? Do the brutes rebuke me?" It so affected his mind, that he resolved he would never drink another drop. And from that day he was never known to be any other than a sober and a happy man.

GOOD REASON FOR SOBRIETY.—A gentleman on entering a stage coach, rubbing his head, with a yawn said, "My head aches dreadfully; I was very drunk last night." A person affecting surprise, replied, "Drunk, sir! what! do you get drunk?" "Yes," said he, "and so does every one at times, I believe. I have no doubt but you do." "No, sir!" he replied, "I do not." "What! never?" "No, never; and amongst other reasons I have for it, one is, I never find, being sober, that I have too much sense; and I am loath to lose what little I have." This remark put an end to the conversation.

LAW OF PITTACUS.—By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated, was deemed worthy of a double punishment.

"THERE GOES A TEETOTALER!"—A Drunkard assailed a Washingtonian, but could only say, "There goes a teetotaler!" The gentleman waited until the crowd had collected, and then turning upon the drunkard said, "There stands a drunkard!—Three years ago he had a sum of 800 dollars, now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot. I challenge him to do it, for if he had a penny he would be at a public-house. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard!—Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him, his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts, while the crest-fallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further castigation.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,

And the midnight hour is near;

And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick

Are the only sounds I hear.

And over my soul, in its solitude,
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
 For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
 Went home to the dear ones all—
 And softly I opened the garden gate,
 And softly the door of the hall.

My mother came out to meet her son;
 She kissed me, and then she sighed,
 And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
 For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
 In the garden where he played;
 I shall miss him more by the fireside,
 When the flowers have all decayed.

I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
 And the horse he used to ride;
 And they will speak, with a silent speech,
 Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again,
 With her playmates about the door;
 And I'll watch the children in their sports,
 As I never did before;

And if, in the group, I see a child
 That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
 I'll look to see if it may not be
 The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our father's house—
 To our father's house in the skies,
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
 Our love no broken ties;

We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide;
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be—
 The little boy that died.

GLEANINGS.

A NOVEL CURE.—A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and said, "Do you eat well?" "Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away *all that!*"

OLD AGE.—Few people really die through gradual failure of the functions of life. Even the oldest, like young people, die mostly of special diseases. Nine-tenths die of bronchitis, diseased heart, diseased liver, diseased bladder, diarrhoea, and a wearing senile fever, which is apt in old people to be the issue of an attack of almost any acute disease. An observant physician seldom sees his patient truly die of the decay of old age. I can safely say that I have hitherto seen only one man die in that way.—*Professor Christison.*

A JOKE FROM PUNCH.—Since the introduction of Mr. Lawson's bill, our facetious contemporary has given several proofs of our progress. His attentions we always welcome as evidence of the importance the question is assuming. In his last issue he gives the following:—**LAWSON AND LIQUORS.**—Admired *Punch*, this world affords me no enjoyment much greater than that of a glass of strong beer, imbibed in the course of a good long walk, at the bar of a decent, well-conducted public-house. In an establishment of this description, the other day, on such an occasion, whilst I was recruiting my frame with that refreshment, a member of the working classes excited my curiosity by asking the landlord officiating at the tap for a go of 'Lawson,' whereupon mine host served him with a quantity of some kind of spirit. "Lawson!" I exclaimed; "dear me, what is Lawson?" The working man grinned, and the landlord replied: "Gin, sir. They calls gin 'Lawson' now, sir, 'cept o' Sundays, and then they calls it 'Sômes.' Brandy they calls 'Trevelyan,' and rum 'Harvey,' and whiskey they calls 'Pope'—Irish whiskey; and Scotch, 'Forbes Mackenzie.' Then there's different kinds o' beer sir; Burton they calls 'Band of Hope,' and Kennet, 'United Kingdom Alliance.'" "Well, to be sure!" said I, "and I shouldn't wonder if they were, by-and-by, to call sherry-cobbler, 'Harrington,' and mint-julep, 'Heyworth,' and brandy-smash, 'Jabez Burns,' and timber-doodle, 'Canon Jenkins,' after the names of the Alliance's leading members." "Yes sir," said the landlord, "and werry likely they'll give the name of 'Dean Close' to punch." "Indeed," I replied, "I think that extremely probable; or perhaps they'll make the dean a bishop; and it appears to me a subject of regret that the industrious orders should be provoked, by injudicious agitation, to associate, out of bravado, respectable and reverend names with liquors, which however salubrious in moderate quantities, are, when partaken of in excess, intoxicating." "'Tis werry lamentable, sir," said the landlord, "isn't it?"—Yours affectionately, **AMBULATOR.**

DISCIPLINE.—One of the first things a soldier has to do, is to harden himself against heat and cold. He must inure himself to bear violent changes. In like manner, they who enter into public life begin by drilling their sensitiveness to praise and blame. He who cannot turn his back on the one, and face the other, will probably be beguiled by his favourite, in letting his enemy come behind him, and wound him when off his guard. Let him keep a firm footing, and beware of being lifted up, remembering that this is the commonest trick by which wrestlers throw their antagonists. Never put much confidence in such as put no confi-

dence in others. A man prone to suspect evil, is mostly looking in his neighbours for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure. The full assurance of faith, always attended with the full assurance of hope, never fails to be productive of perfect love, even the love that casteth out fear. There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground, if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up. Misers are the greatest spendthrifts: and spendthrifts often end in becoming the greatest misers. Principle gives birth to the rule: the motive may justify the exception. Jesus Christ "saves to the uttermost" of life, to the uttermost of sin, and to the uttermost extremity of the earth.

A CANDID MIND.—There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candour. It was called whiteness by the ancients, for its purity; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practised, all do to it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellow man, whose influence is the most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candour and ingenious truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honour, but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue.—*Green Leaves.*

THE RISE OF POOR BOYS.

The Rev. J. P. Norris, who has for many years been one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, gives instances from schools inspected by him in Staffordshire, Salop, and Cheshire, to show what a mistake it is to suppose that no career is open to the sons of agricultural labourers in England. In a list of boys from the national school of a parish in Shropshire, all of them sons of labourers, there is one who at twenty-two has become under station-master at an important county town at £60. a year, a situation he got by examination; two others are railway guards; several are in business for themselves and doing well; one is an engineer at Woolwich with £2. a week; one has been promoted in only two years to be a sergeant in the Guards; one is a clerk in the London Post-office; three are certificated schoolmasters in charge of schools; one is a school-master in Cape town, preparing for holy orders. From another school Mr. Norris instances three sons of one of the poorest cottagers; one is in the employ of a steel company at 50s. a week, one farms 160 acres, the other is an hotel-keeper and farmer. Others from this school are farmers or in trade, one is a butler at a manor-house, one is the certificated master of a London school; one has been fifteen years in the same office, is collector of the vicarial tithes, and holds a good position. At a school in

Staffordshire the son of a drunken forge labourer, often obliged to work all night for his father, who was on a drinking bout, carried off a prize against great competition; his course has been ever upwards, and now at twenty-one he is manager and part proprietor of the works on which he has been employed. An old schoolmaster writes that he could name nearly a score of his boys who are receiving a greater salary than himself, many of them through his recommendation of them. One was engaged at a brewery, eventually was apprenticed to the firm, is getting a liberal and progressive salary, and at the termination of his apprenticeship his services will be worth from £400. to £500. a year, owing to the acquaintance he has acquired with the qualities of barley and malt. The schoolmaster adds, "My old boys often come to me for advice, and I believe I have more influence over them now, than I had when they were in the school-room. They seem grateful; I feel thankful." Mr. Norris, in thus closing the last report he has to write, suggests that evidence of this kind is more valuable than the statistics on which we are much in the habit of relying.

LOAN SOCIETIES.

Mr. Tidd Pratt's annual abstract of the accounts of loan societies in England and Wales shows a constantly lengthening list. These societies are now 758 in number. At the close of the year 1859 he had to report on societies with £293,005 in borrowers' hands; at the close of 1863 the societies in the list just issued had £473,985. out on loan. Loans were made by them in 1863 to 172,850 persons, and the amount circulated in the year was £802,269. The societies received £54,370. for interest, and charges for forms of application and for making inquiries; and the expense of management was £20,266. The sum of £28,402. was paid for interest to depositors or shareholders, and there was left a net profit of £7,969. In the year 1863, 15,966 summonses were issued for £33,551., and 1,804 distress warrants; borrowers or their sureties paid £2,805. for costs. Five hundred of these societies are in the metropolis and the suburbs, and the place of business of these London societies is almost invariably a public-house. Some of these societies are upon a very small scale; there are not above ten in all London with £1,000. out on loan. In Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, and at Nottingham there are societies on a higher scale, having £3,000., £4,000., and £5,000. in circulation. A loan society at Leeds has above £11,000. out on loan; at Hanley, and also at Birmingham, there is one with £18,000., and one at Longton, Staffordshire, with £20,000.

THE LOST SHIP.

The Neptune carrying 36 men, sailed from Aberdeen, on a fine morning in May, with the fairest prospect of good weather, and a prosperous voyage. About eleven o'clock the wind arose from the east, and swept over the sea with overwhelming violence. In about an hour she was seen standing in, but under such a press of sail as, con-

sidering the gale, astonished all on shore. But on she came, now bounding on the top of the sea, and then almost ingulfed in the foaming cavern. The harbour of Aberdeen is exposed to the east, and formed by a pier on one side, and a breakwater on the other, and so narrow at the entrance as not to admit two large ships abreast. All saw that something was wrong on board. One attempt was made to shorten sail, but the ship was then within a cable's length of the shore, and urged on with an impetuosity which no human power could withstand. The wives and families of the men who were thus hastening to death had assembled near the pier; but all stood in silent horror, broke in a moment by the cry, "she's lost!" as the vessel, lashed on by the tempest, passed to the outer side of the breakwater, and struck with awful violence between two black rugged rocks. The cries of the victims were most horrible. The dreadful crisis had come, and they were lost indeed. A few brave men on shore endeavoured to man the life boat, and take it round the breakwater, but it was unavailing. One heavy sea rolling over the wreck for a moment concealed her, and when the people looked again she was gone! Her crew and timbers were hurled against the rocks, and with the exception of one man, who was washed up and lodged on a projecting edge, none escaped of the 36 who had that morning left the shore in health and spirits. From the man who was saved, the melancholy truth was learnt that the crew were *all intoxicated, and could not manage the vessel.*

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Committee of the National Temperance League are making arrangements for a great fête at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, August 9th. All the magnificent attractions of the Palace will be made available for the entertainment of the vast multitude expected to assemble on that day.

There will be a display of the whole series of water fountains, a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witness it. It is intended to have a great Temperance meeting in the central transept, which will be addressed by popular advocates. The orchestra will be occupied by 1,500 Children, connected with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, who will doubtless entrance the audience. It is intended also to have a grand procession in the grounds, and an Open-Air Temperance Meeting. Bands of music will perform in the Palace and grounds, and the majestic organ will be played at intervals during the day. It is intended by the Band of Hope Union to give a New Testament to each of the Children of the choir, and also, through the kindness of Mr Joseph Livesey, a copy of

his famous "Malt Lecture." We hope this will be the most successful Temperance demonstration ever known in the Metropolis.

THE CONFERENCE PAPERS.

Our friends will be glad to know that the valuable Papers read at the May Conference of the Union, are now very nearly ready. In a few days those friends who have ordered them, may expect to receive them. Although a much larger number have been ordered, than even was anticipated by the Committee, yet as the papers are both practical and likely to be very useful, it is hoped that they will be still more widely circulated.

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Denmark Street, twice; Whitfield Chapel, twice; Working Men's Club, Westminster, twice; Cromer Street Chapel; Wandsworth road; Vauxhall Walk Temperance Hall; Victoria Street, Shadwell; Deverell Street; Lansdowne Place; Caledonian Road; Windsor Street, Islington; William Street, Poplar; Spa Fields Sunday Schools; Stafford Street, Peckham; Charlotte Place, Walworth; Trinity Schools, Vauxhall Road; Little Denmark Street, Ragged Schools; Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, and Amicable Row, Kent Street, Boro'; he has also preached six sermons, and addressed three Sunday Schools.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL has during the last month visited meetings as follows:—Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Mercers Street, Shadwell, twice; Duck Lane, Westminster, twice; George Yard, Whitechapel, twice; Little Denmark Street; Fitzroy Hall, Fitzroy Square; Kettering; Kennington Park; Albion Hall, London Wall; Slough; Newington Causeway; St. James's Walk; Hawkeston Hall, twice; Whetstone; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Road; Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials; Union Hall, Bishopsgate, twice.

Mr. FREDERIC SMITH has been attending rehearsals of the children who are to sing at the Crystal Palace, on August 9th, every evening during the month.

BRISTOL.—The Rev. G. W. M'Cree lectured on "Lights and Shades of Life in London," in the Broadmead Rooms, on July 4th, when Robert Charleton, Esq. presided. The audience paid for admission, and the local press spoke highly of the lecture. On the 5th about 60 ladies and gentlemen met Mr. M'Cree at tea in the Tailors' Hall, Broad Street, and listened with great attention to an address on the "Present Condition of the Band of Hope Movement." Henry Wethered, Esq., presided. A public meeting was then held in Counterslip Chapel, (the Rev. Mr. Macinaster presiding), when Mr. M'Cree lectured to a large audience, on "Parents and Children."

CHIPPENHAM.—On Saturday, July 10th, the Chippenham Band of Hope festival was celebrated. The members, to the number of 300, meeting in the Causeway at two o'clock, from whence, at half-past two,

they marched, headed by the Road fife and drum band, to the Temperance Hall, where, after singing melodies, and some very creditable performances by the fife and drum band, eliciting much applause from the children, they were regaled with a bountiful tea; after which, at half-past four, they were marched to Blackhorse Field (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Rixon), where various games had been provided for their amusement, cricket, archery, footballs, swings, &c. Some beautiful working models were exhibited. Between eleven and twelve hundred persons availed themselves of this opportunity of visiting the field, a charge of one penny towards defraying the expenses having been made. At a quarter to nine the band, who by their excellent performances had been enlivening the proceedings at various intervals during the evening, now struck up the National Anthem, on which signal the parties assembled quietly retired from the field, having, to all appearance, enjoyed themselves with great zest for about four hours without the aid of alcoholic beverages.

CHRIST CHURCH, CHELSEA.—Three interesting meetings—a combination of adults and children—were held on three consecutive Thursdays, May 26th, June 2nd, and June 9th, under the presidency of the Rev. W. W. Robinson, M.A. Incumbent. Fifteen of the former, and one hundred and thirty of the latter, (since increased to one hundred and fifty-five) took the pledge. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and the following speakers ably addressed the audience, viz., Mr. Hewitt, an abstainer of twenty-eight years standing, now in his seventy-fourth year, and Messrs. W. Robson, W. Bell, Kilpatrick, T. O. Chapman, and F. Smith, as deputations from the Band of Hope Union. The proceedings were commenced as usual, with singing, prayer, and a portion of God's word, and the speeches were interspersed with striking anecdotes and frequent allusions to spiritual subjects: so that if any were present who neglect the house of God, they heard of salvation through Jesus Christ alone, and were exhorted to attain it, by earnest prayer for the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit.

DARLINGTON.—Under the auspices of the Darlington Temperance Society, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree (hon. secretary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, London) delivered two excellent lectures on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, June 22nd and 23rd, in the Mechanics' Hall, to very large audiences. On Tuesday evening, the subject of the lecture was, "Parents and their Children." The Rev. T. Holme, vicar of East Cowton, occupied the chair. The lecturer recommended parents to send their boys to works where it was known the men were generally sober, and referred to the fact that there were "sober" trades and "drunken" trades. On Thursday evening the subject was "Lights and Shadows of Life in London," when the Rev. Marmakuke Miller took the chair. The hall was crowded to excess, and the Rev. lecturer handled his subject in a masterly style.—*Local Paper.*

EAST COWTON.—On Wednesday the 22nd of June, the village of East Cowton assumed a very gay and bustling appearance; at 4 o'clock nearly 400 persons partook of tea in a tent provided by the Society. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by the esteemed president of

the Society, the Rev. T. Holme, who in a very affectionate manner invited his hearers to adopt the temperance principles. Messrs. Dakyn and Johnson next addressed the meeting. The chairman then called upon the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who in a thrilling speech, pointed out the folly and misery attending the degrading habits of those who indulge in drink.

EAST LONDON TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, PEEL-GROVE HALL, BETHNAL-GREEN.—During the past few weeks large and attentive audiences have much encouraged the committee of this association in their efforts to build up a "faithful Temperance band." Mr. W. Bell, of the Band of Hope Union, gave three stirring lectures on the 9th, 16th, and 23rd of June, to good assemblies. On Monday, the 27th, the Rev. R. M. Johnson, gave an interesting lecture to a large assembly. On the 30th, Mr. S. Sims, of Greenwich, gave a good practical address, which was well received. On the 4th inst. the hall was crowded to hear an oration from Mr. John De Fraine, who was loudly applauded. On the 7th Mr. Joseph Bormond gave an eloquent lecture, which was well received. On Saturday evenings music holds its sway to increasing and appreciative audiences.

FITZROY HALL.—Dear Sir,—We were well pleased with Mr. Bell's addresses on June 30th. The early one to the children engaged their attention, and met with their hearty approval. The address to the adults at eight o'clock was still better; he well proved "that Temperance men were the friends of all, and the enemies of none." At both portions of the evening there was a good attendance, and both companies were equally delighted.

J. P. DRAPER.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

8, Carlton Road, Mile End, 24th June, 1864.

My Dear Sir,—I think you will be very much pleased with the spirit which has taken place since your kind appeal, and with such earnestness, few could but feel impressed.

They considered that my having for three years carried it on so successfully, that the time had arrived to relieve me from some of the labour; therefore they commenced their first meeting of their fourth year, by choosing a President, Vice President, 22 years total abstainer, Treasurer, Secretary, and Committee consisting of twelve.

They also, I find, have passed resolutions—to have immediately a pledge book—all above 14 years of age to sign, without requiring Band of Hope Certificates. I have had made for them a very nice cupboard, so as to induce them to get a nice library, as also to contribute a small sum weekly for other purposes, so that with the continuance of divine favour every blessing will be abundantly bestowed.

Your *Record*, *Melodies*, *Pledge Cards*, &c. &c., I will bring under their notice, if you send me any copies that you consider most useful, and I hope in time they will testify their zeal in the cause.

Twenty tickets for the Palace will not be sufficient, as I always average twenty-three for Mr. S. and E. Hall.

Yours respectfully,

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree. W. BROWN.

KETTERING.—Mr. W. Bell preached two very good sermons here on Sunday, July 3rd, to attentive congregations. Mr. Bell is always well received here, and has made himself many friends among all classes, drinkers as well as teetotalers.

KETTLEWELL.—On the 16th of June, the annual festival of the Kettlewell Temperance Society, was held under the most propitious circumstances, when there was a large gathering from the thickly inhabited part of the neighbourhood. The tent was pitched on a piece of table ground in that mountainous and romantic district. The brass band of the village, followed by a large number of the Band of Hope children, formed an interesting sight as they wended up the hill, animated by the cheering strains of music.

ONE TUN BAND OF HOPE, WESTMINSTER.—In regard to a recent visit of Mr. Bell to two meetings in connection with the above, and the Working Men's Club, Miss A. M. Cooper writes as follows:—"We have to thank you very much for Mr. Bell's kind assistance. His two visits have given great pleasure to all—men, women, and children—and on the occasion of his address last Tuesday to my Band of Hope, I think the Noble Marquis of Westminster, who was on the platform, and remained all the evening till the meeting was over, was as much pleased as any one. We have now a Temperance Meeting at the Club, every Tuesday evening, and the Members of the Temperance Society have hinted to me, that should you have any evening disengaged for Mr. Bell, how glad they would be to see him again."

REETH.—On Tuesday 28th of June, a Temperance Festival was held at Reeth, at which 1000 adults and the same number of children sat down to tea. The most remarkable and the most pleasing feature of this festival was the procession of 1000 children upwards of 900 of whom were members of the Band of Hope attached to various societies in that district. G. A. Robinson, Esq. president of the Society, has succeeded by his kindness and indefatigable efforts, in winning over so numerous a band of youthful teetotalers in that romantic but sparsely inhabited district. We are mistaken if he did not feel a rich reward as he stood up in the midst, while they sang several of their beautiful melodies.

SHADWELL TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, MERCERS STREET.—On Saturday evening, the 11th of June, Mr. W. Bell delivered, in his accustomed spirit-stirring manner, an excellent lecture on the "The Great Curse of England, its Cause and Cure," which, with the melodies he sang, was well received and applauded by an attentive and delighted audience. His lecture on Saturday evening, June 18th, on "The Light House, and the Life Boat," was attended with very similar success.

SLOUGH.—On Thursday, July 7th, the Slough Band of Hope held their summer festival. This association was commenced about three years since; the number of children believed to be true to the pledge is about 200. On the 7th inst. 170 met together in the British School-room, all in holiday trim, with bright faces and light hearts. At two o'clock Mr. W. Bell, agent of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, spoke

to the children, and from the first exercised over them (so to speak) a mesmeric influence, and while they were held waiting at his feet, he related facts and anecdotes illustrating the principle of temperance, at the same time inculcating truths on which the happiness of youth depends, and in a manner so attractive, that we hope the good impression made will long continue. At three o'clock a procession was formed, headed by members of the 5th Bucks Volunteer Rifle Band, and other musicians, who kindly *volunteered* their services; many of the boys carried banners, and nearly all the girls had bouquets of flowers, together forming a pleasing and imposing spectacle as they went through the principal streets. *Everybody* came out to look at them, and numbers of outsiders followed, no doubt, wishing they could share in the festivities of the day. The musicians were supplied with lemonade, and acknowledged, as on former occasions, that it was much better stuff for marching and blowing than the beer with which they were generally regaled. The procession returned to a field, the use of which was kindly granted by the Rev. F. F. Fawkes, and after a short time for play, the children partook of tea and cake. Mr. Bell appeared quite in his element among the children; he was the *Bell* to attract attention, and the *Beau* to engross attention (at least among the girls, to whom perhaps his attention was somewhat partially given,) and on all made that impression, that doubtless on the next anniversary every hand will be held up for Mr. Bell to come. When the children had finished their repast the older friends of temperance had tea in the school-room, after which the public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. G. Robbins, Congregational minister, who after expressing his pleasure at meeting so many friends, and his earnest hopes for the welfare of the rising race, introduced the Rev. T. Davies, of Wooburn. Mr. Davies spoke forcibly on the advantages and necessity of total abstinence, bringing forward many striking facts which had come under his own notice. Mr. Bell then spoke in a playful and telling manner, advocating temperance, love of home, and the exercise of those kindly feelings between households and neighbours, which so much tend to smooth the path of life, and alleviate its sorrows. The Treasurer and Secretary of the Slough Band of Hope spoke briefly to the parents of the children, and the meeting separated. The day had been remarkably fine, and the whole proceedings were carried out very pleasantly and satisfactorily.

SOUTHWARK.—On Friday July 15th, at the Southwark Temperance Society's Lecture hall, Newington Causeway, Mr. W. Bell, one of the agents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, gave one of his interesting addresses from the subject of "Walks about London, or Dark and Bright Spots of London Life." The subject he used in a masterly manner, making the most prominent feature in his address, the "Bright Spots," and not as some of our lecturers do, put the dark side uppermost before their audience. He also gave some thrilling illustrations of the power of kind words, of the influence of Band of Hope children in their homes, and he most earnestly pleaded for the dear little ones, that they might be trained in the right path, and that they might receive kind words. He

also gave some very interesting details of the good work going forward in the hands of "Bible Women," and earnestly implored all who heard him not to attempt good works without asking the blessing of God upon their efforts. For nearly two hours he kept his audience wrapt in attention, and brought some rough hearts and faces to even weep. He is truly a noble "Bell." Would that there were a few more like him! The Hall was very crowded, and we have much pleasure in saying that whatever time of the year it may be, we have seldom much room to spare. The chair was occupied by Captain Poole, of H. M. 11th Regiment, who had been 11 years a teetotaler. A vote of thanks to Mr. W. Bell and the chairman was moved by Mr. Scott, of Peckham, supported by Mr. R. N. Bailey, and seconded by Mr. Loft, of the Balls Pond Temperance Society, and which was carried with acclamation.

TEMPERANCE FESTIVALS IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES.—Few persons are aware, beyond the bounds of the district, what a settled institution temperance *fêtes* have become in the retired and beautiful valleys of Yorkshire, and what a great work of social reform is going on in connection with the temperance movement. Within the last few weeks, four remarkable gatherings have been seen. The first was at Scarth Nick, under the superintendence of the Swainby teetotalers. This place is a pass, or gap, some 800 feet high, in one of the Cleveland Hills, running out into the great valley plain of Mowbray, or York, and commanding one of the finest views in England. Notwithstanding a terrific thunderstorm that visited the locality for many hours, above 2,000 people assembled, and some 700 took tea. Mr. G. A. Robinson, of Reeth (with his accustomed liberality), attended with his admirable brass band and presided at the meeting, which was addressed by Dr. F. R. Lees, the Rev. Mr. Thirkell, and others.—The second *fête* was held at Hardrow Scar, the beautiful glen and waterfall near Hawes, in Wensleydale. Many thousands of persons assembled in the grounds, and hundreds (gathered from long distances) took tea in the tent. The Reeth, the Bainbridge, and the Redmire Rifle Bands were in attendance. Mr. G. A. Robinson presided at the out-door meeting with his usual vigour, and Dr. Lees delivered an address of an impressive character. On the following evening, Dr. Lees reviewed the recent parliamentary speeches, before a large meeting at Hawes, held in the Friends' Meeting House.—The third *fête* was held in the Market Place at Reeth, in which two large tents were erected, wherein many hundreds took tea. In the open air, 1,000 children of the Bands of Hope, collected from various parts of Swaledale, Gunnerside, Low-row, Arkendale, &c., sang in capital style a number of hymns, and also during the afternoon in the Wesleyan Chapel. There was a noble procession and four bands of music, viz., those of Reeth, Bainbridge, Gunnerside, and Arkendale. In the evening, Dr. Lees delivered a lecture in the chapel, at which Mr. G. A. Robinson presided.—The fourth festival was held at the Swiss Cottage, a mile above Jervaux Abbey, Wensleydale, a place which commands a view hardly to be surpassed anywhere for extent and beauty. The day was fine, and the people assembled seemed highly delighted. Mr. Robinson's band played at intervals a selection of choice music. Early in the afternoon, Dr. Lees addressed the audience; then came tea, capitally got up, and afterwards other speeches from Mr. G. A. Robinson, Mr. Hardy, agent of the British League, and others.

YEADON.—Sir, I have attended meetings as under:—Kirkstall (festival); Otley; Horseforn (festival); Armley; Shipley; Yeadon; Castle Bolton; Swainby (festival); Hawes; Kettlewell (two days festival).

W. B. AFFLECK.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

A DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

No ancient city, not Babylon, Nineveh, Persepolis, or Jerusalem, Rome, or Athens, had such a magnificent popular resort as the Crystal Palace. It is unique in its vastness, beauty, and resources. The National Temperance League did wisely, therefore, in devoting its energies to the promotion of a great fête at the Palace of the People. Good speakers, a noble choir of singers, cheapened refreshments, pleasant amusements, the Rev. W. J. Robinson's splendid model of the Jewish Tabernacle, the great fountains, the palace band and organ, and the Shakespeare house, promised an entertainment of colossal and attractive character.

The day came—the ninth of August—and alas! the rain also came; pour, pour, for hours did the gloomy skies, until the streets were like rivers, and the roads were like canals. As we drove to the railway station—the Victoria—we saw zealous temperance reformers scudding along like ships rounding Cape Horn, and groups of Band of Hope singers “standing up” under archways to shelter themselves from the pitiless storm.

Here we are at the Victoria! What a crowd of merry faces! These good people, you see, are making the best of it. That's the way to enjoy life. But who are these remarkable persons in a uniform, which is a mixture of the Garibaldian red shirt, the volunteer trousers, the army hat,—look at the bunch of white feathers!—and the men-of-war's collar? They are a “Teetotal Life-boat Crew.” What folly! British working-men will never be attracted to the pledge by such tinsel and frippery. But we are off to the palace in a long train filled to excess, and as we sped along we see belated Band of Hope children, with drooping banners and wet frocks waiting to be taken up. Bless the children! they are fearless and happy, and care not for the pelting showers. Here is the palace! Ladies, children, editors, working-men, popular and unpopular speakers, singers, provincial celebrities, and certainly a good many nameless, but earnest temperance men and women, all march together within its crystal portals, and then scatter to view its glories.

Let us call at the committee-room, and shake hands with this tall, genial, business-like gentleman, who, let us say is Mr.

Robert Rae, the excellent secretary to the league. Beside him is a fair-faced, chatty, pleasant minister, the Rev. Thomas Phillips, the Metropolitan Agent of the League. He is a good preacher, an intelligent speaker, and a capital reporter of a meeting. Who is that broad venerable-looking man? That is Mr. William Spriggs. But come to dinner, kind reader. Here in this saloon we will dine with the committee and friends. A good dinner it is, but the waiters have, you see, put wine glasses for us, and look! here is the Crystal Palace "wine list." The waiters evidently feel very solemn. Look at that big waiter. Watch his face. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "What's this?" "A wine glass, sir." "Fill it." Waiter brightened up. "With p-u-r-e w-a-t-e-r." Waiter feels faint, fills the glass with water, and with a deep sigh retires into private life. Don't laugh; that joke has made him ill.

To return. Mr. George Cruikshank,—that middle-sized, bright-visioned, lithe, gentlemanly vice-president, very like Sir Charles James Napier, will help you to some mutton. Who is that next to him? That I am told is John Plummer, of Kettering, a self-educated man, and a useful writer. Who sits next to him? Oh! that courteous gentleman, with a pleasant word for everybody, and who wears a white waistcoat? Yes. That is Mr. John Hilton, formerly one of the agents of the Alliance, and now of Bromley, a man whose speeches are always worth hearing. There is a tall, stout, cheery man, opposite Mr. Hilton. That is Mr. Mate, a newspaper proprietor, and a faithful friend of our movement. Next to him is a minister. That is the Rev. George W. M'Cree, one of the Secretaries of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and editor of its publications. Order for the President of the League—Samuel Bowly, Esq. "You will please to excuse me leaving the table, but it is time for the meeting in the centre transept." "Hear, hear," say all the diners, and away we go, the waiters, we are afraid, feeling sorry that we have not left any wine for them to drink.

Here we are in the central transept, the most magnificent arcade in the world. From this point we can survey the crystal dome, the vast aisle, the Shakespeare house, the Handel orchestra, the great organ, and long rows of statuary, festoons of banners, fragrant flowers in immense vases, graceful plants fresh and green, lagoons of clear water within marble banks, and best of all, crowds of merry folk.

The great meeting is convened, and we will, if you please,

go and sit on the platform and hear the speeches. Samuel Bowly, Esq., is chairman, and has risen to speak. He is a fine-looking man, a member of the Society of Friends, a good, clear, genial, forcible speaker, and has long done valuable service to the Temperance movement. He says:—

“I presume that this is not so much a meeting for discussing the great question of total abstinence as to afford an opportunity to the friends of this cause to shake each other by the hand and bid one another God-speed in our onward course. I can imagine that there are many persons who are friendly to this cause in various parts of the country labouring apparently under many discouragements, and supported by few around them, who will feel their faith confirmed and their courage renewed by meeting on this occasion so many thousands of those who are their fellow-workers in various parts of the country. I think we may very well on this occasion look back a little over the thirty years we have been advocating this cause, and congratulate ourselves that, under God's blessing, we have done so large an amount of good. Thousands and tens of thousands of homes have been made happy, hundreds of thousands of drunkards have been reclaimed, many a poor suffering wife has had her husband restored to her in comfort and in peace, tens of thousands of poor children have been clothed, and fed, and trained in that which was virtuous instead of vicious; and I ask, with all this good, where is the being that we have injured?”

That was well put, and evoked loud cheers. Here comes the next speaker. The Rev. H. T. Breay, B.A., of Birmingham. The rev. gentleman, in the course of speech, said:—

“Not very long ago there were in Birmingham, at one time, eighteen clergymen of the Church of England who had signed the teetotal pledge. There are not so many now, because they have been thought so well of by those who have influence in the Church that they have been promoted to higher positions in the ministry (cheers); and we know that when a man of influence leaves a town he takes a great many after him, and so, what with rectors and incumbents going up higher and taking a lot of curates with them, we do not stand in so advantageous a position, numerically, at the present moment, as we did; but I would tell you that there are in Birmingham about eleven parochial total abstinence societies, presided over by the clergyman of the Church, and worked by those who help them in every good work (cheers). Now, can you suppose that a clergyman can throw himself heart and soul into this movement without enlisting the sympathies of those about him—without taking with him his Scripture readers and his Sunday school teachers? Well, as a happy example of insensible influence, I would just, without the smallest particle of egotism, I hope, instance my own case. The bell of our church is pulled by a total abstainer (laughter); the organ is played by a total abstainer; the hymns of praise which ascend to God in the church are, to a great extent on the part of the choir, sung by total abstainers (cheers). We have two Scripture readers who are total ab-

stainers, and a great number of our Sunday school teachers are of the same class; and I am not altogether without hope that we shall yet have the beadle (great laughter). Now, all this has been done, my friends, without the clergyman saying a single word to any one of those officers personally, and not by his using his influence, and saying, 'Now, you must sign the pledge if you want to stay where you are.' I would never condescend to such a thing as that (applause). If a man is not convinced, he ought to have more argument and more facts; and we total abstiners ought to show the same Christian courtesy and forbearance which we expect from others. It is a matter of peculiar gratification to me, when I reflect that all those good people have come into our ranks through simply seeing the real work which is, I trust, being done in the parish and in the church. Once a year we have the subject thoroughly ventilated in the pulpit. Our parochial Temperance society holds its anniversary, and it commences it on a Sunday by a special service in the church in the afternoon. I always take care on that day to announce the services, and both in the morning and evening to preach to the ordinary congregation on the subject of total abstinence. This is followed by a meeting on the Monday, which is the anniversary meeting of our association; and, at our meeting last year, we had the great pleasure of the presence and advocacy of the president of the National Temperance League, who occupies the chair to-day (cheers). Now, I am quite sure that in addition to the direct influence of a clergyman in this matter, there is also an indirect influence for good. The people, when you go amongst them, never ask you to take wine, because they know it would insult you, and they almost begin to apologise to you if they think it necessary to take it in your presence. I take this as an omen for good; and I am quite sure that if we have God's favour with us, and are enabled by His grace and help to persevere in this good cause, those of us who are young in years, and have not lived to the average age of men, may yet see the time when we shall be able to cry 'Victory!'

In our humble opinion Mr. Breay's speech contained rather too many allusions to "the church." He alluded to it about a dozen times in the course of his brief speech. He must beware of that kind of speaking. It is not quite compatible with the non-sectarian character of our platform. Suppose Mr. Chown had said as much about "the Baptist denomination" as Mr. Breay did about "the Church," how would *that* have been relished? But here is the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, to speak for himself. He proceeds:—

"I rejoice, then, in this great Temperance cause, because it not merely sets itself against intemperance, but is quite certain to secure its destruction. You may tell me of many things that Temperance will do and will not do, but here is one thing that it will do at any rate—it will destroy intemperance. You may tell me that the morning light does not feed the hungry, does not clothe the naked, does not heal the sick. I know it does not; no wise man will say it would; but then it brings about a

state of things more favourable for the result than if darkness remained, and most assuredly it chases away darkness. It does that; and just so with Temperance—whatever else it may do or may not do, it certainly does chase away intemperance, and with that nine-tenths of all the evil that afflicts humanity. Then, as the chairman has reminded us so beautifully and powerfully at the commencement of the meeting, the Temperance cause does work in a glorious manner as well as for a glorious end. It is not long since this crystal roof rang and vibrated with shouts, such as, I suppose, only English lungs can pour out, when that noble-souled liberator of Italy stood somewhere about here and received the honours that the nation rejoiced to pour before him. His was a glorious work indeed. I happened to be down in Sicily the moment he landed and passed through the leading streets of Messina. I saw from the balcony, where the Neapolitan soldiers had been firing upon the citizens an hour before, something of the terrible enormities of the misrule from which that noble man had delivered that glorious land; but then that could not be done without noble souls falling in the battle. It could not be done without wives being made widows, and children orphans, and parents childless. Our great cause does its work without such results; it is not merely that it does not make wives widows, but it gives husbands back to widowed wives, and children back to parents, as well as parents back to children. Its weapons inflict no wound but upon the enemy that needs to be destroyed; and its army is never weakened by any of its exertions, but gathers strength and prosperity from every blow it strikes, in its onward march to victory. It is in a course that is brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. And it is not merely that the Temperance cause sets itself against intemperance, or will seek its destruction, but it scatters a thousand blessings all around. At the same time, it does not merely strike the poison cup out of the man's hand, but it puts in his grasp the cup out of which he drinks peace, and health, and joy. It not only melts the fetters off the limbs of the bond-slave, but it put a robe upon his shoulders, and sets a seal of honour upon his brow. It is not merely that it delivers him from the curse, but it gives him a blessing; and on these accounts, and a thousand others that might be named, looking at it merely in its relation to intemperance, I say as we all say, "Heaven bless and prosper the Temperance cause."

And as he thus pronounced his benediction on the movement the crystal dome rang with mighty cheers. Mr. Chown is an admirable speaker. His mind is like his body—broad and massive. He has a pleasant face, an ample brow, and a sonorous voice, and always gains the favour of his hearers.

What next? Anything. We sauntered through the courts, looked at the Chimpanzee, ate an ice, shook hands with old friends from everywhere, had our photograph taken, and chatted with Band of Hope children.

There are the great fountains playing. Shafts of water, trees of water, plumes of water, garlands of water, all bright and beautiful. Ah! see they are sinking—they are gone.

And now we are off to hear 1,500 children sing; but stop; what are all these gentlemen sitting together for? There's Samuel Bowly, John Taylor, William Tweedie, John Hilton, the tall form of Jabez Inwards, G. W. Murphy, and John Rees, George W. M'Cree, Robert Rae, and many more. Oh! see an artist is taking them for a group of portraits. It is done. Hark, the children are singing, and off we go—mingling with “the distinguished advocates”—to hear them. The choir is furnished at the request of the National Temperance League, by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, a manifestation of fraternal feeling in which we heartily rejoice.

Looking from the Shakespeare house the spectacle of the children is both imposing and affecting. How the multitude of little faces flashes in the light! How stately their banners look in their midst! How sweetly they sing! Blessings on the children for evermore.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Frederic Smith, the children sing most beautifully. Their smiling faces and sweet voices make all the spectators thrill with delight. First comes the chant, “Wine is a mocker,” then “Truth is growing,” then “Hark! the lark,” and these are followed by a touching domestic song the words of which are as follows:—

Never forget the dear ones around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness, the songs of artless mirth;
Though other scenes may woo thee in other lands to roam,
Never forget the dear ones that cluster round thy home.

Ever their hearts are turning to thee when far away,
Their love so pure and tender is with thee on thy way;
Wherever thou may'st wander—wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones that cluster round thy home.

Never forget thy father, who cheerful toils for thee,
Within thy heart may ever thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear, and brother—they long for thee to come,
Never forget the dear ones that cluster round thy home.

This piece was encored. Mr. Smith glances at the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who laughs and then nods consent, and off goes the choir again in still more sprightly style. “The Great and Good,” “The Standard,” and “When shall we meet again?” are followed by “See our oars,” which is encored. Here a little comedy ensues. Mr. Smith sits down beside Mr. M'Cree, and the two smile, and then consult. Then, amid the loud cheering of the people, Mr. Smith resumes his place. Cheers ring through the palace. “Encore!” Mr. Smith slowly shakes his head.

"Encore!" Mr. Smith shakes his head. Mr. M'Cree evidently vastly amused says, "Go on." "No. 9." cries Mr. Smith, and "The beautiful stream," flows forth from a thousand lips. "Nearer home" followed, during which, we observed the Rev. John Guthrie—a true man—and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, chatting together. We were near enough to learn that they were interchanging opinions on ancient and modern poetry, and agreed in according a high place in the Sacred Choir to James Montgomery, the writer of "Nearer Home." "One," "Two," "Three," cried Mr. Smith pointing to as many divisions of the choir; we found by this that "The Social Glass" was to pass round. Away went the little singers:—

1st voice. I'm very fond of a social glass;

2nd voice. So am I.

3rd voice. So am I.

1st voice. It makes the time so pleasantly pass,

And fills the heart with pleasure.

2nd voice. Ah! water pure doth brighter shine

Than brandy, rum, or sparkling wine.

3rd voice. But sad is the fix if the liquors you mix;

1st voice. Oh, I never do that.

2nd voice. Nor I.

3rd voice. Nor I.

Chorus. O yes, we love the social glass,

But it must be filled with water;

Wisdom says "Be temperate now,"

To every son and daughter.

And so on to the end, and then came a tremendous demand for its repetition. Hats, umbrellas, sticks, handkerchiefs, parasols, and hands were all waving together, and the shouting of ten thousand voices was like the sound of many waters. In the midst of this storm Mr. Smith and Mr. M'Cree sat together quietly viewing the tempest, until one enthusiastic lover of "The Social Glass" stood up with his handkerchief fastened on the handle of his umbrella, and led the assault; cheer followed cheer, and then Mr. Smith stood up. The demands for "The Social Glass" grew, if possible, louder. The immense audience were determined not to be balked this time, as in the former case, when, "One," "Two," "Three," were heard from Mr. Smith, and "The Social Glass" went round once more. The man with the umbrella wiped his honoured brow, and the mighty crowd were radiant with the glow of victory. "God bless our Youthful Band," brought the concert to an end. It was however, followed by loud and cordial cheering on the part

of the choir and the audience, who cheered each other until the palace rang again.

A very interesting presentation to the children, then took place. The Committee of the Union thought it would be well to give each little chorister a well-bound copy of the New Testament. Their appeal for funds was so heartily responded to, that the Committee were enabled to select the sixpenny copy of the New Testament with red edges, and the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, liberally granted them at a lower price. The testaments were presented by Mrs. Geo. Cruikshank, Mrs. G. W. M'Cree, Miss Barrett, and Miss Emily J. Barrett. They were assisted by George Cruikshank, Esq., Mr. F. Smith, Mr. G. Wybroo, Mr. William Bell, Mr. G. Blaby, Mr. Storr, and others. W. J. Haynes, Esq., Treasurer to the Union, and Mr. M. W. Dunn, Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Tweedie, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. J. Wood, and several more friends were also present. Each volume contained a beautifully printed coloured label with the following inscription:—

“A copy of this New Testament was presented to each member of the choir of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, comprising 1,500 children, who sang a selection of Temperance music at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, August 9th, 1864. ‘Thy word is Truth.’”

The little ones were delighted with this precious gift. Copies were also given to the police, the Band boys of the Duke of York's Military School, and Captain Tyler's Corps of Boys who exhibited their Musical Gymnastics—all of whom greatly pleased the audience with their performances.

On leaving the outer door of the orchestra, a copy of Mr. Joseph Livesey's Malt Lecture was given to each child. Mr. Livesey kindly made the Committee a gift of 1,500 copies for this purpose.

After the grand entertainment of song was over, the multitude dispersed among the marble tables for tea and coffee—the consumption of which was enormous. Pleasant groups were observable. Provincial celebrities were shaking hands with metropolitan ditto. Mr. S. Bowley, Mr. R. Barrett, Mr. Peter Cow, Mr. Bell, the popular Agent of the Union, Mr. John De Fraine, Mr. Hugh Owen, Chairman of the League Committee, Mr. W. J. Barlow (who afforded invaluable service during the day), Mr. Rae, and others might be seen in the courts and at the tables.

But see the Evening Meeting has commenced. Shall we go? Yes. Alas! people cannot hear very well, still these speeches

delivered by Messrs. H. Owen, G. Cruikshank, John Rees, Jabez Inwards, G. Howlett, John Hilton, and Sergeant Rae, are well worth hearing.

See the golden sunset makes the palace glow with fiery splendour, come away into the grounds. Ah! slop—slop—slop. It is no use. Some amiable young ladies try to get up a game with amiable young gentlemen, but it is slop—slop—slop over again, and they all give up the game.

An orator from the country elevates himself on a garden chair, and tries to collect a meeting, but what with the sloppiness of his speech and the grounds, the audience can't stand—won't stand, and the mighty orator from Smoketown is left alone, to lament his fate. Moral:—Never volunteer a speech when it is not wanted.

Here are the extinct animals, the lake, the boats, and yonder, see, is a temperance minister rowing a lot of boys across the water. His excellent choir pass him in another boat, and give him a loud cheer.

Away to the station. A crowd—a crush—a race down stairs—a short run up the platform—a leap into a carriage—a whistle, and off we go, and thus ends—in spite of storms of rain—a pleasant day at the Crystal Palace.

ONE GLASS MORE!

When seated with companions,

Or standing at the bar,

How cheerfully time passes,

No grief doth pleasure mar :

No thought of home distresses,—

To think of them's a bore,—

What care you what they're doing,

Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

What though the wife be pining—

The children cry for bread ;

Such things are very common,

Then bother not your head :

Besides, if you were with them,

The sight would vex you sore ;

You cannot help their troubles,

Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

Away, then, with reflection,
 'Tis better time to cheat;
 At home you're in the horrors,
 They've nothing there to eat:
 Then why should you be wretched?
 Enough if they deplore
 The want of every comfort;
 Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

Get drunk, and drown your reason,
 Much pleasanter you'll feel,
 When to your lowly dwelling
 You gloriously reel:
 What though the wife be crying—
 In rags the children snore?
 An oath will check their piping;
 Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

Let's change the scene,—time passes,
 The wife is dying now;
 The being loved so dearly
 Has death-dews on her brow:
 The children have no mother
 To cling to as of yore.
 Alas! what bitter feelings
 Are caused by—*one* glass more.

She smiles upon you kindly,
 Forgives you all the past;
 She cannot speak to bless you,
 For life is ebbing fast:
 She looks upon her children,
 That glance doth you implore
 That you will now protect them;
 Avoid that—*one* glass more.

The motherless are round you,
 Her little ones so dear;
 How sad look those young faces,
 No voice, like hers can cheer:
 They miss her in the morning,
 Their dreams of her are o'er;
 They wake, alas! she is not,—
 Ne'er touch that—*one* glass more.

If earth could give you treasure,
 As boundless as desire,
 You now would yield it freely,
 To call back words of ire:
 How dreadful is the anguish
 That reckless doings store;
 They reap a bitter harvest
 Who drink that—*one* glass more.

The lid is on the coffin,
 Strange feet are on the stair,
 Uneven are their treadings;
 What is it that they bear?
 'Tis all of her now left you—
 Say, do not you deplore
 You broke a heart that loved you?
 Ne'er touch that—*one* glass more.

A new-made grave is open,
 The solemn prayers you hear;
 The words are all unheeded,
 You only know she's near:
 The drift like hail now patters
 On all your earthly store;
 Oh, misery, how bitter!
 Caused by that—*one* glass more.

You reach your humble dwelling,
 The children round you creep;
 Their little eyes are swollen
 With tears *you* cannot weep:
 With pent-up thoughts of anguish,
 Days gone you now run o'er;
 You whisper, "God forgive me!"
 And loathe that—*ONE GLASS MORE.*

T. J. OUSELEY.

THE OPEN-AIR MISSION.

This excellent society continues to send forth its useful agents. Many of them are total abstainers, and do not fail to exhort their motley hearers to sign the pledge. From the annual report just issued, we make the following extracts:—

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

"A striking, though by no means uncommon case of usefulness has

occurred here. A man more than ninety years of age died recently, who, it is believed, owes his conversion at the age of ninety to an Open-Air service. He was at one time worth £150,000, but having been reduced to deep poverty, he determined to destroy himself. For this purpose one evening in 1860 he left his house to go into Lincoln's Inn Fields and watch for an opportunity when only a few persons were about to commit suicide; it was about nine in the evening when he reached the above square. As he was passing round it, he saw a crowd round a man who was just commencing to read the account of the conversion of the Philippian gaoler. The words, "Do thyself no harm," struck his attention; he stopped to listen. The Scripture that was read and the truths that were spoken were blessed by God to the old man's soul."

MAIDSTONE.

"Visited by an agent from the Mission, who aided the local friends. 4,000 tracts were distributed among the soldiers and civilians. Several short addresses were given during the day. A half-drunken man was very zealous in bringing the people to hear what the preacher had got to say. An Open-Air service was held in front of the Town Hall on the evening preceding, and another on the evening of the race-day. Drunkenness and fighting were prevalent."

CROYDON.

"About 9,000 tracts were given away during the two days by our agent and the two City Missionaries of the district, and an Open-Air service held each evening. Much drunkenness was visible."

FAIRLOP FRIDAY.

"The first Friday in July is so called by the residents in the East End of London. Some of the boat-builders and block-makers keep up a custom established by John Day about 100 years ago. Parties go to Hainault Forest in boats mounted on wheels, and decorated with flags. Thousands upon thousands of the population turn out to witness their return, near midnight. Consequently, the Whitechapel and Mile End roads are so thronged with people that in some places it is difficult to move. Bands of music play in the windows or balconies of many of the public-houses, and many of the publicans burn red, white, and blue lights, and let off fireworks. Costermongers, cheap-jacks, and all sorts of itinerant vendors, are found all along these streets. One or two were selling impure and immoral prints and songs. To meet this mass of people about 100 open-air preachers assembled at different points along the roads. They commenced soon after seven o'clock, and some of them continued at their stations till past midnight, at which hour the public-houses were crammed, and much drunkenness and immorality abounded."

We should much like to see a Temperance Open-Air Mission established. It would improve, strengthen, and extend the open-air advocacy of our principles.

MY LAST GLASS.

"It is now nearly seven years," said Harry Rose to his shop-mate, Bob Travers, who, seated with him in his snug little parlour, had come over the way to have a chat with him about teetotalism. "It is now nearly seven years since I had my last glass, and well do I remember the occasion when I vowed, with all my heart, never again to taste the accursed stuff. Hawkins at that time kept the 'Rising Sun,' and though I now say it to my shame, I was much oftener in his house than my own. Well, I got married, and ere I had time seriously to think of the responsible charge I had made, my beloved Nell was mother of three children. I found my cares increasing, and now and then a pang of grief shot through my heart, on returning from the 'Rising Sun' penniless, and with an oppressive sense of my own misconduct. On the following morning, when at work, and prostrated both in mind and body, from the effects of my debauch, a thousand times have I resolved never to do the like again. But somehow or other, Bob, my evil genius was seldom long absent to lure me from any good resolve I might form. At that time there was a club of us met in Hawkins's back room, and a jolly open-hearted set of young fellows we were. There were about a dozen of us, all in good situations, with crack wages, and by no means stingy in making the money go. We all stood in high feather with mine host of the 'Rising Sun;' in fact, we were bowed out and in; the landlord said his kindest word, and the landlady put on her blandest smiles whenever a member of the club passed on his way to the room. In this manner time passed on for years without in any way disturbing the amicable relations that existed between Hawkins and his customers. But I need not tell you, Bob, that, amid all this plain sailing, there was occasionally a bit of a storm broke out in the shape of an extra spree—sometimes an unexpected breeze drove us out of our reckoning, capsizing some, and dashing others, with some severity, on the rocks.

"Yes," continued Harry, drawing a long breath, and relieving a dismal recollection that arose with a sigh, "There was poor Tom Fowler—his was a terrible case; on going home from a meeting of the club he missed a foot on the stair, fell back, and was killed. There are few of that club left now. Many are dead, having shattered their sturdy frames by greeting too often the 'Rising Sun;' not, you will observe, the glorious orb of nature that showers down light and life, wherever it traverses,

on the human race, but the 'Rising Sun' of Hawkins, the publican, which, in truth, meant the declining 'sun' of others.

"Strange to say, however, although the remnant left of the club had witnessed many sad reverses among their number, and all more or less were affected in health, character, and purse by our late hours and thriftless habits, it did not in the least deter us from visiting Hawkins as usual, and swallowing his strong punch and sparkling ales. I can speak for myself, Bob, I was infatuated, spell-bound to that back-room, and felt miserable if a night passed in which I had not shared in its revelry. My beloved Nell, I could see, was beginning to lose all hopes of me. Many a quiet tear have I seen gathering in her eye, as her gentle expostulations, full of love, fell on my ear, trying to persuade me to remain at home with the children; yet, although I loved her and them to distraction, it was in vain I was urged to withdraw myself from the company at Hawkins's. The truth is, it had become a necessity to me, that absorbed in its fascinating strength every consideration of duty and honour. I felt, Bob, the appetite for strong drink every day gaining strength with me, and my power of self-control dying rapidly away. I was tied neck and heel to the monster, and carried hither and thither just as it pleased.

"But a storm was silently gathering, soon to burst on my poor head. For a long time previously, I had noticed a coldness on the part of my employers towards me. I was then foreman, and on going to receive my pay, had a note placed in my hand by the cashier, in which I was informed that, in a fortnight after, my services would be dispensed with. I walked erect from the place, my limbs shaking with agitation. I had not courage to go home to inform my wife, but hastened to the 'Rising Sun' to get a tumbler to compose my nerves. I swallowed three or four in succession, filled a bottle of whisky, and carried it home in my pocket. My wife could see there was something unusually sore with me, and asked, as I entered, what the depressing cause might be. I told her the truth, but told her not to despair, as I should soon get another situation.

"The fortnight passed, during which I drank furiously. At last I was an idle man—trade dull, and no immediate prospect of employment. I had still a little money left, but every day was rendering it less. I found time an awful burden on my shoulders, and again sought the 'Rising Sun' to dissipate my grief. My old companions I found much the same, but Hawkins, I thought, did not treat me with that warmth I used to receive.

I could not now ring his bell and give the lavish orders I did formerly. My last shilling had gone; want stood grinning at my door; and, to add to my grief, my youngest child sickened and died. I was almost mad, and knew not in what direction to turn my footsteps. I wrote to a friend at a distance for money, but in the meantime a few shillings were urgently wanted for immediate expenses.

"I thought on Hawkins. During the last four years I had given him above a hundred pounds, besides causing a quantity of custom to come his way. Thither I repaired, and, with a subdued voice, enquired for Mr. Hawkins. I thought the servant could discern in my doleful countenance that I had no money. Instead of being shown to the club room in which I had been so long a welcome star, I was quietly ushered to one of the side boxes. Just as I was entering, I could see Hawkins entering another room in which was a roaring company. Quite certain that he had observed me, I requested the girl to inform the landlord that I wished to see him for a few minutes. Minutes passed on—a whole hour had gone by—but no appearance of Hawkins. I could not help then feeling my bitter and humiliated position. I rose to my feet indignant with rage, and, nearly choking with the anguish that wrung my heart, my hand unconsciously sought the bell-pull. The door was opened, when I was informed by the same girl that Mr. Hawkins had gone out an hour before. Just after she had delivered her message, I tottered to the door, almost unable to support myself, cursing in my breast the heartless cormorant whom I had so assiduously helped to pamper. I had just reached the outside, when who should I meet right in the face but Hawkins, his face flushed and blotted by recent indulgence, his heavy gold chain and watch ostentatiously flaunting before me, as if to remind me more acutely of my poverty and folly. I had not power to open my lips. I am sure he would have passed without speaking could he have done so unobserved. Drawing himself up consequentially, he addressed me: 'Ha, Mr. Rose, rather behind my time a little; had to go out about repairing that gig of mine that broke down at the races. I'm sorry for you, very; s'pose you want me to the funeral, oh yes. Keep up your heart, and be like me; mind number one; good bye.' Filled with inexpressible loathing, I sauntered down the street, scarcely knowing in what direction I wandered, and thinking my present sufferings a just retribution for my long-continued foolishness. Unexpectedly, I encountered Mr. —, an old frequenter of the

‘Rising Sun.’ He wanted me to go there and have a glass with him. I told him I would never enter it again. We adjourned to another house. There I had one glass; I lifted it, drunk it off, and vowed that, with the help of God, I would never, as long as I lived, drink another.

“That night I was assisted by one or two friends in the hour of need, so that I had the child decently buried. But I may say, with truth, that as its sweet little eyes closed in death, mine were being opened to the outrageous folly of my drinking habits, and the public-house system. I now saw vividly the intense selfishness of the men who fatten on the misery and wretchedness of their fellow-men. I could not help regarding their dazzling shops and gilded saloons but as so many traps decked out to catch the simple, and their surface smiles and blandishments as hollow devices for completing the overthrow of their victims.

“I now thought it my duty to join an abstinence society, and accordingly attended the first meeting held. It soon became known I was an abstainer, and in ten days afterwards I was gratified by the receipt of a letter from my former employers, offering me my old situation with an advance on my wages. My wife, who had been long crushed by my former waywardness shed tears of joy on reading it. Since then, Bob, everything has prospered with us. I soon left the old garret in which we had been formerly living, and rented this cottage. We have now seven children, all of them thriving and promising, and I will take care, Bob, that none of them shall ever be able to quote his father’s example for acquaintance with the bottle. So you see that, since my last glass, we have made steady progress.”

Bob listened with unabated attention to his friend’s narration. He had never before heard him detail the circumstances that had led to his adoption of the abstinence principle; but these experiences, conjoined with his own observations, and a conviction that had been long growing with him, determined him at once to go and join the Abstinence Society.

“Well, I fear,” said Bob, after a thoughtful pause, “that Hawkins is just a type of his class; and that his moral code—‘mind number one’—is the reigning principle with all of them.”

“No doubt of it,” replied Harry; “there may seem to be exceptions here and there, as individual dispositions differ; but it is quite plain, I think, that no man can follow the trade of a publican, and be an eye-witness of the desolating havoc and wretchedness his traffic inflicts on his fellow-creatures, with-

out having every amiable disposition and sympathy swallowed up by the 'number one' principle,—or, in other words by sheer selfishness."

Mrs. Rose, who had just entered, nodded assent, when Bob shortly after took his departure; often, however, to meet again; and to congratulate each other on the benign effects of their total abstinence practice.

Reader, if you have hitherto delayed, be persuaded to try the same safe and salutary experiment. Tamper no longer with the insidious curse. Can a man take fire into his hands, and not be burned? Can he take a serpent into his bosom, and not be stung? And do not reckon it necessary, with Harry, to go through the perilous ceremony of quaffing off a "last glass." Let your "last glass" be one in the past, and not one in the future. To sin once more, in the professed act of abjuring sin, is a contradiction and self-deception—it is going back while professing to go forward.

Deem the time past of your life more than sufficient "to have wrought the will of the Gentiles." Now, and henceforth, begird yourself for duty and for active consecration to the best interests of your kind. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace."

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE

The parish of St. Giles's is not worse than many other metropolitan parishes. There is plenty of dirt and drunkenness in it, but so is there in Shoreditch, Westminster, and Somer's Town. My religious duties, however, call me more frequently into St. Giles's than elsewhere, and hence I see more of its good and evil. Some of the scenes in its streets are highly suggestive to thoughtful and philanthropic minds. The evil effects of drunkenness are seen daily. From one point twenty gin-shops, at least, may be counted, and they are nearly as thickly strewn in other parts of the parish. Time would fail me to tell of all that I have witnessed in the streets near the Seven Dials, but a few facts may be narrated.

Seeing a crowd I went into its midst, and found a number of men and women in great excitement.

"What is the matter?"

"Why sir," replied a very civil man, "Mr. A. has been on the drink for about a fortnight, and he has just cut his throat, and been taken off to the hospital."

Here, then, was a husband and a father found bleeding to death, borne through the streets followed by a noisy crowd, laid upon a hospital-bed where he soon died. But for intemperance he might have been a living man. The house where he obtained the drink which ruined him remains open to this day. How much more evil will it do?

Not far from this spot I saw a man—a huge fellow—who looked like a wild Indian. He had no hat on. Where his coat and vest were I do not know. One of his boots was missing, and his hair bristled aloft like the mane of a lion. He was stained with mud. From a wound behind his ear the red blood fell down upon his neck and back, and he kept looking wildly round for some one whom he could not find. Who was he? A wretched man fresh from a public-house row.

Seldom do I cross the Seven Dials without finding some of the evil effects of drunkenness. One day I came suddenly upon a mob. Two women were scolding one man, and as he seemed to have a hard time of it I went to his rescue.

“What is the matter, my good woman?”

“Why, sir,” said one of the poor, ragged, half-tipsy females, “that man insulted us.”

“How was that?”

“Well, we were standing here, and as he went by he said, ‘you’re lushy.’”

“What did you say then?”

“No, says I, I ain’t lushy.”

“Yes, but you are lushy.”

“Well,” replied the poor wretch with a smile, “I *know* I am.”

“How, then, came you to say, ‘No, I ain’t lushy.’”

“Ha! I would not let *him* say to *me*, ‘you are lushy.’”

“Go home like a good woman. Give up this drink. It is a great curse to you.”

“God bless you, sir, I will go home. But *he* said, ‘you are lushy’—he did. No, says I, ‘I ain’t lushy.’” And so she and her friend reeled away. Did they go home? If so, what sort of a home was it? If not, what would become of their children that day?

Not far from Seven Dials is Drury lane. Some sad scenes may be witnessed there. A young girl left her home and went to live with a profligate man. She was only seventeen years of age. One day she got drunk, fell into the fire, and then, all in flames, rushed screaming into the street. She was carried

to the hospital, and there lay in her agony. All day—all night she sent forth her direful wail. "O Lord God! O Lord God!! give me ease. Give me ease, O Lord God! if it be but for half a moment, half a moment, O Lord God, give me ease."

It never came. Scorched, agonized, wailing, she died.

Within sight of where the flaming girl rushed into the street, a fight between two men took place. A large crowd assembled to witness the brutal conflict. When the police came they cleared the street, and then a large and heavily-laden van drove on its way. A drunken woman was standing on the curb, and alas! she suddenly fell before its wheels. She was crushed to death.

"Send for her husband," cried the people.

He came. They told him of his wife's awful death. He was too drunk to understand their words. And this wretched pair had three children. What will become of them?

In one of the small streets, within a few yards of the British Museum, there was a tiny house inhabited by families which were crowded together in a very discreditable manner. Saturday night came, and they retired to sleep. When all was silent and dark, the flames of a fire suddenly burst forth. Fire! fire! cried a neighbour. In a few moments the house was surrounded by the alarmed neighbours. The fire-escape came; then the fire-engine. Loud knocks were thundered upon the door, and for a moment it seemed as though the sleeping inmates would be saved. See! an arm is thrust out of the window, but it disappears again. Then a lad throws himself headlong from another window. He is picked up, taken to the hospital, and dies. "Take care," cried the crowd, "the house is falling." Crash! It is down. Nothing remains but a burning mass. Thirteen human beings were under it. They were dug out, and I saw them—a hideous sight—in the dead-house of St. Giles's. What caused this fatal fire? None can tell. It is known, however, that one of the victims had been drinking that night. When he went home he was far from being sober, and many have suspected some carelessness of his caused the fire.

Such are the scenes common to a London parish. Other parishes present similar scenes. From Brixton to Hampstead, and from Kensington to Hackney, drunkenness is the curse and shame of the great metropolis. It clothes the poor with rags. It makes them violent and cruel. It thrusts them into dark and filthy dens. It starves their children. It is their destroying

demon. Who will bring them out of their "house of bondage?" Alas! that so many of them should live and die saying, "NO MAN CARETH FOR MY SOUL."

THE ORIGIN OF BANDS OF HOPE.

It is often asked—Who founded the First Band of Hope? This is an interesting question, and we should like to see it settled. The Rev. Dr. Burns, of Paddington, claims we believe, this honour for the late Mrs. Carlisle, of Dublin. The Rev. Jabez Tunncliffe, however, does not admit that claim. In a speech delivered in Bradford, on April 23rd, 1864, he said:—

"It was often a matter of dispute between the people of Leeds and Bradford, as to which town the honour of superiority belonged, but he thought as a matter of fact, so far as respected the Band of Hope movement, in comparison with Bradford, Leeds was nowhere. The speaker then entered into a statement of the reasons which had induced him to commence the organisations, called Bands of Hope. The idea was first impressed upon his mind in 1847, by a man to whose death-bed he was called, who had ruined his constitution and brought on consumption by his intemperate habits. From the series of evils which had resulted to that man from his taking the first glass, he, the speaker, was led to consider the matter. He felt that much could not be done with drunkards, or moderate drinkers of the day, and it would be far better to devote their entire energy to an organisation which should be confined to the young. Through his instrumentality, therefore, a ladies' committee was formed in Leeds, where the Band of Hope movement originated."

From this statement, therefore, it would appear that Mr. Tunncliffe claims to be the founder of Bands of Hope, and that they were first formed in the town of Leeds. It will give us much pleasure to know from competent correspondents whether any Bands of Hope existed prior to 1847?

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

"Oh, George Hays, just look here!" said little Madge Morrel. "The old gray cat just jumped through this window, and broke cousin Alice's beautiful rose geranium. Oh! isn't it too bad? How angry Alice will be!"

"My sister don't get angry at such things, Miss Madge. I never saw her angry but once in my life, and that was when some boys worried a poor little kitten almost to death."

"But this is so provoking, Georgie. Anybody would be angry."

"It is really too bad, but you see if Alice does not try to make the best of it."

Pretty soon the young lady entered the room—her sunny face beaming with the bright spirit which reigned within. She was humming a sweet morning song, but she paused abruptly before her beautiful ruined geranium. “Ah! who has done this?” she exclaimed.

“That ugly old cat broke it, cousin Alice. I saw her myself,” said little Madge.

“Poor puss, she did not know what mischief she was doing. It was the very pet of my flowers. But come, little cousin, don’t look so long faced; we must try and make the best of it.”

“I don’t think there is much best to this, Alice.”

“Oh, yes, it is not near so bad as it might have been. The fine stalk is not injured, and it will soon send forth shoots. This large broken branch will be lovely in bouquets. Let us arrange a little one for mother’s room. We will place this cluster of scarlet blossoms in a wine glass, and you may run out into the garden, and gather a few snow-drops to put around it. There, was there ever anything more beautiful! Now, we will set the wine glass in this little saucer, and place some geranium leaves around the edge, with a few snow-drops mixed among them. Mother will admire it, she loves flowers so much. Now, little one, don’t you think there is a bright side to this affair? I am not sure but pussy did us a favour, by giving us so much pleasure from such an unexpected source.”

“I think you have found the bright side, Alice, though I am sure I never should. I almost wanted the old cat to be killed.”

“Never be angry at a poor, unreasoning animal, my child. Cultivate a more noble, elevated disposition, and learn to control yourself even in the smallest matters that might disturb the quiet of your mind. It is only by such self-control that you can ever arrive at true womanhood. Look for the bright side of your disappointments and troubles. By such a course you will make yourself a welcome everywhere, and your own happiness will be increased a thousand-fold.

SKETCHES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE SPEAKERS, No. 2.

THE APOLOGETIC SPEAKER.

This orator begins by saying that he positively cannot speak, owing to a very bad cold in the head, which he caught a few days ago, by imprudently leaving off one thickness of his undergarments. Or, he is a sufferer from the aching nerves of a

partially-decayed tooth, which he has allowed to remain in his lower jaw longer than it ought to, by reason of not having had time to go to the dentist's for the purpose of having it rooted out; or, he has not fully recovered from the bruise on his knee, which he received when that joint came violently in contact with the brick pavement one night last week, some careless or designing person having placed melon rind in a spot on which he could not avoid treading. Or, the illness of his wife's cousin (on the mother's side) has so engrossed his attention since the fourteenth of last month, that he cannot collect his thoughts. Or, he fears (after promising to speak) that he is not the best man whom the committee could have selected for this interesting occasion; and as he sees around him those who are more eloquent than he, he trusts that his well-known inability to interest an audience, will suffice for a reason why he should give place to some of the learned and gifted gentlemen who are present. Or, the pressure of business during the past few days has been such as never, in all his business experience (and here he stops to hint at what a tremendous experience he has had), crowded on him before. It has completely overwhelmed him. Or he is totally unprepared.

The audience sympathizes with the afflicted person, and unanimously conclude that it is unreasonable to expect a speech from a man labouring under any or all of the above-mentioned disabilities. They wonder that his family could have consented to his leaving home under the circumstances; and still greater is their surprise to see that the committee do not, on hearing his apologetic statements, at once procure a comfortable hack, and hurry him to a place of repose and safety. His talk is apt to be a continuous string of nothings, amounting in their total to exceedingly little. It did certainly need some apology, if indeed it ought to have been spoken at all. It would have been better to omit it altogether. His hearers grow weary, and, while they wish him no particular harm, hope that some of his infirmities will interfere with his appearance in public, should a future invitation be extended to him.

Sometimes it is the case, however, that a speaker who begins with an apology makes a really excellent speech. This, which is a rare occurrence, is only an evidence that good men sometimes do foolish things. No apology ever helps a speech. No speech is as good, with an apology at its beginning, as it is if the speaker plunges at once into what he has to say, and says it earnestly and clearly. The only warrantable apology is in the

case of the speaker of feeble voice, who consumes the first five minutes of his speech in building the fire under his boiler to get up sufficient steam to enable his voice to be heard. If we must have an apology, let us have it then, for nobody will lose anything by not hearing it.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS AND HONORARY DEPUTATIONS.

During August, between fifty and sixty meetings have been attended by speakers from the Union.

BATH.—The annual festival of the Vineyard Chapel Band of Hope and Temperance Union, was held on Tuesday, August 1st, at Prior Park. The gates were opened at two o'clock, and the afternoon was devoted to the games common on such occasions. Tea was provided at six o'clock, after which there was an open air meeting. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. S. Edwards, and addresses were delivered by T. Thompson, Esq., J. H. Cotterell, Esq., Messrs. Sturges and Hooke, jun. The meeting terminated with three times three for Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Thompson. An invitation was given to about 40 of the children of the Bath Union Workhouse, who were present with their band of music. There was about 1000 persons present on this occasion.

BATH.—**PERCY CHAPEL BAND OF HOPE.**—The members and friends of the above society paid a visit to the beautiful village of Limpley Stoke on Monday, the 18th inst. The young people assembled in Charlotte street, at one o'clock, where they soon formed a procession, headed by the drum and fife band of the Sutcliffe Industrial School, many of the party carrying flags and banners with suitable mottoes. They then proceeded through the city to the railway station, where a number of carriages were soon filled, and the train started amidst vociferous cheering. Arrived at Stoke, the procession was again formed, and the march to the field where the entertainment was provided, in spite of the broiling sun, and the steep ascent, was very speedily accomplished. At a given signal, all (to the number of five hundred) sat down on the grass and partook of a sumptuous tea with much relish and hearty good will, after which their energies were devoted to the enjoyment of the different games which were kept up with untiring zeal to the close. There were donkeys to ride, nuts, cakes, and sweetmeats to run and scramble for, football, cricket, swings, and other amusements too numerous to mention. A considerable number of fire balloons were sent up with great success, the last being a very large one, bearing the inscription "Percy Chapel Band of Hope." Through the indefatigable energy of the committee and of the Bath Railway superintendent (Mr. Howell), under the blessing of an ever watchful Providence, all were conveyed to and fro without the slightest injury. Refreshment was provided in the school-room on their return.

SHEFFIELD.—A grand gala of the Sheffield Band of Hope Union was

held in the Botanical Gardens, Sheffield on Monday last. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather in the morning. The committee had provided various attractions in addition to those of the beautiful gardens, which were in fine condition. Illustrations of the workings of the electric telegraph, stereoscopic views, a fairy fountain, several bands of music, and various other things arresting attention, studded the gardens. At three o'clock many hundreds of the members of the Bands of Hope assembled on a splendid green sward, and under the leadership of Mr. S. H. Barton sang several pieces, including the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the Temperance National Anthem." At four, a large meeting was held under the presidency of J. Jobson Smith, Esq., J.P., and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Tarrant, Adams, Mathews, and Hammond; by John Unwin, Esq., Mr. J. H. Raper, and others. A special train, arranged by the Manchester and Salford Union, conveyed about 600 passengers to Sheffield during the day.

KENTISH TOWN.—A happy evening was enjoyed by the members and friends of the Kentish town Band of Hope on Thursday, July 28, when a series of pleasures were participated in, consisting of a "Flower Show," a "Fancy Stall," and a "Fruit Banquet," with speeches, recitations, dialogues, melodies, and music. The room being decorated with various banners, flowers, and mottoes, added likewise to the treat. Judge Payne, Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Messrs. Blaby, Stanes, Lee, Storr, Hudson, Wybroo, and Joblin, took part in the proceedings, which were highly gratifying.

WATERLOO STREET, CAMBERWELL.—A pleasant excursion of adults and children took place, on Tuesday, July 26th, when fifteen vans and omnibuses, filled with merry folk went to Hayes Common, near Bromley, in Kent. The day was bright and calm, and as the long procession wound its way through the green lanes, and the banners floated in the breeze, the sight was picturesque. On the common we found plenty of fresh air, amusement, and sweet companionship, and all passed off well. The children had a good tea in the open-air, and the friends enjoyed their refreshments in a large marquee provided for them. In the evening, a meeting was held under a beautiful tree, when addresses were delivered by Mr. R. W. Reid, a gentleman from Peckham, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. Mrs. Reid, Mrs. M'Cree, Miss Barrett, Miss E. J. Barrett, Mr. J. Eaton, and other friends accompanied the party.

PRESENTATIONS.

We are glad to find that a gold watch and a purse of considerable value have been presented at the Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, to Mr. Robert Nicol, who has long and usefully laboured in that locality. On behalf of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, W. J. Haynes, Esq., Mr. W. Bell, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, attended.

At the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, a meeting was held on Wednesday, August 3rd, in connection with the Fountain Temperance Society, when, before a large audience, four volumes were presented to Mr. W. Bell, Agent of the Union, in acknowledgment of the excellent lectures delivered by him. The presentation was made by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. Messrs. D. Raymond, Symons, Martin, and Crowther, were also on the platform.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

NEAR LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

Every Londoner knows Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is the arena of lawyers, and there may be found the Court of Chancery, and perhaps, Jarndyce of Bleak House. Very busy are the lawyers just now. Scores of them are hastening to and fro. Their wigs, red-taped briefs, blue bags, and long, flaunting, black gowns, are in prime order. A great case—two hundred years old—is on the list. Hush! There is the Lord Chancellor. And now every brief is raised—squinted at—rustled—and now a voice is heard mumbling out something about the great case. No one seems to understand it. Even men very 'learned in the law' cannot settle it. So they hush it to sleep for another two hundred years. Close to these courts—almost within a stone's-throw of these solemn-looking wigged men—is Clare Market. Our learned friends never go there. We will.

A walk down the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields—down Portsmouth street, and then through an avenue of butchers' shops which lies on the right hand, conducts us into the midst of Clare Market, and its filthy environs. Portsmouth street contains 'Black Jack'—a public house frequented by lawyers' clerks, and famous for its porter. Many a pint of it do they quaff, and most of them consequently abhor the very mention of the pledge. An affidavit is much more to their taste.

One of the first things we saw was a small, obscure, shabby barber's shop. The window contained a huge placard announcing 'A Grand Sparring Treat,' by Grant and Jones—two heroes of the ring. All 'lovers' of true 'British courage' were invited to attend the exhibition. Did you ever see these same 'lovers?' They are the roughest, profanest, and most repulsive ruffians we ever saw. Well, we read the placard. So did some very ragged boys. So did some *black-eyed* women. So did a lot of butchers, costermongers, Irish hodmen, and greasy Jews.

'Look out!' yelled a burly butcher. We did so—we looked at him. He was a stout, flabby, big-cheeked fellow, and wore a blue blouse, besmeared with mud, dung, grease, sawdust, and gore, and on he rushed dragging a lot of raw hides. The sight almost made us a vegetarian. The tumbling hides forced us to move on, but we did not complain of that. We knew better. 'Gruel' is rather plentiful here.

We commenced walking about to see the sights, but soon some smells—rank, foul, and sickening—made us halt. We then remembered reading in a sanitary work that canaries soon die here ; bad smells kill them. Fever is also common. No fewer than fifteen cases of fever have just been found in a single house not far from the spot on which we stand. Dreadful smells here. No wonder. Slaughter-houses abound. Stables reeking with dung stand close to crowded dwellings. Children are not vaccinated. Narrow courts are crowded with dirty, drunken tenants. Vegetable refuse rots in the sun. Worried cats are the playthings of cruel boys. Gin-shops throng the streets, and—but we cannot describe what we know. There are some things not to be mentioned.

Shops frequented by, and intended for the very poor, are common. There is a cheap china warehouse bursting with gaudy crockery. There is a furniture mart where chairs and tables may be had—like the cedars of Lebanon—‘full of sap.’ There is a ‘reformed rag warehouse’—wherein its reformation consists we cannot tell, for it was as dirty and disorderly a place as we ever saw. There is a pork shop where pies are sold ‘cheap and nasty.’ There is a shop full of indecent song books, wretched novels, felonist periodicals, and sporting papers. And there are butchers’ shops without number. The butchers are the ‘prime joints’ of this region, and seem to know it. They are a lofty over-bearing race, and tread their shops with the majesty of ‘the bulls of Bashan.’ A resident Roman Catholic priest thus writes of them and their shops :—

“A butcher’s shop stands invitingly open; there are no plate-glass windows, nor meretricious ornaments, about this humble establishment. Its front is tenantless of windows, its usual decorating joints are sold; and the sturdy butcher sits in still complacency within, thinking over, and counting mentally, the gains of the past week. The rows of iron hooks that garnish his shop, boast not of their usual load of ruddy sirloins, of savory juicy legs, and prime fillets of veal. They are sold; and the butcher is chinking the welcome cash in his capacious breeches-pockets. The huge block is fresh scraped for the ensuing week; clean sawdust is thickly spread on the floor; the gas flares out in a lengthened stream from the open neck of the pipe—now almost extinguished, it shows a ghastly blue stream of flickering light, now a flaming sword of fire, as the wind plays upon it, hustles it, and strives to extinguish its sturdy blaze, which alternately plunges the shop into intense light and deep shadow. The knight of the cleaver sits grim and silent and thoughtful; his favorite bull-dog sleeps soundly at his feet; his stock, all but the refuse, is sold; but he keeps a wary eye on the large board at the open front, which is covered with little heaps of miserable scraps

and cuttings of meat—it is the usual diet, or rather feast, of the poor. A dozen or more of wretchedly-clad women hang wistfully before that board, and turn the scraps over, one by one, bringing their noses as closely as they dare, to test their sweetness, while the fat butcher looks sullenly on. The bargain is concluded; three pennyworth of offal is cheerily carried off for the Sunday's festal dinner."

We visited Clare Market on a Saturday evening. What a din there was! Every butcher praised his meat; every costermonger shouted the merits of his greens; every ballad-singer roared the sorrows of some luckless maid whose lover had gone to the diggings; every fish-woman cried amain; and every ragged rascal of a boy whistled and yelled—"hoo! hoo!!—ho-o! ho-o-o!!"—a favorite cry with such outcasts. Barrows full of crockery were pushed along. Stalls were overspread with oysters, greens, oranges and fish. Shops were bright with gas, and full of people, and some women swore tremendously.

Very curious were some of the characters and cries of the market. A little, pale, trembling boy shambled along, crying—"Lozenges, a happenny a packet—pick 'em where you likes!" A red-faced wench then cried out—"Greens! penny a basket!" Then came an Irish lad, shouting—"Arranges! arranges!! four a penny!" "Good strong chairs, CHEAP!" exclaimed a most melancholy man, the last word coming out of his mouth with a curious jerk. "Flowers, a penny a bunch!" "Want an eel?" "Buy an image—Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, *and* Uncle Tom!" "Soles, a penny a pair, or three for tuppence, or a-n-y price you like?"—Such were some of the cries which made us long for the silence of the great desert.

We next took a glance at the public-houses and gin-shops. In the course of a short walk we counted thirty-two. Some of these are large, gaudy and lucrative. Several of them presented the attraction of a cheap or free concert. We need not say that a combination of cheap music and cheap gin play havoc with the morals of the population. Of the concerts and gin-shops the Rev. E. Price (the author just quoted) says:—

"The three-score public-houses in the immediate neighbourhood of this ancient market are crowded with noisy and riotous and drunken visitors. The stormy night is a God-send to the burly sallow-faced landlords. In nearly every one of these emporiums of debauchery there is a nightly concert. Ogre-featured scarecrow lads, with lamp-blackened visages; and African guitars, and ear-splitting bones, and noisy tambourines, play off the pitiful joke of nigger melodies and Ethiopian serenades. Sambo crossed in love, and the woes of the disconsolate Juno, and the hapless fate of the run-away Jupiter, affect to maudlin tears the sympathies of

the cadgers and fancy men and the costermongers of the chaste locality. And then the copious libations of 'cold without,' give rise to pleasant and frequent displays of pugilistic acquirements. The half-drunken assemblage alternately fight and shake hands, as empty glasses are removed and a fresh supply of vitriolized gin and water is placed on the stained and filthy tables. Bull-dogs and wiry terriers of every variety of breed and colour, crouch glaring and sullenly at each other under their masters' chairs, and bare their white fangs and growl fiercely when the fray waxes warm, and are only restrained from a general onslaught on the combatants by sundry well-delivered kicks that send them flying across the sanded floor. And then the song and the roughly-shouted chorus peal down from the hermetically sealed windows of these dens of iniquity and make choral merriment with the yelling blast of the storm outside; and as each drenched and steaming incomer enters, and shakes the melting sleet from his battered hat, and thrusts his numbed fingers and toes towards the blazing fire, an additional excitement is given to prolong the festive scene, to renew the bacchanalian orgies, in spite of starving wives and famished children at home."

Leaving Clare Market, we pass into Great Wild street. We find ourselves in the midst of gin-shops, furniture-brokers, bakers, marine store dealers, old clothes shops, pawnbrokers and brothels. Juvenile thieves are playing at pitch and toss. Young men—not one of them has a clean face—are lounging against the corners of narrow alleys. Poor women are on their way to buy a morsel of meat, or if they cannot afford that, a pennyworth of tripe. Workmen are reeling home drunk. Two drunken women have just passed us.

'Ah! Lurcher, are *you* there?' I said to a boy.

'Yes, sir.'

'How old are you?'

'Eleven.'

'Where do you sleep?'

'On some stairs in Little Wild court.'

'How long have you slept there?'

'About a fortnight.'

'Where did you sleep before that time?'

'I was in prison.'

'What for?'

'I stole a loaf of bread.'

'How long were you in prison?'

'Twenty one days.'

'How often have you been in prison?'

'I have been convicted four times, and remanded four times.'

'Where shall you sleep to-night?'

'On the stairs in Little Wild court.'

‘Have you any parents?’

‘No.’

Is it any wonder this boy steals? Ah! if some of our learned friends from the other side of the square would only leave their law books and wigs, and come here and try to save some of these homeless boys, what a grand sight it would be! Their case forms a legal and moral problem, no doubt. Its full solution would do honour to the grandest intellect known in your courts.

Little Wild court is an infamous place. It is inhabited by the lowest class of Irish. On the Sunday morning they go to mass; On the Sunday afternoon they play at cards; and on the Sunday evening they get drunk, swear and fight. A dozen of them often sleep in a small room, and not unfrequently a coffin stands in their midst. A funeral is always a scene of strife and drunkenness, so is a marriage, so is a birth. Indeed, what with cards, ballad singers, swearing, fights and gin, the court is like Bill the Dodger’s fish—ALL ALIVE O!

Before we left the region of Clare Market we went to see Duke street. There Benjamin Franklin lived ‘opposite the Romish Chapel.’ Unlike the other streets, this was quiet. We were glad of it. We stood and thought of the great printer. In that house he lived! To us it has become a shrine—a place to love.

We closed our note book and returned home, and when we had looked round on our books, and pictures, and children, and compared them with the sad scenes we had witnessed, we sighed at the contrast, and longed for the dawn of happier days.

THE BAND OF HOPE IN OUR VILLAGE.

By E. J. OLIVER.

Reader! if you are by nature curious, or of an enquiring turn of mind, you will of course wish to know the precise locality of our village. I am sorry that, in this instance, I cannot gratify your thirst for knowledge further than by stating that it is bounded on the north, south, east, and west by other villages of a similar character, and is not many miles from the South Eastern Railway Terminus at London Bridge.

We will, if you please, imagine that you and I, having started from the aforesaid terminus, have reached in safety the little station, with its neat plot of ground cultivated by the station master, and supplying himself and family, not only with bouquets of flowers for the parlour table, but with the more

needful potatoes and cabbages for daily consumption. Leaving the station and turning down the road to the right, we glance admiringly at the little, old-fashioned houses, with their gable roofs, and the windows studded with diamond-shaped panes—at the smiling, good-tempered looking women—the sunburnt men, and the rosy-cheeked, laughing children—altogether presenting such a beautiful picture of true English happiness, industry, and contentment, that our hearts thrill with deep emotion, and we instinctively breathe a prayer that the demon of intemperance may never invade the peaceful serenity of these quiet village homes. A few more steps and we reach the school-house, where our meetings are held, and one of the elder boys is already there ringing the bell to summon the children from the surrounding houses. Presently they come trooping in, merry but not noisy, and take their places with a quiet gravity most edifying to behold. Precisely as the clock strikes six the school-room door is closed, and one of the teachers standing on the platform gives out a hymn. No other sound is heard, and as the teacher's hand is raised, the young assemblage rise from their seats, and such a burst of melody breaks forth—in which even the youngest join—as would gladden the heart of any one not wholly insensible to the music of young voices. All is again silent for a moment, when the voice of the teacher is heard invoking the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon the little meeting, that He would take the children into His care, and lead them not only into the paths of Temperance, but into those of righteousness and peace—that He would keep them from sin in all its forms, and that He would implant in their young hearts an intense hatred of the drunkard's drink, and keep them from the drunkard's curse. While he has thus been engaged the children have stood reverently and still—no whispering, laughing, or playing has been going on, but with bowed heads they have followed their teacher in his supplications at the throne of grace. At the conclusion of the prayer they resume their seats, and the door is opened that the two or three who came late may enter. The secretary—having kindly enquired the reason of their backwardness, and received in each case a satisfactory reply—in his turn mounts the platform, and after a cheerful melody has been sung, proceeds to address the children in a pleasant manner, and in words suited to their comprehension.

It is a recognised plan in our Bands of Hope, that while the principles of Temperance shall always have a prominent place,

yet that lectures or addresses on a variety of subjects, calculated to interest and instruct the children, shall frequently be given—a course of proceeding which we have found to be greatly advantageous to our success as a society; and, I believe, if generally adopted, would produce the most satisfactory results. This evening, Benjamin Franklin is the subject of the address, and as the secretary tells them of the first struggles of the undaunted youth, and tracing his career step by step, at last shews them how success crowned his persevering efforts, and in a few well-chosen words tells them that they too may rise to a prominent place in their calling, and by industry, perseverance, and good conduct, aided by the blessing of God, may stand side by side with such men as Franklin, see with what attention they follow every word, and who can tell but what some lesson has been learnt to-night that shall have a great influence for good on the future lives of those who have listened to the speaker. Two or three of the boys now recite pieces of poetry, which have a good moral tendency, and after another melody has been sung, one of the teachers closes the meeting with a short prayer. All now start for their respective homes happier, and we trust, wiser and better for the pleasant meeting in the school-house.

But as we wend our way through the village, the question forces itself upon us—Why are not all the Bands of Hope so prosperous as this? Is it because there is a lack of children to attend the meetings? No, this cannot be the cause; for they throng our streets, our towns, our villages, our Sabbath and Ragged schools, our workhouses, and our reformatories. Is it for want of speakers to address the children? I cannot think that this is the cause, for I noticed in this very magazine some time since a letter from a gentleman complaining that he and others frequently visit Bands of Hope, and often find them closed altogether, or with an attendance so small as to be unworthy the name of a meeting. I cannot help thinking that much of the indifference manifested by children to Band of Hope meetings is owing to the fact, that the majority of speakers either address their audience in such a dry manner as to be quite beyond their comprehension, or else give them a collection of anecdotes of the “Old Mother Hubbard” type, and repeat these week after week without adding anything new, or seeming to think that the children require a change. I do not for a moment mean to say that there are no exceptions to what I have just stated, but the fact that there are exceptions,

and that they are eagerly sought after, and when discovered at a meeting are most enthusiastically welcomed, only goes to prove that a very great change is needed, both in the subject matter and in the style of our general addresses to Band of Hope children, and until that change is brought about, the Band of Hope movement will never effect the good that it might do. There can be no possible objection to devoting a portion of the evening to short and lively sketches of the manners and customs of our own and other countries—the lives of great and good men and women—the industrial arts and simple expositions of science. By thus combining instruction and amusement with exhortation and advice, our Bands of Hope will carry out the full meaning of their title, and their sphere of usefulness will be much more widely extended.

Dear fellow-labourers in a cause, the importance of which we can never fully estimate, let me take this opportunity to entreat you to leave no stone unturned this coming season to gather in the children to your several meeting-places, and to bring all your powers into requisition to attain the object you have in view, viz. :—the moral and intellectual elevation of the young.

Now, if ever, is the time to be up and doing—to commence with fresh energy the arduous campaign. For that it is arduous it would be useless to deny. Many assaults will have to be made before a perceptible advantage is gained, and it is only by unflinching perseverance and unfailing courage that we can hope to become “victors in the strife.” But I trust that neither difficulty nor danger will be able to hold us back. We are not fighting for an idea, we are fighting for our country ; and not our country only, but the whole human race. We are fighting against a despotism, beside which all other despotisms are liberty and love—a despotism which, not content with robbing its victims of their social and political rights, has brought them to such a condition that we can scarce trace a vestige of their original manhood. Despots have crushed their thousands, but Bacchus his tens of thousands; and it is the voice of this fallen and debased multitude that calls upon you in tones of anguish and despair, to save the rising generation from a similar fate.

How noble, how truly great is the work before you ! Poets may sing, and historians tell in sounding periods, of the glory that waits upon the victorious general, red with the blood of his fellows ; but more glorious, more noble is the destiny

reserved for you. It is your province not to destroy, but to save—not to cast down, but to build up—not to fill the world with suffering and woe, but to point the way to happiness and peace. And when the conqueror of nations, resting from his labours in the winter of his days, looking back upon the past—seeking for some good deed or noble action that shall tell him he has not lived in vain—sees nothing but towns and villages laid waste, and hears only the cry of the widow and the fatherless, he shall turn away and feel that his glory is but vanity indeed ! But for you how different the retrospect ! You will have waged a bloodless war with a vice which is second to none in its destructive power, and you will have the exquisite bliss of knowing, that through your instrumentality many are leading pure, happy, and prosperous lives, who might otherwise have been numbered amongst that wretched multitude who, bound hand and foot by the chains which they themselves have forged, drag on a horrible existence, and whose hopes, desires, and aspirations are all centred in one object, and expressed in two words—**STRONG DRINK !**

WAYS OF LIGHT FROM THE MORNING STAR.

“ ‘He was very kind to his wife when he was sober.’ That is the description, given by a witness who knew him well, of a man who now awaits his trial for the murder of his wife. She was not slain in a sudden gust of hot passion, not felled by a hasty blow, not shot in a moment of fierce anger. She was dragged from the bed in which she had taken refuge, hurled savagely upon the floor amidst a storm of filthy imprecations, and kicked and beaten till her life ebbed quickly away. What had so changed the nature of the man ? What had made him, who was very kind when he was sober, a tiger thirsting for the blood of her whom he was sworn to protect ? Drunkenness ! The pestilent scourge which fills our gaols and recruits our army of paupers. The ‘flattering devil’ described by St. Augustin, which leads men not merely to commit sin, but to become themselves wholly sin. Henry Wilkinson had drunk deeply before he slew his wife. It was the gin demon which through him gave her the death-blow. But the other day Lewis Gough was hanged for murder. He had ‘primed himself with beer’ to do the bloody deed for which he suffered a shameful doom. In one day last week four coroners’ inquests were held on the bodies of wretched creatures done to death

by drunkenness. 'Died from natural causes, accelerated by intemperance,' is the formal verdict on these suicides. That is to say, the man who might have died of heart disease at sixty-five, dies twenty years earlier through his own excesses. The same story is repeated in a hundred shapes. Now it is seen in direct murder, such as that with which Henry Wilkinson is charged: then in the slow starving to death of children—the means to procure food for them having been squandered in vile liquor. Now, a wretched creature, maddened by gin, seeks sinfully to commit self-destruction; then, some besotted being, staggering out of a dram-shop, falls and is crushed to death by passing vehicles. Drowned in drunken sleep, mothers overlie their babes; or, reeling in the gutters, drop their hapless infants from their nerveless arms. The police cells daily and nightly shelter senseless wretches who have lost their means with their brains, and who are only saved from still worse consequences by the custody in which they are kept. Only this morning we report two cases where women, while under the charge of the police, have sought to put an end to their existence. Catherine Eldridge and Mary Ann Pigott, being sober, would never think of doing harm to themselves. But, madly drunk, they hesitated not to raise their sacrilegious hands against their souls' citadel. Evil is ever the work of drunkenness. Men lose their manliness; women their sense of shame. Honour, virtue, cleanliness, are put to flight, and squalor, filth, indecency, rags, take the vacant place. Jugger-naut never claimed more victims than does the demon of gin. No idol ever devised by the superstition of mankind since the world began, has counted votaries more earnest and devoted than the worshippers of drink, who, with bleared eyes and cracked, parched, bloody lips, with madness burning in their brains, reel away from their drunken orgies to do the work of sin and death.

"We do not mean to say that the fearful vice of drunkenness is on the increase. Quite the contrary is probably the truth. Clarendon wrote that one of the most fertile causes of the sin among poorer people was the example set them by those in a higher station. That was true when he wrote, and for long after. Men were measured too often by their capacity for drinking. Your six-bottle man was looked up to as a superior being. Statesmen were infected with the vice. Pitt brought his drunkenness into the House of Commons. Fox spent nights and days in deep drinking. The stories of the tipsy

revels of Sheridan are manifold. But the day for this kind of thing has passed away ; and it can scarcely be said that the poor, in giving way to drunkenness, are kept in countenance by the excesses of the rich. Then among the working men themselves good wholesome influences have been at work. He would sadly overlook an important thing who, writing a history of the progress of social order in this country, should omit to mention what has been done by the Temperance societies. *By force of example they have effected much good. No argument is so strong with a drunkard.* Where he can, in his sober moments, be shown the benefits which flow from abstinence, a good deal is gained towards his reformation. *Moral influence is that which is most effective in the end. By legal means you may change the abode of drunkenness.* You may drive it from one place, but only to take refuge in another. The time at which the drinking is done may be altered ; but the pernicious habit will not be extinguished. *For one drunkard made sober by force of law you will find fifty by force of good example.* Unquestionably the evil is great, and requires to be most vigorously grappled with. But the true course is to educate the people, that they may of themselves shun the worse and choose the better path. What has been done is but an earnest of what may be accomplished. When every poor man's child can receive good sound teaching, there will be but few drunkards. It is far better thus to deal with the vice than to seek by empirical means to check it. Civilisation has ever progressed with the growth of knowledge. Healthy training for working girls in all that is necessary to make a happy and a comfortable home, and the fitting of men for the higher mental enjoyments—these will sap the citadel of drunkenness, and cause the vice to cease from out of the land. The efforts which are being made to provide more comfortable houses for working people must have their good effect. The squalid holes which now too many of them call their homes are simply incentives to intoxication. There is not room in them for cleanliness even, while the foul unwholesome air the inhabitants must breathe, if they remain indoors, creates an insatiable appetite for stimulants. Whatever can be done in removing this state of things will have a direct and appreciable influence in the reduction of drunkenness. The habit of excess is acquired, not natural. Lessen the inducements to its acquirement, and the habit will of necessity die out. The social reformer has abundant evidence of the necessity for his exertions. What

Henry Wilkinson did in his drunken frenzy, has been done sadly too often before, and there are hundreds of cases where some merciful interposition alone has prevented a similar catastrophe. Our legal remedies have not been successful. In the last resource we try the hangman as a moral teacher, and he is worse than a failure. More vigorous efforts are wanted in an exactly opposite direction. Let the working man be educated, well housed, and taught by experience the duties of a free citizen in a free state, and drunkenness and the crimes it leads to will become much rarer than unfortunately they now are."

GLEANINGS.

MODERATION COMMENDED.—It is objected that we are commanded to let our moderation be known to all men. And what then? Moderation in what? Is it moderation in temper, or moderation in food, or moderation in the style of life? It is a pitiful begging of the question to assume, that this means moderation in intoxicating drink. This is to trust to sound rather than to sense. The word in question means 'gentleness.'

FEAR OF CONSCIENCE.—In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself: another is but one witness against thee: thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid, thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.—*Quarles.*

A GOOD LABOURER.—A farm labourer in Norfolk has been a teetotaller for 23 years; he seldom earns more than 10s. per week, and has had 16 children, 13 of whom are now living. He is a Primitive Methodist preacher, and walks many miles every Sunday to preach the everlasting Gospel. He is the best worker on the farm, and during the harvest drinks a beverage made of horebound and other herbs. I need not add that this man in his humble capacity, has lived a life of great usefulness.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the months of August and September, Mr. LAY has attended meetings as follows:—

August 4th. Vauxhall Walk Band of Hope.

August 5th. Esher Street Band of Hope. A well conducted Society.

August 8th. Caledonian Road Band of Hope. Good attendance.

August 10th. William Street, Poplar. A large and interesting meeting.

August 11th. Spa Fields Chapel Band of Hope. The children intelligent and well behaved, and the conductors courteous.

August 16th. Attended a meeting at Duck Lane Working Men's Club.

August 23rd. Conducted the Band of Hope at City Road Chapel, and gave some Temperance readings at an adult meeting later in the evening.

August 29. Attended a Band of Hope Meeting at Chase Side, Southgate. Good meeting, several pledges taken.

August 30th. Attended Band of Hope Meeting at Windsor Street, Islington. There is an excellent singing class connected with this large and well-conducted Band of Hope.

August 31st. Attended Band of Hope Meeting at Little Denmark Street, Soho. The children very attentive and well-behaved.

September 1st. Spoke at Earl Street Band of Hope.

September 4th. Attended Band of Hope Meeting at Old Ford, Hackney.

September 5th. Gave some temperance readings at the Wilmington Mission Band of Hope.

September 6th. Attended a meeting at Moor Street Mission Hall.

September 12th. Spoke at Denmark Street Band of Hope.

September 13th. Addressed the Band of Hope in connexion with Great Queen Street Chapel.

September 15th. Gave an address to the Charlotte Street Band of Hope. The children attentive and intelligent.

September 20th. Addressed the Band of Hope, Three Colt Lane, Bethnal Green.

September 21st. Attended Band of Hope Meetings at Fox and Knot Court, Moor Street, Five Dials, and Little Denmark Street, Soho.

September 23rd. Attended Band of Hope Meetings at Deverall Street, New Kent Road, and Lansdowne place. The latter is largely attended and well conducted.

September 26th. Addressed the Band of Hope, Exeter Buildings, Chelsea.

We subjoin a note from our hard-working agent, Mr. BELL, as a report for September:—

Dear Sir,—During the last three weeks I have been busily engaged in Bradford. We have had very good meetings; the cause here is very healthy; several new Bands of Hope have been formed lately, and are likely to do well. On Saturday, the 17th, we had a very interesting meeting at Batley, and on Sunday I had the pleasure of giving an address to the teachers and scholars of the various Sunday schools in the New Connexion Chapel. I am glad to say they are forming several new Bands of Hope there, and are about to form a Band of Hope Union, so as to assist each other. The fields here are white unto harvest. O that we had more labourers in the glorious cause! There is plenty of work here for an agent to be kept fully employed. I hope we shall soon have one for the *West Riding*; I am sure, with the co-operation of the kind-hearted friends, and the blessing of our Heavenly Father, he would do a great deal of good. Pray that the blessing of God may ever be with us in our work, and that the great curse may soon be driven from our midst.

I am, yours truly, W. BELL.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as follows, during September:—Esher Street, Kennington Lane; Cross Street, Blackfriars Road; Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Road; Bloomsbury Refuge; Wilson Street,

Long Acre; Great Queen Street; Cross Street, Ball's Pond; Croydon; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Meadow Row, Walworth Road; Clifton Street, Wandsworth Road; Pavement Chapel, New North Road; Stafford Street, Peckham; Malmesbury, Wilts; Sherston, near Malmesbury; Calne, and Chippenham.

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended the following meetings:—Denmark Street, twice; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane, Westminster, twice; Field Place, Lock's Fields; Kentish Town; Vauxhall Walk; Victoria Street; Shadwell; and the following places in connection with the Northamptonshire Temperance Union:—Wellingborough, Irchester, Rushden, Geddington, Middleton, Kettering, Ringstead, Aldwinckle, Raunds, and Earl's Barton. He has also preached ten sermons, and addressed two Sunday schools.

We append a note received from Northamptonshire, in reference to a fortnight spent during September in that county, by Mr. Blaby:—

September 19th, 1864.

Dear Sir,—During the last fortnight we have been favoured with a visit from Mr. Blaby, who has again kindly placed his holidays at our service as an honorary labourer in our County Temperance Union. During that period he has visited Wellingborough, Irchester, Rushden, Geddington, Middleton, Kettering, Ringstead, Aldwinckle, Raunds, and Earl's Barton; preached nine sermons, and delivered twelve temperance lectures. His audiences have numbered 3,250; some of them have been crowded and enthusiastic, and a very favourable impression produced for our principles on the minds of not a few. I may state that the cause in this town and county is in a very promising condition.

I remain Sir, yours truly,

JOHN RUTHERFORD,

Honorary Secretary to the Northamptonshire Temperance Union.

NEW TEMPERANCE SOCIETY IN ST. GILES.—An interesting meeting was held on Friday evening, Sept. 9, at the King Street Mission Hall, King street, Long acre, to inaugurate a new Temperance Society, in connection with the mission carried on in that neighbourhood. The Chairman (Mr. G. Hatton), in opening the meeting, spoke earnestly of the necessity there was for total abstinence in the christian, and the reasons for it, which might be seen in 'superabundance' in the neighbourhood. Mr. Fox followed, showing that though there were many societies in the neighbourhood, yet the proposed one was friendly to all Temperance societies, and every effort productive of good, and antagonistic only to the many societies and efforts for evil which were around. Mr. Orridge proposed the first resolution:—"That it is desirable to form a new Temperance Society to combat with the evils resulting from intoxicating drinks." Mr. Johnson seconded the proposition, speaking in grateful terms of the glorious effects, far surpassing expectation, which he himself had realised from total abstinence in comparison with the dire effects which he in many years' experience had seen of indulgence. The Rev. G. W. McCree followed, speaking in his usual humorous and happy strain, and stated that his

second address in London was given at that hall fifteen years ago, and though he had had many difficulties to overcome, yet he was a teetotaler still. Many were such (said he) from considering the misery caused by drinking, but had no man ever been a drunkard, or was there no danger of men ever becoming so, he would still abstain, for he held that intoxicating liquors were not only useless, but hurtful. Mr. T. A. Smith, of the National Temperance League, in proposing the second resolution, nominating a committee to make the necessary arrangements, spoke forcibly and powerfully, and replied pleasantly to the humorous banter of Mr. M'Cree. He referred to the first teetotal meeting he had attended more than thirty years ago, when although a staunch Temperance man, abstaining from wine and spirits, but feeling he couldn't do without his beer, he had spoken against the new cause, but was convinced by a month's experience of total abstinence that his health was improved, and in many other ways was the better, and then gave in his adhesion to the total abstiners, and had kept so ever since. Mr. Barnard seconded the resolution, and explained his reasons for joining the cause, giving his experience of an intimate friend who had strayed through strong drink, who had called him (Mr. B.) to his assistance at the time of trouble, and had since been mercifully reclaimed. The various resolutions were carried *nem. con.* The meeting was well attended, though very short notice of its convention had been given, and altogether was very encouraging, giving tokens for great good.

BAND OF HOPE CONFERENCE AND PUBLIC MEETING AT PLYMOUTH.

A Band of Hope Conference was held on Wednesday, September 21st, at the Athenæum, Plymouth. The lecture hall was crowded, and 32 delegates were present from various temperance societies in different parts of Devon and Cornwall. Mr. T. B. Tyeth was the chairman, and the attendance included Mr. S. Elliott, Captain Sumpter, R.N., Rev. E. Hipwood, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Rev. G. W. M'Cree; Messrs. S. Searle, Eday, Daniel, (St. Ives), Davey, Coad, Jaspar Taylor, Kenning (Altarnun), Downing (Torpoint), Adams, Callamy, Pearce (Bodmin), Richards (St. Cleer), Horatio Burrows (St. Austel), T. E. Lovitt, John Rossiter (Dartmouth), Vivian (secretary of Plymouth Sunday School Union), G. Gollippe, Strong (Liskeard), Courtenay, Dunston, Husband, Crouch, Hoskin (Saltash), N. H. Biggleston (Ilayle), Burton, E. Griffith (president of the Plymouth Working Men's Improvement Society), J. Holloway (Lelant), J. Cogan, G. Baker (Devonport), Cross, W. Saunders (hon. sec. of Plymouth Total Abstinence Society), and S. Fothergill.

The CHAIRMAN having expressed the object of the meeting, said that it gave him great pleasure to see so many friends present not only from the neighbourhood but from distant parts of the two counties.

Mr. BALKWILL, said that he considered it one of the most gratifying occupations that could engage the Christian mind to notice how widely operating were the principles of the Divine Master, which taught that every man was their neighbour. Upon those principles all philanthropic institutions—dispensaries, orphan asylums, homes for the homeless and unfortunate—were founded. How beautifully they had inspired the

pens of hundreds of writers, and breathed vitality into their various missionaries and agents. What if they were not all perfect, nor all accurate in doctrine, according to the views of each of them, at least they embodied the expression of interest and concern in the welfare of the immortal souls of their fellows, which must enrich the hearts of both givers and recipients. This convinced them, with the poet, that truly

“There is no dearth of kindness

In this world of ours.”

Yet it was sad to think how great was the power of evil, which was constantly creating poverty, and persistently increasing crime. How many a bright dream had been indulged in with respect to the rising generation, of all the good that was to come, and the evil that was to die out, when they should take the place of their fathers. Would to God that all these hopes might be realised! It was extremely hard work to induce a man to give up habits to which he had been long accustomed, yet if progress were to be made in civilization, and if the social condition was to be elevated, it was obvious that some past habits and old customs must give way. In fixing their attention on the young they were only following the teachings of nature, the instruction of Holy Writ, and of history, in every time. He firmly believed that the book of nature and the word of inspiration were in perfect harmony. They were to “Train up a child in the way he should go.” It was not merely enough to speak to children, as Eli did to his sons, for Eli had been punished for his parental neglect. In the missionary work the school had been a powerful instrument in producing good. The speaker referred to the establishment of Sunday Schools, and to the foundation and growth of popular education. That early impressions were the most lasting, was illustrated in such a life as that of the poet Cowper. A mother’s influence could be visibly seen, too, in the life of such a man as Dr. Trench. The speaker mentioned other great men who owed their greatness to early training, and also touchingly referred to the example which had been set by the Queen. Mr. Balkwill then graphically sketched some painful scenes that he had witnessed of the misery produced by drink. He hoped, however, that they would understand that when he advocated Bands of Hope he believed them only a means to an end, the end and aim of all their work—the salvation of immortal souls. (Applause.) In conclusion, he would move: —“That it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of early impressions and early training in the formation of character, and in moulding the destinies of successive generations; that the pernicious influence to which at every stage of life the young are exposed, in connexion with the drinking customs and drinking houses of our land, are extremely demoralising, poisoning life at its very fountain, preparing generation after generation for degradation and ruin, and calling loudly for special effort to counteract their influence; that Bands of Hope are eminently adapted to this end, having already been signally blessed, and therefore claim the hearty co-operation of all who feel an interest in the welfare of the young, whether for time or for eternity.

The Rev. E. HIPWOOD seconded the resolution. He said that they

all must have listened with great interest to the paper which had just been read by Mr. Balkwill. He had attended a public meeting of great interest on the previous day, when it was stated that the county of Devon was not behind in supporting philanthropic movements. He alluded to the meeting in advocacy of the taking care of idiots, which they would see, if they thought of it, bore largely upon the present question; for how many children were idiots in consequence of drink? It was their work that day to devise means how best to accomplish their end—the taking care of the little ones. They all knew that the drinking habits of the country were its greatest bane. Many of the children went forth from their Sunday schools and were entrapped by these into the ways of the world. The speaker gave various statistical extracts from a work of Dr. Lees', showing that the greater part of crime was caused by drunkenness. As long as there were so many public-houses placing temptation in the way of the young, so long, he was afraid, they would have to mourn over many Sunday school scholars who went astray. He hoped that teachers would do all in their power to endeavour to obtain a thorough-going prohibitory law. (Applause.)

The resolution was then adopted.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE stated that the object of the Conference was not to discuss the formation of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday or day schools, but to consider the necessity of the step generally. They had to take "sweet counsel together" how best to accomplish their object. It had been a matter of controversy who was the originator of Bands of Hope, and they would not then discuss the point. He had not had the honour of being a Band of Hope boy; but he had been a total abstainer for 25 years, and in his younger days the societies were not called Bands of Hope. To those who might be desirous of becoming acquainted with the objects of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, he would say that it contemplated to form new Bands of Hope; to assist those already in operation; to supply competent authors to produce temperance literature; and to engage and support agents with special qualifications for addressing children, and generally to spread the Band of Hope movement throughout the country. Although their income was only £37. at the commencement, he hoped this year it would be £1,000. (Applause.) Last year the Union had employed five paid agents; 1,666 meetings had been held; 116 provincial towns had been visited by the agents; 80 Bands of Hope in London were aided; 66,000 publications sold; and 170 lectures and exhibitions, chiefly of dissolving views were given. The committee were more than ever convinced of the paramount importance of Bands of Hope, when it was affirmed that 82,196 persons were brought before the magistrates in England in one year on the charge of "drunk and disorderly." It was high time then for their juvenile population to be taught to abstain from intoxicating drinks. The true hope of temperance reformers will be found in the diffusion of their principles among the young. As a proof of the work the Bands of Hope could achieve, he would mention that they had 1,500 children from their Union at one of the Crystal Palace

concerts. The number of children who annually signed the pledge was about 180,000, but as many as 5,000,000 ought to be in their ranks. It would be well, too, if all the Bands of Hope were conducted by christian men, many of the entertainments given having too much of the dramatic and sensational in them. There was too little instruction in many of their Bands of Hope. In all of them, Mr. J. P. Parker's "Catechism" should be used. Joseph Livesey's lectures should also be broken into crumbs, and given to their young friends. Principles and facts, as well as stories and songs, were essential to the proper education of their members. Merely amusing dialogues were not worth much, and of these there was sometimes an over-abundant supply. Penny banks, sick funds, rural excursions, Christmas trees, Tonic Sol-fa classes, annual sermons, and early prayer meetings were rapidly multiplying in connection with various Bands of Hope, and were very helpful to the good work. He believed the ladies were the best agents in carrying out the operations of Bands of Hope. In conclusion he would move—"That this meeting would record its gratitude to Almighty God for the success that has attended the Band of Hope movement, and for the vast numbers who, through its instrumentality, have been made aware of the snares that surround them, preserved them from the ruinous fascinations of strong drink and the evil associations of drink-houses, and thus placed in a position proportionately more favourable for the reception of all good, and holy, and elevating influences. And this meeting would call upon all who love their country, and who wish well to the rising generation, to aid by every means in their power a movement so signally blessed of God and beneficial to man."

Mr. S. FOTHERGILL seconded the resolution. He had had the honour of belonging to a juvenile temperance society 25 years ago, at which time their little societies were not called Bands of Hope. He believed that children kept their pledge very faithfully, and in a noble manner, often amid the most trying circumstances. On the other hand, however, there were numerous examples of misery in consequence of broken pledges. Education was considered a panacea in most cases, but it was imperfect unless they impressed upon the young that they should avoid the use of intoxicating liquors; and be taught to regard public-houses as snares and evils. The Bands of Hope already established were flourishing. He could not help alluding to the valuable services of Mr. Horswell.

The resolution having been carried,

Mr. W. SAUNDERS, the secretary of the Total Abstinence Society, then said that the reason why they had not carried out their intention of inviting all the Sunday school teachers to a public tea, was that they had not until lately had any fixed place of meeting. He hoped, however, that they would meet soon. (Applause.) He was glad to say the work was prospering in Plymouth, where they had four societies in connection with—Hope Chapel, Ebrington street; Salem Street Chapel; Old Tabernacle, Briton side; and the Plymouth Temperance Society. He was exceedingly pleased also to see friends present from so many places

in the two counties. In placing before them the object and rules of the proposed Band of Hope Union for the West of England, he would call their attention to the following facts:—It was proposed, first, to form new Bands of Hope, and to assist, as far as their means would allow, the existing ones—to administer the pledge to young persons, with the consent of their parents or guardians, against the use of drinks as a beverage, the smoking of tobacco, and the snuffing of snuff. Second, to promote the circulation of temperance literature, especially bearing on the evils of intemperance, and of other approved publications for the young. Third, to employ agents qualified to interest the young, to organise on a right basis local Bands of Hope, and whose duty it should be to visit all public schools, workhouses, prisons, and orphan asylums, and places where children are congregated together, and at convenient hours to hold public meetings especially for children. It was proposed that the name adopted for this association should be—the West of England Band of Hope Union; and that it should consist of all affiliated societies subscribing to the funds not less than 5s. per year, each society so affiliated being entitled to send one delegate to all business meetings of the Union. The members of the Union would consist of subscribers—pledged abstainers—of not less than 2s. 6d. per annum; such members to be entitled to a vote at the annual meeting. The Union was to be governed by a president, treasurer, and secretary, and a committee of not less than 12 persons, with power to add to their number; one half to retire every twelve months, but to be eligible for re-election. Annual and quarterly meetings would be held. Mr. Saunders concluded by moving, “That this meeting rejoices in the success that has attended the formation of the Bands of Hope in the West of England, and while gratefully acknowledging the efforts that have been made to promote their efficiency, is convinced that more specific organization and united effort are required to give to the movement all the efficiency and success that is to be desired, and of which it is capable, and for this purpose an association be formed, to be called—The West of England Band of Hope Union.”

Mr. S. ELLIOTT having seconded the resolution, it was unanimously carried.

The following were then appointed officers of the Union:—President, Mr. S. Elliott, Trafalgar House. Vice-Presidents: Captain Sumpter, Rev. W. F. Sykes, C.F., Rev. W. Elliott, Messrs. J. C. Isaac, J. Elliott, W. Drayton, J. Westron, E. Vivian, R. W. Ford, J. Pereson, W. Pearce, and the Rev. E. Hipwood. Committee:—Messrs. W. Rowe, W. Jinkin, Griffith, Chambers, Hill, A. P. Balkwill, J. Yabsley, P. P. Parker, Willis, Bray, Fothergill, Barnecutt, Gale, Rev. H. Wheeler, with power to add to their number. Treasurer, Mr. T. B. Tyeth.

Mr. JASPAR TAYLOR, of Altnum, and the delegates from Bodmin, Liskeard, and Hayle, expressed their opinions as representatives of their societies, all of them speaking in high praise of the movement, and stating that they were prepared to give it their best support.

A vote of thanks proposed by Mr. M'CREE, and seconded by Mr.

FOTHERGILL, was enthusiastically given to the Chairman, who, briefly returned thanks.

The Conference then broke up.

In the evening a tea meeting was held at the Temperance hall, Raleigh street. About 300 of the attendants at the Conference and their friends were present. Sunday school teachers had also been invited, and several teachers of both sexes, unconnected with the Temperance movement, were amongst the company. After the tea a public meeting was held in the Hall, to hear an address from the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, "On the Importance of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday and Day Schools."

Capt. Sumpter, R.N., who was to have presided, was obliged to decline the duties from indisposition.

Mr. Wm. HICKS was called to the chair, and in a short address denounced the liquor traffic, which he said, had been, and still was, cursing the world in every direction. He congratulated the meeting on the progress of the movement among the clergy of the Established Church in support of teetotalism. 550 clergymen were now, with the Dean of Carlisle at their head, warmly advocating total abstinence. Those gentlemen had been preaching and labouring in their respective parishes with limited success, and on considering the cause why their labours were not made a blessing, had arrived at the conclusion that the liquor traffic was their great hindrance. They were now, therefore, endeavouring to remove that hindrance.

Mr. FOTHERGILL said there was one duty he had to perform before Mr. M'Cree addressed the meeting, and that was to move a vote of thanks to the ladies who had presided at the tea tables.

This proposition was seconded by Mr. HORSWELL, carried with acclamation, and responded to on behalf of the ladies by Mr. W. SAUNDERS.

The Rev. GEORGE WILSON M'CREE then delivered a long and eloquent address, principally advocating the adoption of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday schools. He gave examples from his own experience of the great danger of the drinking system to both teachers and scholars, showing how bright members of both classes, who in their early connection with Sunday schools were looked upon as most promising, in after days sank into all the degradations of drunkenness. At the last census there had been returned 5,000,000 children between the ages of 5 and 15. The question was, what was becoming of them? In the district in which he laboured at his own pastoral duties, Seven Dials, the exhibition of the ravages of drunkenness was fearful. There were 157 public houses there, and in the whole of London there were 10,000. The influence of those houses on the after career of children was frightful. Recently at the execution of a poor potman, about 15,000 of the depraved classes of London attended; and at the hanging of the pirates there were 30,000, exhibiting a mass of heathenism of the most shocking description. Yet all those persons were once children, whose career was greatly influenced by their training, and who had fallen from not having been taught to avoid

the snares of the liquor traffic. A member of one of the Rochdale Temperance Societies on one occasion visited a singing saloon on a Saturday night, and there saw among the guests 16 boys and girls sitting at a table drinking, and listening to songs of a most objectionable character, and being witnesses to the most abandoned depravity. Fourteen of these young persons were found to have been members of Bible classes. Mr. T. B. Smithies, the editor of the *British Workman*, &c., once found in prison 14 juvenile convicts, 13 of whom had been Sunday school scholars. The majority of these acknowledged that they had been brought to their evil ways by drink. In reply to an inquiry, one of them said his Sunday school teacher had never warned him against drink, and he (Mr. M'Cree), would impress upon every Christian member of a church, every Sunday school teacher, the danger of some future Mr. T. B. Smithies probably receiving a similar answer from some of their present Sunday scholars. Mr. M'Cree then argued that there was no occasion to avoid adopting total abstinence on the ground of its injuring health, as the teetotaler was really a more healthy person than the moderate drinker. More than 2,000 medical men had testified to that. Nor was there any occasion to avoid the question on the plea of fashion, as no person would be less esteemed for adopting total abstinence. On the other hand, he said, he would urge its adoption as the means of avoiding evils, on the plea of usefulness and on the plea of humanity.

After a few remarks from the chairman, on the suggestion of Mr. Balkwill, discussion was invited.

The Rev. E. HIPWOOD inquired what Mr. M'Cree considered would be the best way of introducing the subject to his Sunday school teachers?

Mr. M'CREE said the rev. gentleman had better invite his teachers to a tea at his own house, and there kindly, quietly, and solemnly, talk over the matter with them. The society of which he (Mr. M'Cree) was secretary would supply them with publications on the subject gratis. He hoped that before long Mr. Hipwood would have a Band of Hope in connection with his Sunday school also.

The proceedings were closed with singing the doxology, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. M'Cree.—*Western Morning News*.

CONFERENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AT NOTTINGHAM.

On Sept. 10th, a conference of Sunday School Teachers was held in the Hounds gate school-room, which, by half-past seven o'clock, was well filled.

After singing a hymn, the Rev. J. MARPLES moved, and Mr. T. SIMPSON seconded a motion, that Mr. A. Goodliffe be called to the chair.

The CHAIRMAN observed that he was sorry Mr. Stevenson, who presided at the previous meeting, was absent, because his heart was thoroughly with the Sunday School teachers. He believed they were met to consider questions which resulted from the resolution adopted at the former meeting, and although they would have to listen to various views, he trusted that each speaker would be allowed to express himself without interruption.

The Rev. J. MARPLES said a letter had been received from Mr. Mellors, who took charge of the resolution adopted at the former meeting, and who was out of town, in which he hoped that a resolution about to be submitted would be approved.

Mr. MILLS had a resolution to move. The questions for the meeting to consider were, "Are Sunday schools doing all the good they might—and might not that good be rendered more perfect?" If they could get the children in the schools, and keep them there, then they would accomplish a great work. He did not take a gloomy view of the subject, for he believed that Sunday schools were never more efficient than now. The population of this country was 30 millions, which would give 6 million families of five in each family. Now two-thirds of these would be under 20 years of age, and some six or seven millions between the ages of 5 and 18. What proportion had they in their schools? Why, about four millions. A large proportion was therefore not brought within the range of instruction. He did not know exactly the population of Nottingham, but he would take it and the neighbourhood at 100,000, which, at five in a family, would give 20,000 families; and this would give 12,000 under 20 years of age. But they had only 8,400 children in the schools of the Union, and, allowing for those in other schools in the town, there were still some 13,000 or 14,000 absent. What were the difficulties with which they had to contend? The ignorance and poverty of parents, which were opposed to their progress. Now the causes of ignorance and poverty, according to their town missionaries and scripture readers, were the drinking customs of society. He would move the following resolution:—

"That this meeting, deeply lamenting the loss of young people to Sunday schools and churches by intemperance and other vices, recommends the establishment of a Band of Hope in connection with every Sabbath school in the town and neighbourhood; and would also urge upon young people the importance of attending Working Men's Clubs, Institutes, and Improvement Classes as connected with the different places of worship; and would further advise that teachers and superintendents of schools do all in their power to forward the above efforts."

Mr. MARSH seconded the resolution.

Mr. PENNY enquired whether the elder scholars remained in those schools where Bands of Hope had been established?

Mr. MILLS said Bands of Hope had not been established sufficiently long to test the point put.

Mr. GILL observed that he had taught a class of adults for many months who had forsaken public-houses, but, he was sorry to say, some had again fallen through strong drink. Public-houses and gin-shops were the greatest enemies with which Sunday school teachers had to contend, for these places influenced the young six days, whilst they had charge of them only one day. If they desired to retain the elder scholars, let them form Bands of Hope.

The Rev. J. MARPLES read an extract from the *Band of Hope Movement* respecting the formation of a youths' temperance society in Bolton,

which had now 20 districts and 10,000 members, many of whom were Sunday school teachers.

Mr. J. HOWITT said he had made it a matter of thought and prayer how the elder scholars could best be retained, and he did not believe that teetotalism could do this. Something more powerful than Bands of Hope must be brought to bear upon these scholars, and he believed that if the youthful mind was permeated with the principles of Christianity, the evils of intemperance and other vices complained of would be prevented. There was too much of a desire to get hold of anything new, and the grand principle of faith in the Redeemer was often lost sight of. He was sorry to say that in Nottingham there was much loose feeling as regarded domestic ties. Parents were drawn from home, and the children followed their example. Now, above all, let teachers watch the elder scholars. In proposing the establishment of Bands of Hope, let them not lose sight of the main thing, a return to vital godliness, which, if once planted in the heart, would be sure to spring up and bear fruit.

Mr. H. HOGG was surprised that the resolution did not commend itself to the mind of every Christian, as an adjunct to religion.

Mr. UNDERWOOD thought they should see the scholars during the week, to study the sciences in an evening, for if teachers would not provide intellectual food for the elder scholars, there were others who would take care to furnish that which was of a different character.

Mr. BRYAN said they had a Band of Hope in the school with which he was connected, at Hyson Green, and many children had signed the pledge who were now teachers.

Mr. T. SIMPSON observed that Bands of Hope might be one means, though he did not see eye to eye with teetotallers in all they hoped from them. Probably they should all agree that this was one means, and so go on with the resolution. What they met to consider was, how the thousands who passed through their hands might be saved to the churches and the world? An attempt had been made to show that they wished to interfere with the liberty of the working classes, when they only met to talk about the young persons in their schools. Still, Sunday schools were a great success. Why, only the other day he was conversing with a person from Greenwich, who informed him, that out of 1,600 unfortunate females whom he had visited, only 12 had been in Sunday schools.

A second resolution was read by the CHAIRMAN, recommending some means of relaxation for the elder scholars.

Mr. GILPIN thought it did not meet the case, and Mr. S. N. CROPPER questioned the practicability of establishing such means of relaxation in all schools; besides, he knew of many Bands of Hope that had dropped through because there was not sufficient power to keep them alive.

Mr. SIMPSON considered the great evil of the day was, that young people spent so much time in parading the streets. He wished to know whether the Temperance body did not encourage dancing, and whether they were not connected with the fêtes at the Castle?

Mr. HARDWICKE disclaimed anything of the kind. There was the Christian Band of Hope Band and a Temperance Band.

Mr. EVANS had been the leader of the Band of Hope Band for five years, and they had got children out of the streets, collected them together in Barker Gate School, caused them to sign the pledge, and then sent them into the various Sunday-schools. There were seven on the committee, and five were members of Christian churches; and they were not likely, therefore, to encourage dancing. For years not one of the Drum and Fife Band lads had been seen with a pipe in his mouth, or in public houses, or had been guilty of assault. They had taken 4,000 children off the streets, and sent them into the Sunday-schools, and he thought that was a great and good work.

Mr. GILL suggested the appointment of a committee to consider some means of retaining the elder scholars.

Mr. WAINWRIGHT, as a teacher of 38 years' standing, had no faith in the Band of Hope movement. They had tried week-night instruction before Bands of Hope were thought of, and failed. Why? Because when trade was good the warehouses kept open till nine and ten o'clock. What they wanted was a higher class of teachers in their schools. He deprecated the establishment of anything that took the working man from his home. Let them instil the principle into his mind, that home was his place after the labour of the day.

Mr. LONGMIRE did not think much of Bands of Hope.

The resolution was withdrawn, as also was another proposed by Mr. Simpson, and seconded by Mr. Cropper, much to the same effect; and ultimately the following resolution was agreed to, on the motion of Mr. Mills, seconded by Mr. Gill:—

“That a committee be appointed to carry out the resolution in harmony with Sunday School teachers, and to form a central organization for the town, and to consider what other means may promote the interest of Sunday schools.”

The following gentlemen were then chosen:—Revs. W. R. Stevenson and J. Marples, and Messrs. H. Hogg, R. Mellors, T. Simpson, J. Bayley, B. Wheeler, A. Goodliffe, W. Johnstone, J. Mills, J. Phelps, J. F. Train, J. B. Hardwicke, S. E. Hackett, J. Lawrence, T. Hill, and S. N. Cropper.

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and singing the doxology, the meeting separated at ten o'clock.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE “RECORD” FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

Friends in London or the Country may secure 100 of the back numbers (gratis) of the “Record” by sending name and address to the office of the Union, 37, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W. C. The parcels will not be prepaid. This will, therefore, be the only expense of securing a supply.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE PLACE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By SAMUEL BOWLY.

We would disclaim to the fullest extent the idea of setting up the Total Abstinence system in the place of the Gospel. We would ask those who have been misled by this unjust imputation to consider that Total Abstinence is only a negative principle—it *sets up nothing*—it simply removes out of the way an element inimical to the social well-being of society ; just as the process of draining removes from the land an element that is injurious to the cultivation of the soil. Draining is not ploughing, or manuring, or sowing ; but, by its powerful negative influence, it ensures to him who ploughs, and sows, and reaps, a far more abundant crop. So Teetotalism is not intellectual cultivation, sanitary improvement, or Gospel ministry — it only drains the social soil of an injurious element, and thus ensures to the schoolmaster, the social reformer, and, we trust, to the Christian minister, a more abundant return for the labours they bestow.

It is by no means improbable that, as an instrument for preparing the way for the Gospel, Total Abstinence may have been occasionally over-estimated ; but, on the other hand, the blessing that has rested upon it as a means of reclamation, and of leading thousands to seek a knowledge of Gospel truth, has been greatly undervalued by many religious people ; otherwise, they never could have been satisfied to despise or neglect, as they have done, a movement marked by so many results of deep religious interest. There may be those who think it is less difficult to effect a change of heart than a change of habit ; that it is easier to remove intemperance by preaching the Gospel, than by removing the article which produces the intemperance ; that it is better to try to fortify each individual against the temptations of a dangerous and useless custom, than to endeavour to remove the temptation by banishing the custom itself. Our experience and observation of mankind lead us to entirely opposite conclusions ; for we must bear in mind that preaching the Gospel does not insure its acceptance ; and, if it is not accepted, it neither changes the heart nor fortifies the individual against temptation. So that the influence of religion in preventing intemperance must of course be confined to that very limited circle in which its vital power

operates on the mind and conduct of its recipients. The masses outside that circle would still be subjected to the fearful temptations of strong drink; and an immense majority of the intemperate, together with the innocent victims of their vice, would be left in the bitterness of all but hopeless suffering.

THE VOICE OF CHILDHOOD.*

This is a little book about little people, but full of great thoughts and great truths. There are many to whom the title will be a sufficient recommendation, for it often happens that people who are indifferent to most things, cannot resist the pleading voice of childhood. It winds itself round about our hearts, and brings with it a pure and holy influence. Mr. De Fraine has entered fully into his subject, and treats in a loving spirit of "the influence, the poetry, and the wrongs of the little ones." That they *have* influence, few who know anything of them will feel inclined to deny; but that this is so great as it really is, may not, perhaps, be so generally recognised. Many are the instances on record of hardened men who had successfully resisted every influence that had been brought to bear upon them, but who were melted and won over by the voice of a little child. We think, however, that Mr. De Fraine has given in this part of his book more prominence to the influence we have over the children, than to the influence they possess over us. Not that this is any drawback to the usefulness or the interest of the book; on the contrary, it may be all the more useful, in showing parents to what a great extent it is in their power to form their children's minds for good or evil. We commend the following extract to their attention:—

"The world's greatest seminary is the fireside. For good or evil the child's heart is impressed there. Words of platform, and pulpit, and schoolhouse may be forgotten, but even when long years shall have swept over us, the influence of home will cling to us still. Make the home pure, healthy, happy, refined, so shall those who live in it grow up, in some measure, like it. I don't say that this a rule without an exception. I daresay there were cowards in Sparta, but because the Spartan mothers were brave, so also were the Spartan children. There is little hope of a sober nation or a righteous people, I fear, unless the good principles which are to exalt us, and the 'Godliness which is profitable unto all things,' be taught by the fireside."

If it were only for these words we could hope to see this book find its way into every home in England. When will fathers and mothers learn the great truth, that far above the teaching even of Sabbath schools, are the lessons that may be learnt by the fireside at home?

For the second part of his book, Mr. De Fraine has culled some of the sweetest poems in our language; and when we say, that amongst the writers whose works he has laid under contribution, are the names of Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, Lord Houghton, and W. C. Bennett, we have

* "The Voice of Childhood," by John de Fraine. London: Tweedie.

said all that we need, to send our readers to purchase a copy without a moment's delay.

It would have been well if the book could have ended here—if the influence and the poetry of the young could have formed the whole sum and substance of what the writer had to say about them. But unfortunately they have their wrongs, which call as loudly for redress as any of the grievances of their elders. He speaks very strongly and, we think, with reason, against the practice of treating children harshly for trivial faults, instead of ruling them by the power of love. He has inserted an article from the *Daily Telegraph*, on the suicide of Sarah Ann Baker, a child of eight years of age, who was cruelly beaten by her parents for breaking a basin; and we cannot do better than quote a few lines from it:—

“Children are not sent to be beaten and cursed into shape. No dutiful youth or affectionate manhood and womanhood can come out of that dreadful doctrine, that blows and stripes are the best education for the young. Is not the love of children worth earning? Will they not serve better, learn better, work better, and live better, when the precious smile and coveted kind word reward the obedience? Whence, then, this deadly theory, that they must be coerced into duty and flogged into good behaviour? Shall we not some day see a time dawning when childhood shall pass in all its natural pleasures, and the authority of home be moulded on that which is its archetype—the love of God the Father?”

We are glad to see that Mr. De Fraine has not omitted to speak of the drunkard's children, for assuredly they suffer a grievous wrong. Innocent as they are, the sin of their parents is visited upon them with fearful severity. We cannot wonder that there are so many juvenile offenders, when they are neglected, and left to wander about, and pick up all the wickedness that is to be found in the streets. The wonder is, not that so many fall into temptation, but that so many escape the evil influences by which they are surrounded. There is much in the following extract that reminds us of Mr. Gough's style of oratory:—

“I speak often about the sin of drunkenness, how it enslaves the soul and breaks poor women's hearts! but I think one of the saddest things about it is the *wrong* it inflicts upon little children! I have seen them given over to ignorance and evil companionship,—I have seen them in rags and tatters,—I have seen them exposed to cruel taunts and wicked ridicule,—I have seen them creep up stairs to watch with childish horror their dearest relative battling with imaginary demons, fighting with fancied ghosts, talking in a madman's incoherent strains,—I have seen them grow up vicious and criminal, because the house was full of wretchedness, the night hideous with quarrels, and the day dreary with despair,—I have seen their white faces pinched with want, and their thin fingers held out appealingly, but in vain, for food. God pity these children of the drunkard! You laugh at us sometimes. You call us bigot and enthusiast, because we fight against a sin which steals the little child's bread—which furrows the poor mother's cheek—which crushes the poor wife's soul with care—which robs the home of peace—which fills the

land with crime and misery; but if anything should stir us up to work against this unspeakable curse of our country, I think it is the great army of ill-used children, and patient, broken-hearted women—forgiving even unto seventy times seven, whose voice choked with sobs and wailing and lamentation, bid us come up ‘to the help of the weak against the strong’—to the help of the ‘Lord against the mighty.’”

The voice of childhood speaks out in four distinct utterances, which are well worth listening to:—“Love us,” “Bear with us,” “Teach us,” and “Guide us.” Under each of these heads are to be found passages that none can read without feeling that the voice comes to us charged with a message we should do well to heed; and whoever can rise from a perusal of the book without having his love and respect for little children increased tenfold, must be a very good man or a very bad one.

SKETCHES OF BAND OF HOPE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKERS, No.

MR. RIDICULOUS.

The children know him, and are looking for some lively refreshment from him.

The first thing he does is to make a comical face at the children. The children at once set him down as a superior man. He makes another funny face, which makes the youthful congregation laugh. These pleasant smirks are instead of the ordinary “introduction” with which sermons are begun.

The “introduction” being over, he plunges into the heads of his subject (if his subject had any heads, or if he had any subject it would be a good thing); or, at any rate, he plunges into something. It is a string of funny nothings, without heads, middle, or tail. One queer story succeeds another, interspersed with pleasant grimaces, which come as naturally and as frequently as do the oaths with which profane men spice their conversation. It is extremely delightful to the children, but miserably unprofitable. It is like the elegant froth puddings which adorn hotel dinner-tables, fine to look at, but poor stuff to feed upon; nearly all froth, and almost no pudding. As it would not require a careful calculation to ascertain how long it would take a man to starve on such puddings, so we might easily calculate how soon a Sunday-school or Band of Hope would run down, if stately fed on such foolish nothings as the present orator utters.

It is very easy to make children laugh, especially very young children. But making them laugh should not be the chief object of the man who addresses them. If mirth is all

that is desired it would be well to omit the speech altogether, and only *do* funny things. Let a funny person go from bench to bench in a Band of Hope and tickle the children's noses with a straw, or pleasantly punch them under the ribs with a stick, and he will have the school in a burst of cheerful merriment sooner than by delivering the very funniest address he knows. Perhaps somebody says this would be a ridiculous proceeding. Not much more ridiculous than some of the buffoon speeches which are sometimes made.

It is not denied that the Ridiculous Speaker succeeds in securing the attention of the children. Children will give heed to whatever is amusing. Let a man come along with a barrel organ, and the most entertaining speaker cannot hold their attention. Let some lively boy report that there is a monkey in attendance on that instrument of music, and it takes more than ordinary discipline to restrain them from crowding the doors and windows to witness the grotesque performances of the merrymaking little beast.

How far, then, is it right to be *funny* in speaking to children? Very little, indeed, if we want to do them good. Don't be alarmed, my cheerful friend. It is right to flavour your speech with amusing remarks, just as you put sugar in your coffee. A little sugar, if it is a good article of sugar, without too much sand it, will sweeten a good size cup of coffee. If you drink the (decoction of rye, chestnuts, roots, and other stuff now generally used for) coffee without sugar, it is very disagreeable. If, on the other hand, you put too much sugar in it, you find a quantity of good-for-nothing sweetening at the bottom of the cup, which the coffee would not dissolve, and which is not useful, either as coffee, sugar, or anything else. So must we season our speech with exactly the right quantity of an excellent article of mirthfulness. If a good joke comes in place to point an illustration with, use it by all means, but take care that neither joke nor illustration are used *only* for the sake of saying something sharp or funny. If the speech is all joke, it is coffee with too much sugar. If too dry and solemn, it is coffee with the sugar left out; and however pure Mocha it may be, nobody wants it, or can enjoy it.

While sweetening our speech with the sugar of pleasant mirthfulness, let us also be careful that it be well seasoned with the salt of Divine grace. Otherwise it cannot be written of it, "And the speech pleased the Lord."

A RAGGED-SCHOOL INCIDENT.

With unkempt hair and unwashed face,
 And hands begrimed and worn,
 With wrinkles on his childish brow,
 And clothes both patched and torn,
 So came he to the ragged-school,
 The boy with eager eyes ;
 So came he, wondering at the words
 Of hope beyond the skies.

Half sheepishly he held aloof
 While brighter boys drew near,
 And stealthily he smiled his smile,
 Or wiped away a tear,
 Shrank from the touch of kindly hands
 Laid gently on his head,
 But listened with intensest awe
 To what the teacher said.

An awkward stupid boy he looked,
 But his looks belied his life,
 For shrewd, strong-willed, and self-possessed,
 Was the boy in scenes of strife.
 But the cheerful place, and the gentle words,
 And looks of quiet love,
 Wrought wonders with the little heart,
 Full oft so hard to move.

The teacher trusted, prayed, and talked,
 But did not know that day
 That a little thief was rescued from
 The dangerous downward way.
 But the little ragged boy went forth
 To battle as he might ;
 With the Wrong around him everywhere,
 And he struggled to the Right.

And England owes a word of thanks
 To the teacher and the school ;
 For one less crowds the prison cells—
 Dares God and country's rule.
 One more is treading manfully
 The path to home and heaven ;
 Where to the teacher and the taught
 The crown of life is given.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

HOW I BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

I have been now for many years an abstainer. I renounced the use of all intoxicating drinks at a time when it was such a rare thing to find an abstaining minister, that those who were found, led but a sorry life of it. Times are changed now, and we abstainers have something more than the best of it every way. The people do us honour, and when the ministers don't join us, they are discreetly silent. But I must tell you how I joined the band, for that is the purpose of my story.

To bring up the tale in all its connections, I must go back to my school days. These were passed principally under the roof of an uncle, who, having been some ten years married, and being yet without children, with my father's consent, selected me from his somewhat numerous 'regiment of infantry,' and undertook my 'board and education.'

My uncle Robert was a sternly upright, and according to his light, a philanthropic religious man. Liberally endowed with this world's goods, he had ever an open hand for the poor, and as far as pecuniary contributions went, his efforts in connection with his own church were, when they became known, for he generally attempted to conceal them, accounted extraordinary. Seldom, too, was he without some stranger or other at his table as a guest, to whom he dispensed a most gracious hospitality, in which a free supply of the liquors then in ordinary and respectable use, as beer, wines, and spirits, was not wanting. My uncle was a strictly temperate man himself, and anything beyond the bounds of moderation in another would have met his severest reprobation. His views on the subject of temperance were decidedly opposed to those of the small knot of abstainers who called their society by the name of the district in which he resided. More than once he took occasion to speak a little sharply of the ingratitude that a refusal to share in the 'good gifts' of God betokened. Wine being spoken favourably of in the Bible as making glad the heart of man, he accounted necessarily good, and without further question, pronounced judgment against abstinence as unscriptural and wrong. Such views I of course fully imbibed, and until I went to college and came a little in contact with the great world, I never even imagined a cause to change them.

I think I would be in my tenth year when uncle Robert's kind heart led him to add another member to his household. This was his niece, my cousin, Maggie Marshall, whose parents

had died within a week of each other, too suddenly to admit of their making any arrangement for the worldly future of their only child. Maggie had been so peculiarly brought up that while her book-learning was such as befitted a 'bein' farmer's daughter, she could yet hardly do 'a hand's turn' to help herself. This was little thought of while she had the prospect of inheriting a comfortable 'down-sitting' from her father, and suitors, from whom she might have chosen well, sought her hand. But when the farmer's affairs were settled, and the last half year's rent paid, the effect of a lengthened period of difficulties, hitherto unsuspected, was discovered in the destitute condition of my poor cousin. Almost as a matter of course, her numerous wooers one by one, with a single exception, quietly discontinued their attentions, though unhappily, for the one who remained faithful Maggie felt no special affection; while he in whom she did feel interested—nothing more, she was hardly nineteen—was among the faithless many. She had always, however, both at home and by uncle Robert, been accounted a spirited girl, so that it was supposed, with kindness from the remaining friends, she would soon get over her troubles. Thus though for a time after she came home to uncle Robert's house she appeared dejected and sorrow-stricken, it was noticed little further than by the unobtrusive kindness that would have drawn her out of herself, and by cultivating new interests in her heart, raised her to more cheerful thoughts. Bright flashes of spirit were seen again and again breaking in upon her otherwise depressed and generally melancholy deportment, sufficient to indicate how different was her nature from her present unhealthy dulness. Many surmises were formed as to the cause of her continued dejection, but as she always declined any conversation on the subject of herself, it is not surprising that the surmises should have failed to touch the truth.

Uncle Robert was deeply distressed at the condition of his niece, and would willingly, now that she was under his roof and guardianship, have done anything, within the limits of his power to relieve or lighten the consuming grief. Like many doctors, however, he knew little how to minister to a mind diseased, but, calling into play his impression of the 'good gifts,' he recommended—what he supposed was a divine prescription, misinterpreting the passage of Scripture as so many others have done, wine to make her heart glad. The advice was followed, and certainly, bye and bye, there did appear a wonderful im-

provement in Maggie's spirits. It was true that often in the earlier part of the day, when I chanced to come upon my cousin seated by herself listlessly gazing on the pretty landscape that was visible, stretching far away southwards from the parlour window, she did seem to my young judgment more spiritless and dejected than before. Still it must not be imagined that I was precocious enough to connect this effect with any cause. Indeed I believe that I thought of it at all only years after, when circumstances led me to reflect on this, with many other instances that I had seen of a like character. I must not omit to mention here that a friend of my uncle's, who frequently dined with us about the time, more than once made a mysterious reference to Maggie's spirits, when good, being forced and unnatural, and even went so far as to say, that he feared the effect of the use of wine for the cure of melancholy. But to such expressed apprehensions my uncle's invariable reply was, that there was no danger of Maggie. She was naturally so high spirited, and had such a sense of right, that she would never go further than was necessary to make the heart assume its natural gladness. His friend, who was a timid man, would then hardly venture a reply.

With a view to benefitting her unhappy niece, my aunt took advantage of Maggie's improved spirits to make up as much as possible to her in those house-wifery duties in which her early education had been neglected. For this purpose she made frequent visits with her to the kitchen, where she soon acquired considerable skill, especially in the most useful science of cookery. Matters continued much in the same condition for a year or two, when Maggie's one faithful suitor, having summoned up courage, paid her a visit, which was so kindly received that ere long he paid another, and another. Soon he proposed, and after a little was accepted, though as appeared from certain indications that were never rightly explained, with some reluctance. No obstacle was put in the way, and so by and by a day was appointed for the marriage. The marriage morning came, but the bride, who for some time had almost never been seen in the early part of the day, was so ill and nervous that it was feared she would be unable to get ready in time for the ceremony, which was to take place at noon. What was to be done? The doctor was sent for. He came, spoke of nervous depression, and recommended wine. The drug was administered—one glass without any appreciable result. At the second glass the effect seemed quite magical. Maggie got all well and com-

fortable, and though not in any way elated, she was yet able to prepare for and go through the noon's event quite becomingly. It would form a by no means uninteresting subject of investigation—why *two* glasses of wine only served to *steady* the bride.

The happy couple went off to their home, and for several years we heard little and saw less of Maggie. What we did hear was not of the most pleasant character. Report told us of several still-born children, and of one living child overlaid and smothered in bed—of a husband dissatisfied at home, spending his evenings, and by and by a large portion of his days also, in the pothouse,—of a business first deserted and then finally deserting him—and, lastly, of a bankruptcy, a composition with creditors, and an emigration. Such were the rumours—very indefinite most of them—that reached us. My uncle, I may state, had made offers of aid to his unfortunate niece, which were, from some unexplained cause, rudely declined.

Meanwhile I had finished my school-days, and had so far progressed in my studies towards the ministry, that my fourth session at Glasgow College was nearly up, when with the death of my aunt, adverse circumstances overtook uncle Robert, and he could no longer afford me the liberal means that he had hitherto granted for the furtherance of my career. I was therefore constrained to engage for a few years as a teacher in a large town, which, for obvious reasons, must be nameless. There, in my intercourse with the parents of my pupils, I met with much that gave me a new view of the causes producing human misery. But with all that experience taught me, I was still too much wedded to my early acquired opinions to relinquish them yet. Besides, I learned while a teacher, only sufficient to make me practically acquainted with the ground of opponents' arguments, and so, as I imagined, better prepared to meet them. Truth however, in spite of prejudice, was struggling into my mind.

Passing over my divinity-hall experience, my engagements as a probationer, my call and ordination, let me come to the occasion and the incident that, taken with what I have already recounted, constitute the explanation of 'How I became an Abster.' My uncle Robert's minister had been called to a country district in the south of Scotland, and after assisting me at my first communion, had asked me to give him similar aid in return, and, if possible, to bring my uncle with me, as he was short of elders. Willingly we went together. The services were got over very pleasantly, and according to an old custom, the minister carried back with him to the manse, along with his

assistant, all the elders to dinner. Dinner was over, and we were all sitting—shall I say?—enjoying our wine—one or two with tumblers of something hot before them, when a terrific crash as of crockery, accompanied by shriek upon shriek from a female voice, and followed by the sound of rushing feet—and then other screamings were heard from the lower part of the house. Away rushed my host, followed by my uncle and myself, to discover the nature of the catastrophe, and render assistance if required. Reaching the kitchen, we found lying on the floor, bruised and bleeding, in the midst of broken dishes of every description, a woman, apparently near middle life, and evidently drunk. Seeing something, as I thought, familiar to me in her face, I drew a step nearer, and as she opened her eyes, I involuntarily exclaimed, ‘Maggie Marshall!’—‘Eh! what!’ said my uncle, thus drawing her attention to him. Gazing a moment, she uttered bitterly; ‘It was you that did it—you learned me to drink!’ and staggering to her feet she glared so madly round on us, turning from one to another her bloated countenance, that I could stand no longer the revulsion of feeling. I rushed away from the scene. It was too much for me. Here had we been enjoying ourselves, after the holy communion too, indulging in that very agent that had produced so much misery to this once cherished member of our house, while she in her poverty, a temporarily employed cook in the manse, was illustrating in her own person, how ‘at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.’ Could it be right? Or should anyone ever say to me: ‘It was you that did it—you learned me to drink?’ God forbid! That night I vowed to drink no wine or strong drink, and I have been an abstainer ever since. By the grace of God, Maggie Marshall was redeemed, but she found the *instrument* of her safety in total abstinence. Can that be wrong which God has so effectually blessed to thousands otherwise lost without hope?

CHILDREN MUST BE GIANT KILLERS.

AIR—“*Rosa Lee.*”

Of fairy days they tell a tale,

How once there lived a Giant tall,

Who frighten’d all the folks about,

And din’d upon them, bones and all:

And how they all rejoic’d to see

The cruel Giant’s head cut off

(The children know the story well),

By Jack, the valiant little Dwarf.

The children know the story well,
 They read it on the pictur'd page,
 Their blood runs cold with fright, when Jack,
 At first defies the monster's rage :
 They shout for joy when Jack is safe,
 But still they doubt, mid' all their glee,
 If ever such a Giant bold
 Were kill'd, by such a Dwarf as he !

Yes ! children, yes ! the Fable's false !
 But in it lies a lesson true,
 Great Giants stalk amongst us now,
 And may, and must, be killed by you :—
 Such are both Passion, Pride, and Sloth,
 Such too Intemp'rance :—slay them now !
 Up ! up ! young child ! take heart, and strike !
 And be a Giant killer thou !

THE COST OF PAUPERISM.

By HANDEL COSSHAM, Esq.

In round numbers we have one million persons dependent upon poor rates and charity in this country, and another million just on the verge of pauperism. To my mind this is a sad fact, and one that ought to call up serious reflection and earnest effort. This state of poverty and dependence, mark, is not the result of any divine law over which man has no control. No one can look round and not feel that God opens his hand and intends to supply the wants of all. It is not because our great Creator is niggardly in giving, that we so often see want and destitution, *but rather because man is unwise in using the bounties of a gracious Providence. We waste in war and in drink enough to prevent, and provide for, all the pauperism in the world.* Away then with the false notion that this pauperism is a *necessity* of our present state of existence. It is no further a necessity than sin and wrong doing is a necessity. It *can* be prevented, and I am about to show you, at least, one way of drying up this source of national weakness and disgrace.

I am quite prepared to admit that a good deal of our dependent poverty in this country is the result of our poor law system. The tendency, there is no doubt, of any national system of providing for the poor will be to beget a class of *hereditary paupers*. It is almost a necessary result of the

system, and seeing this, it was your own great man (Dr. Chalmers) I think, who said "that the way to prevent poverty was to abolish poor laws." I admit the truth of this remark to some extent ; but after all, the best way, as I conceive to provide for the poor, is to get rid of the poverty, and this can be done by getting rid of its cause, which I can prove is mainly drunkenness.

I need scarcely quote testimony as to the correctness of this statement. It has been admitted, and I may say proved, by the existing testimony of all who are familiar with the facts. As a guardian of the poor I am able to testify that, at least, three-fourths of the pauperism that comes before the Board of Guardians with which I am connected, for relief, is caused by the drink traffic and the drinking customs. In round numbers, the cost of our poor law system is seven and a half million pounds a year, and this is expended on, say one million of paupers ; and here I wish you to note that not only does the nation lose the amount thus expended in relief, but it also loses the value of the labour that would otherwise be a source of wealth ; and in addition to this, there is a deterioration of national character where a large portion of any population depends upon charity or rates. Those men will therefore deserve best of their country who labour most earnestly and successfully to dry up the sources of pauperism and poverty. In these remarks I am not aiming at the Utopian and the impossible. I am only asking your co-operation in the promotion of a great social reform that is attainable and practical.

I believe that at least £5,000,000 a year of the amount now spent in the relief of the poor might be saved, and that in itself would be a great national gain. There are very few men not actually disabled or diseased who have not opportunities at some period or other of their lives to improve their condition. I believe there is a "tide in the affairs of most men" which, if it does not lead to fortune, may, at any rate, save from absolute dependence and want. Whenever I see an old man, after a life of toil, come to the parish for relief, the thought immediately crosses my mind that his personal habits, the sad social evils we have, or the want of right feeling on the part of his children and relations are at fault. And I am anxious to encourage our working men by a manly resolve to "put by something for a rainy day," to take care of the "littles," to save the pence, and thus to avoid the degradation and sorrows attendant upon ending life in a workhouse.

THE WINES OF THE BIBLE.

By MOSES STUART, D.D.

Wherever I find declarations in the Scriptures respecting any matter, which appears to be at variance with each other, I commence the process of inquiry by asking: Whether these declarations respect the same object in the same circumstances? Wine and strong drink are a good, a blessing, a token of Divine favour, and to be ranked with corn and oil. The same substances are also an evil; their use is prohibited; and woe is denounced to all who seek for them. Is there a contradiction here—a paradox incapable of any satisfactory solution? Not at all. In the light of what has already been said, we may confidently say, Not at all. We have seen that these substances were employed by the Hebrews in two different states; the one was a fermented state, the other an unfermented one. The fermented liquor was pregnant with alcohol, and would occasion inebriation in a greater or less degree, in all ordinary circumstances; and even where not enough of it was drunk to make this effect perceptible, it would tend to create a fictitious appetite for alcohol, or to injure the delicate tissues of the human body. The unfermented liquor was a delicious, nutritive, healthful beverage, well and properly ranked with corn and oil. It might be kept in that state by due pains, for a long time, and even go on improving by age. Is there any serious difficulty now in acquitting the Scriptures of contradiction in respect to this subject? I do not find any. I claim no right to interfere with the judgment of others; but for myself I would say, that I can find no other solution of the seeming paradox before us. I cannot regard the application of the distinction in question, between the fermented and unfermented liquors of the Hebrews, to the solution of declarations seemingly of an opposite tenor, as any forced or unnatural means of interpretation. It simply follows suit with many other cases, where the same principle is concerned. Wine is a blessing—a comfort—a desirable good; when, and in what state? Wine is a mocker—a curse—a thing to be shunned; when and in what state? Why now is not the answer plain and open before us, after we have taken a deliberate survey of such facts as have been presented? I can only say, that to me it seems plain; so plain, that no wayfaring man need to mistake it. My final conclusion is this; viz., that wherever the Scriptures speak of wine as a comfort, a blessing, or a libation to God, and rank it with such articles as corn and wine, they mean—they can mean only such wine as contained no alcohol that could have a mischievous tendency; that wherever they denounce it, prohibit it, and connect it with drunkenness and revelling, they can mean only alcoholic or intoxicating wine.

THE WEeping BOY.

By a GOOD PARSON.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening, I heard pitiful, subdued sobs and crying outside. I know the kind of thing that means

some one fairly beaten. Not angry, not bitter; smashed. I opened the front door, and found a little boy, ten years old, sitting on the steps, crying. I asked him what was the matter. I see the thin, white, hungry, dirty little face. He would have slunk away if he could; he plainly thought his case beyond all mending. But I brought him in, and set him on a chair in the lobby; and he told his story. He had a large bundle of sticks in a ragged sack—firewood. At three o'clock that afternoon he had come out to sell them. His mother was a poor washer-woman, in the most wretched part of the town; his father was killed a fortnight ago by falling from a scaffold. He had walked a long way through the streets; about three miles. He had tried all the afternoon to sell his sticks, but had sold only a half-penny-worth. He was lame, poor little man, from a sore leg, but managed to carry his heavy load. But at last, going down some poor area stair in the dark, he fell down a whole flight of steps, and hurt his sore leg so that he could not walk, and also got a great cut on the forehead. He had got just the half-penny for his poor mother; he had been going about with his burden for six hours, with nothing to eat. But he turned his face homewards, carrying his sticks, and struggled on about a quarter of a mile; and then he broke down. He could go no further. In the dark cold night he sat down and cried. It was not the crying of one who hoped to attract attention; it was the crying of flat despair.

The first thing I did (which did not take a moment) was to thank God that my door-steps had been his juniper tree. Then I remembered the first thing God did when Elijah broke, down was to give him something to eat. Yes, it is a great thing to keep up physical nature. And the little man had had no food since three o'clock till nine. So there came, brought by kind hands (not mine) several great slices of bread and butter (jam even was added), and a cup of warm tea. The spirit began to come a little into the child. And he thought he could manage to get home if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exhorbitant: so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags: and the sack went away, and returned, with all the sticks emptied out. Finally, an old gray coat of rough tweed came, and was put upon the little boy, and carefully buttoned: forming a capital great-coat. And forasmuch as his trowsers

were most unusually ragged, a pair of such appeared, and being wrapped up, were placed in the sack, along with a good deal of bread and butter. How the heart of the child had by this time revived! He thought he could go home nicely. And having very briefly asked the Father of the fatherless to care for him, I beheld him limp away in the dark. All this is supremely little to talk about. But it was quite a different thing to see. To look at the poor starved little face: and the dirty hand like a claw: to think of ten years old: to think of one's own children in their warm beds: to think what all this would have been to one's self as a little child. Oh, if I had a four-leaved shamrock, what a turn-over there should be in this world!

GLEANINGS.

SHAM PLEASURES.—I have been into some of the music halls in London, in Liverpool, in Leeds, and now I must confess that I never came away without feeling heart sore. I know people will be amused, and after all there is some philosophy in manly sport and a merry laugh. But can't you open a music hall without converting it into a tavern? Can't you give us the voice of song, and snatches of celestial harmony, without the temptation of drink, and away from the company of harlots and knaves? We have some sham ways of enjoying ourselves most truly. Last night I saw a poor woman, with a white face, peeping round the door of a public house a little before twelve o'clock. "My lord" was enjoying himself within. Was it any enjoyment to his wife to watch and wait there in the cold, dreary rain, her patience perhaps rewarded presently with curses and blows? You call yonder man a jolly good fellow. Do his children feel very jolly when they are hungry and there is no food? Is that manliness to steal a little child's bread to feed our selfishness, and buy brass and mahogany for the "Green Swan" or the "Cow and Pigeons?" There are young men out to-night to "see life" they say; but far away in some quiet home, unknown to you and me, tears will start from fond eyes, and this "seeing life" will pierce with sorrow many a mother's heart—that sacred temple of almost unspeakable and unchanging love. Oh, if there were not a sham at the bottom of our young men, they would "see life" in something different to that which broke mothers' hearts, and snapped the dearest and most blessed of all human ties.—*From a Lecture on "Shams," by John De Fraine.*

IMPURE WATER.—A vessel filled with water and placed in a room where persons are present will, in a few hours, have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the apartment, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly impure. The cooler the water, the greater is its capacity to contain these gases. A pint of water at the ordinary temperature contains a pint of carbonic acid gas (a deadly poison to animal life) and several pints of ammonia. This absorbing capacity

is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature of the water below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Hence it follows that water, kept in a room but a brief space of time, becomes utterly unfit for use. All water, to be pure, must be freshly drawn from the well or spring. Impure water is quite as injurious to health as impure air.—*Herald of Health.*

CHEAP AND SIMPLE MODE OF PURIFYING WATER.—Persons cannot be too cautious in the use of water, particularly London water, which is more or less impregnated with offensive matter held in solution, or mechanically mixed with it. The following mode of purifying it—being accessible to all classes—would, if acted upon generally, greatly tend to the improvement of health:—Take a large sized garden-pot, and having plugged the aperture in the bottom with a piece of clean sponge, break up a few sticks of charcoal into small pieces, which strew over the bottom to the depth of an inch and a half or two inches; place the pot over a pitcher, or other clean vessel, and let all the water used for culinary purposes be filtered through it. By ordinary attention in keeping the garden-pot constantly dripping, a considerable quantity of water, in a perfectly pure state, may thus be obtained. Fresh charcoal should be used every other day, and the sponge cleansed. If dispatch is required, strew charcoal over a very fine sieve or milk strainer, and let the water be passed through it; this will answer the same purpose, but the water will not be quite so clear.

OTAKEITE.—The following particulars are from an officer on board the *Salamander*, stationed at the island. “The natives are greatly altered since I first landed on the island, three-and-a-half years ago. Virtue and morality are at a very low ebb. The natives are nearly always drunk day and night, prowling about and howling like wild beasts. Men may be seen beating their wives, women abusing one another at their revels, in language too obscene and degrading to be mentioned. Three years ago the natives were quiet and orderly, their houses clean and neat. Had you walked on a Sabbath, you would have heard the old men and women reading their Bibles, or singing their hymns—and how beautifully they do sing! Many an hour have I listened with delight to a group of young native girls singing their cheering hymns. They attended church regularly; but the picture is different now, very.”

THE NEGLECTED JUVENILE POPULATION.—Both the Ragged-school Union and the Sunday-school Union are taking active measures to bring under instruction large masses of children in the metropolis. The Sunday-school committee consider that there are 400,000 young persons (not including those of the upper classes) *who ought* to be in schools on the Lord's-day, whereas there are only 200,000 at present under instruction. The Ragged-school Union committee find that, of the *special* class which they seek to bless and save, while there are nearly 30,000 in the schools, there are nearly other 30,000 not brought under training or education of any kind.

“ANOTHER NAIL IN YOUR COFFIN.”—A young nephew of my father's captain sailed with them a long voyage around the globe, and was a

favourite with all, but was sadly intemperate. Whenever he took a glass of grog, Captain Brintnell was accustomed to say, "Ah, Ned, there's another nail in your coffin." And so it proved; for the poor lad had so poisoned and fired his blood that it could not stand the heat of the tropical sun, and he sank under exposure to it, and died the miserable death of a drunkard. They put into a little lonely island, and made him a grave under the green sward; but no loving mother or gentle sister could weep over it; no psalm was sung, nor prayer offered. The nails had all been driven in that rough coffin, and he was laid to rest in it until the resurrection morning.—*Sunday School Times.*

PREJUDICE.—There is nothing so difficult to uproot as a prejudice long established in the human mind, and although those who have cast away a prejudice, who have abandoned an error, and got into the road of truth, may wonder that others have not done the same, yet it is a remarkable fact that the mind of man is prone to cling to errors as long as they are interested in them, but when they have turned their back upon them and have come to the truth, they wonder, not only that others do not follow them, but that they themselves should have ever entertained the same errors and prejudices.—*Lord Palmerston.*

A FATHER'S INFLUENCE.—By his daily conduct at home he must obtain the respect and veneration of his son; by the uprightness and blamelessness of his private character, he must secure his admiration; by the integrity of his intercourse with others, he must assure him of the honesty of his motives; by his firmness in the hour of temptation and in the season of trial, of his moral courage; by a rigorous and conscientious discharge of every duty, of his entire rectitude; by a living example of meekness and love, of the verity of his faith; by frequent and earnest prayer with him, of the yearning of his soul for his salvation; by his loving hope and trust in Christ, of the sufficiency of his Redeemer's work. The father, who daily surrounded by his children, makes it a duty never to rise from before his family altar without having first specially prayed for them, sends his son forth into the world with a precious legacy. In his waywardness—in the hour of temptation and forgetfulness—in nearness or at a distance—his father's example, his father's voice, his father's prayers, will be all remembered; and the most powerful counteracting influences of evil will be the ever present associations of home.—*Old Jonathan.*

STATE OF GLASGOW.—Notwithstanding the efforts put forth by temperance friends, the number of licensed public-houses was increasing, and there were now in this city between 1700 and 1800. By adding up the rents in every street, it was found that these houses paid of rent the enormous amount of £72,000, which, as 10 per cent., represented an outlay on the part of the public of £700,000, simply to enable the publicans to pay their rents! It was further to be noted, that in some of the poorer streets the sum expended on drink was to be counted by thousands of pounds sterling. Thus in Main street, Gorbals, there were twenty-three public-houses, at a rental which would require £7590 to be

spent in that street alone. In Bridegate, there would be required to meet this item of rent alone, considering it as a 10 per cent. on the money spent, £8120; in Stockwell street, £9650, and other localities equally appalling amounts. In such circumstances, was it any wonder that our police rates should be high, or that almost every case that led to confinement within the walls of our prison should be the result of the use of intoxicating liquor?—*Rev. A Wallace.*

A READY RETORT.—A worthy barber of the old school, who lived not very far from the banks of the Erich, was in the habit of indulging in a “heavy dram” at convenient intervals. One day when he happened to be well to do in this way, a first-class customer came in for his shave, but the fumes of the drink were too much for him, and in the middle of the job he lost his patience, exclaiming, “That horrid drink!” The barber replied emphatically, “Ay, ay, sir, it does mak’ the face awfu’ tender.”—*Alloa Advertiser.*

HE that is more frequent in the pulpit before his people, than he is in the closet for his people, is but a sorry watchman.—*Dr. Conder.*

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

“Will putting one’s self in a passion mend the matter?” said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

“Yes, it will mend the matter,” said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy, and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window, and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely indeed!

Take my word for it, it never did, and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something which is very little-minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try, then, to be calm, especially in trifling troubles; and when greater ones come, try to bear them bravely.

GROSS DARKNESS.

By A SCRIPTURE READER.

I was asked the other day to visit an old man (over 70) who is unable to follow his usual employment. I soon turned the conversation upon the "one thing needful."

Scripture Reader: "Well, my friend, do you know that you have a soul?" Answer: "No, sir."

Scripture Reader: "What! are you in earnest?" Reply: "Yes, sir."

Scripture Reader: "Have you ever heard of Jesus?" Reply: "I can't say that I have."

Scripture Reader: "Do you know what will become of you when you die?" Reply: "No, sir."

Scripture Reader: "Do you think there will be an end of you when you are buried?" Reply: "I hope so."

Scripture Reader: "Are you afraid to die?" Reply: "No, not particularly."

Scripture Reader: "How is that?" Reply: "I am not wicked. I have been a hard-working man; have brought up a large family," &c.

Never have I been shocked at any one's ignorance so much as I was at his. I began at the A B C of the fundamental truths; explained to him how that without pardon of sin there could be no heaven; that there must be a coming to Christ for that pardon, &c. After I had talked like that for some time, I asked him if he had understood anything that I had said. He answered, "No; I am no scholar." I felt half stunned. Was it possible that such plain, childish language could not be understood by him? I could only fall on my knees, and beg God the Holy Spirit to illumine that dark mind, and teach him the saving truths of the Gospel. I have visited him repeatedly, but I can see no improvement, or even any wish for it.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath sun was setting low,

Amid the clouds at even:

"Our Father," breathed a voice below,

"Our Father who art in heaven,"

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,

Those infant words were given;

"Our Father," angels sang aloud—

"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
 That childlike voice did pray;
 "Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound
 Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
 That lisping love implores;
 "Thy will be done," the angelic throng
 Sing from the heavenly shores.

"For ever," still these lips repeat,
 Their closing evening prayer;
 "For ever" floats, in music sweet,
 High 'midst the angels there.

VARIETIES.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.—Mr. H. Mudge, surgeon, of Bodmin, speaking at a public meeting, said:—He believed that the temperance movement lost hundreds, if not thousands, of its adherents through what he would call the flippant recommendation of alcoholic drinks in sickness. He was a member of the board of guardians of the union in which he resided. They had there a gentleman who had acted as surgeon both to the workhouse and to the county gaol for many years. In one of those establishments, no drink whatever was allowed; in the other, several persons were always taking it on the recommendation of the surgeon. In one case, that of a woman, there was no ailment whatever. She had been found very useful in the house; and had been actually induced to remain in the house after she would otherwise have left, by the payment of 12s. 6d. per quarter and the retaining of her name on the sick list for a little porter daily. The speaker said that he called on a Devonshire clergyman on his way from Cornwall, and found him in a very weak state. On inquiring as to the treatment to which he was subjected, he found that he had been ordered to take a strong opiate draught every night, and to drink wine every day to counteract its effects. This was just like completely exhausting a man's physical energy, and then rousing him by means of a horsewhip. Dr. Mudge went on to state that a French physician had recently proved to demonstration that alcohol was not assimilated with the human body, but left it in precisely the same form in which it entered it. He contended that if alcohol was to be used as medicine at all, it should be dispensed like other medicines, and asserted that it could be so dispensed. It was not, he said, for him to set aside the drugs obtained from Apothecaries' Hall and send his patients to the brewers for their medicine with a prescription that meant anything or nothing. Referring to the fact that many teetotallers imagine that

alcohol is a necessity in case of illness, he said that he had lost the confidence and the practice of temperance families because of his known determination not to recommend its use. He contended, however, that the doctor was wanting in the skill and knowledge necessary to his profession who could not provide a substitute for alcohol whenever some such stimulant was supposed to be necessary. The speaker recommended the establishment of small free dispensaries, at which medicine might be dispensed on the condition that alcoholic liquors were not to be used by the patients; he felt sure that a mass of valuable evidence bearing on this question might be accumulated by such means. As a proof of the efficacy of the anti-alcoholic treatment, he said that at a large establishment in Glasgow, the death rate in cases of typhus had been at once reduced from 25 to 10 per cent., and this where the whole number under treatment was some hundreds.

THE ENGLAND OF To-DAY.—Many praiseworthy attempts have been made of late years to depict this country by pen and pencil, and show us to ourselves and others just as we are, after all the changes which time has effected in us. Every year new railways are opened up, new towns are developed, our population is enlarging itself, and to ascertain the latest facts we must consult the latest register. A map of England recently issued by the Messrs. Horniman & Co.—so well known in the tea-trade—provides us with valuable statistics and information. We here find every new line of railway, every town and village of importance in the kingdom carefully marked, together with the figures representing their several populations at the last census, also the name of the appointed agent for Messrs. Horniman's much approved article, 'The map is exhibited at every railway station, where it will no doubt be consulted with much benefit by travellers in search of information.'

FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.—Dr. Alfred Taylor, commissioned by the Privy Council, has sent in a report on the means of committing murder by poison which are allowed to exist in England. He says that poison enough to kill two adults can be purchased anywhere for threepence, and that the careless dispensing of poisonous drugs is the cause of most frightful accidents. As to laudanum, it appears to be sold wholesale, single shops often in the Marshland supplying three or four hundred customers every Saturday night. Retail druggists often dispense 200lbs. in one year, and one man complained that his wife had consumed 100l. in opium since he married. It is a mistake to consider the practice confined to the marshy districts. We do not believe there is a town in England where some one chemist does not on Saturday night load his counter with little bottles of laudanum, and we were assured by a wholesale drug-dealer that he could and did sell it in the eastern counties to the extent of some thousands of pounds' weight in a year. This gentleman, an old and keen observer, declared that the demand had sprung up shortly after the introduction of teetotalism, and that it would be found to vary everywhere in accordance with the progress or decline of the system of total abstinence.—*Spectator*.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE REV. G. W. M'CREE'S TOUR.—During the last month Mr. M'Cree has held large and interesting meetings, at Plymouth, two; Liskeard, two; Bideford; Bridgewater, two; Frome; Honiton, and Gloucester. The *Bideford Weekly Gazette* thus reported the meeting in that town:—“An excellent lecture on ‘St. Giles,’ was delivered before a numerous audience at the Town Hall, on Friday, 23rd September. The lecturer was the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who appears to have been long and successfully labouring in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. Very thrilling anecdotes were told of the amusements and pleasures of the residents, among whom have been established ragged schools, penny banks, mothers' meetings, and religious services of different kinds, and this attention to the spiritual wants of the people, coupled with a readiness to sympathise with and assist them in their temporal concerns, seems to have effected a wondrous alteration for good. If any one wishes to visit the scene of a most interesting mission to the heathen, he need not stir out of our own land, but let him go to St. Giles, and see for himself what the Gospel can do. If he cannot spare the time even to go to London, Mr. M'Cree unveils these scenes in a manner most agreeable to the hearers, and at the same time that it may well stir their souls. His action and delivery are most effective, and with such a subject to deal with, and such glorious triumphs to relate, it is not to be wondered at that he swayed the audience with a mighty power.”

BEDFORD.—LECTURES AT THE WORKING MEN'S INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday evening two lectures, illustrated by dissolving views, were delivered by Mr. F. Smith, of the Band of Hope Union, at the above place. At six o'clock the hall was crowded by the juveniles of the Bedford Band of Hope, and they were remarkably attentive while the lecturer addressed them on “The Book and its Story,” the views being of a superior character. Mr. Smith's style being well adapted to a juvenile audience, there was not that disorderly behaviour which generally attends this kind of exhibition. At eight o'clock the second lecture was given to a highly respectable audience—the subject being, “The Arctic Regions.” After introducing some interesting objects of a miscellaneous description, Mr. Smith proceeded with his subject, giving a pithy account of the unfortunate voyage of Sir John Franklin, the subsequent attempts to discover the missing crew (reminding his hearers that on board one of the vessels in pursuit no alcoholic drinks were drunk, with much advantage), and the circumstances under which the relics were found. The lecturer then illustrated his remaining remarks by magnificent scenes of the polar regions, with which the audience were evidently highly gratified.

CHIPPENHAM.—The usual fortnightly meetings of the Band of Hope, which have been discontinued for a month or two during the summer, were resumed on Thursday, September 29th, in the Temperance Hall, when Mr. F. Smith, of London, delivered a lecture on the “Arctic Regions and Fate of Sir John Franklin,” illustrated by dissolving views.

The hall was well filled with children and adults, who seemed deeply interested in Mr. Smith's very instructive lecture, and the most excellent views illustrating it. These entertainments, from their attractive nature, will very materially strengthen the hands of those who are working in the Temperance cause.

THERSTON.—On Tuesday, Sept. 27th, Mr. F. Smith delivered a very interesting lecture in the British School-room, Therston, entitled "London, past and present." The room was comfortably filled with a very attentive audience. Mr. Smith's style is very attractive indeed, especially for young people. It is not often we find one who can so thoroughly interest children. This lecture was illustrated by dissolving views of very superior character. At the closing of the lecture, he addressed a few words to the children forming the Band of Hope, by way of encouragement, urging them keep the pledge they had taken, and then we might expect to see a generation of sober men and women.

TOWN HALL, BRIGHTON.—Two lectures, with dissolving views, were given in the above hall, on Wednesday, October 12th, by Mr. F. T. Smith, in connection with the Brighton Albert Memorial Band of Hope. The first lecture was to about nine hundred children, who manifested the greatest interest and attention, so that scarcely a whisper was to be heard during the meeting. The second lecture was attended by about three hundred people, chiefly adults. The whole affair went off very satisfactorily. Mr. Smith's tact in managing the views and addressing young people is, we should think, almost unrivalled; such an orderly meeting of children was never before witnessed in Brighton by any present.

TRENT SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE.—Sir,—The members and friends of this society met on Monday last, October 3rd, on the announcement that Mr. F. Smith would deliver a lecture on "Lights of the World," illustrated by dissolving views. Our room, which is not a small one, was quickly filled. We are happy to state that the entertainment gave very great satisfaction, Mr. Smith keeping up the attention of his numerous audience in a most praiseworthy manner. His remarks on Benjamin Franklin, Oliver Cromwell, John Howard, Francis Alard, together with numerous others, were exceedingly instructive and amusing. But I must not finish without saying something about the children who sang some Temperance pieces at intervals during the lecture, which were warmly received, under the able direction of our worthy vice-president, who has worked very hard teaching them the tunes, and getting them ready on this occasion. We would advise any of our Temperance friends who have not already had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Smith's lecture, and seeing the beautiful dissolving views, to quickly embrace the opportunity which is now, I believe, offered; if they do not, they will certainly lose a great treat.

Yours truly, R. W. W. LEAMAN, Secretary.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE NEW KING.

When a king dies the herald proclaims:—"THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!" The application of this custom is very easy. This is the last number of *The Band of Hope Record*, but it will be succeeded by another periodical, which will, we hope, commend itself to all our readers. Its title will be, *The Band of Hope Treasury*, and the price one penny per month. It will contain leading articles, anecdotes, statistics, brief and striking tales, original hymns and melodies for meetings, a succession of carefully-prepared recitations and dialogues, a condensed summary of the progress of the cause, a diary of the month, reviews of books, &c. A staff of able contributors will assist us in producing a work which, it is hoped, will precisely suit both conductors and children. Every number will contain something new, adapted to the continuous and urgent want of those who are engaged in our great movement. We appeal for immediate support. We will do our best: and we confidently rely on the friends of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Movement to help us. The first number will appear with the New Year—will our friends order it?

GEORGE W. MCCREE.

FAIREST AND DEAREST.

Who shall be fairest?

Who shall be rarest?

Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?

She who is kindest,

When Fortune is blindest,

Bearing through winter the blooms of tspring;

Charm of our gladness,

Friend of our sadness,

Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing!

She shall be fairest,

She shall be rarest,

She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
 Noblest, and dearest,
 Named but with honour and pride evermore?
 He, the undaunted,
 Whose banner is planted
 On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;
 Fearless of danger,
 To falsehood a stranger,
 Looking not back while there's duty before!
 He shall be nearest,
 He shall be dearest,
 He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

LANDLORD'S MONEY.

"I'm sure I don't know what makes you so hard upon me, Mr. White. I've lived under you a good while now, and I've generally paid my rent; and if times had not been bad, I should have paid it now. But, as it is, I can't. I have not got the money, and there's an end of it. I know I work hard enough. If you had such a family as I have, you'd know how to feel for a poor man. And now you talk of turning me out!"

"I should not talk of turning you out, Jackson, if I thought you *tried* to pay me; but I do not think you do."

"Not try, sir? Why, what would you have me do? There is not a man in the place who works harder than I do. I can't earn more than I can."

"I know you work hard; but the question is, what do you do with your money when you have got it? Did you come straight from your house to mine this evening?"

"I don't know but what I did."

"You did not call anywhere?" Jackson hesitated for a moment.

"Well, I did just look in at the 'George.'"

"What for?"

"I had one pot of beer; that was all."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"Fourpence; that's always the price."

"Now, Jackson, that fourpence was not yours; it was mine. You as much spent my money on the beer, as if you had called here first, and taken fourpence out of my house. I don't call that doing your best to pay me; do *you*?"

"Why, what's fourpence, sir? I couldn't have come and offered you fourpence!"

"Did you spend anything at the 'George' yesterday?"

"Yesterday? Let me see. Well, I believe I had a drop of beer there yesterday too; but I know it wasn't much."

"There was another fourpence, at least. And perhaps you were at the 'George' the day before yesterday too?"

"And if I was sir, I think it's hard if a man, who works as I do, must not have a drop of beer. I'm not a man who gets drunk."

"I can only say this, Jackson—I would rather go without beer altogether than spend another person's money to get it. And that is what you are doing."

"I never looked at it like that before."

"Now, you think I am hard upon you. I don't want to be. I know you have a large family. I just want to show you that you are *not* doing your best to pay me. If you can have your beer, I don't see why I should not have my rent. I mean to say, you *could* pay me, if you chose."

"No, that I couldn't, sir," said Jackson earnestly: "I'd pay you this minute if I had the money."

"Stop a bit. How much do you owe me."

"It's just two pounds, sir, as I reckon it. I was fourteen shillings behind last quarter, and now this quarter-day I owe you six-and-twenty shillings more. That makes two pounds, don't it sir?"

"Quite right. Now you've done one sum, I'll do another. There are six working days in the week, to say nothing about Sunday. Now, I know well that you generally have a pot of beer at the 'George' every day, and very often more. Isn't that true?"

No answer.

"Very well. Now for the sum. A pot of beer costs fourpence, and six times fourpence is two shillings. Two shillings a week, to say nothing of Sundays. Why, that's just my rent! You are drinking my rent regularly, don't you see? Now, did not I say true? Could you not pay me, if you chose?"

Still no answer. But Jackson did not look comfortable.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give you another chance. I won't turn you out. I have shown you that you *can* pay me if you choose; I'll see if you *will* pay me. You shall go on another quarter. And, if I find you not going and spending my money at the 'George,' but keeping it for your

rent like an honest man, then I'll forgive you this two pounds back money, and you shall start all fair again."

Jackson could not but thank Mr. White for his kindness, and really felt grateful to him. He left the house with a firm resolution to keep away from the 'George,' and pay his rent. Perhaps some day we shall hear whether he did so.

"Well, Mary, here's rent day again; is the money all right? Bring the box, and let's see."

"Right enough, George, I'll warrant; I counted the weeks—thirteen, you know, to the quarter—and I've never missed dropping in the two shillings, though sometimes it's been no easy matter.

"Ah, Mary, it won't do to say we believe in our dying Saviour, and profess love to him, and not show it in our life. And so take the money to-day to Mr. White, and let us thank God that we've got it to pay him."

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE—ITS PURPOSE AND FAILINGS.

By E. J. OLIVER.

We have noticed for some time past with serious misgiving, the tendency of our Temperance literature, to claim too much on behalf of the principles it advocates. We allude more especially to the department of fiction; which, although not directly professing to be an advocate of the Temperance movement, is undoubtedly, one of the most influential forms in which its advocacy is to be found. No one supposes for a moment, that our Temperance tales are written and published simply to amuse. They have (or should have) a higher, and a nobler purpose in view. We seek by its means to portray the folly and wickedness of the inebriate—to paint in truthful colors, the long train of evils that follow in the wake of intemperance; and, with a no less truthful hand, to draw the pleasing picture that temperance exhibits to our view. The contrast thus afforded is in itself a most powerful argument in favor of our principles; and, we are justified in placing them side by side, that all may mark the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other. But let us take care that we do not overstep the mark. We do not think it possible greatly to exaggerate the evil influences exercised by the "Worship of Bacchus;" the danger lies in overstating the results of total abstinence. It has become the

custom with some writers, to hold out inducements to the moderate drinker in much the same way, that we offer high bounties in war time, to bring recruits to our armies. This is not as it should be. The legitimate, and the only true way to make converts, is not to appeal to the pocket, but to the head and the heart. Not to say, by becoming a total abstainer you will gain so much money, but you will increase your self-respect, raise your moral dignity, insure your happiness, and influence your fellow-creatures for good. This last consideration is in our opinion, the principal point on which we should take our stand. There are few men who would not gladly abstain, if they were once convinced that benefit might accrue to others in consequence. Men, who scorn to look at it as a matter of so many shillings or pounds saved, in the course of the year, see it in a different light when it comes to them, clothed in the garb of philanthropy.

One is fearful of saying anything that shall seem to cast blame on a good work. There are so many who, loving "not wisely but too well," cannot see any defects in the object of their love; that he who utters a word of remonstrance, runs the risk of being looked upon by them as an enemy to the cause, the well-being of which is as dear to him as anything on earth. We should be the last to say one word in disparagement of the great work done by the Temperance movement; neither are we disposed to cavil at the means by which it has been effected. But it is in its true interests, that we would call attention to what we believe to be a step in the wrong direction. Anything that goes beyond the boundary of probability, may occasionally extend to the sublime, but in the majority of instances, it reaches only to the ridiculous; and, surrounded as we are by opponents who are ready to seize upon anything that shall tell to our disadvantage, it behoves us to uphold the dignity of our cause, and make our literature worthy of a place beside that of the best of the day.

It is a very common thing to read of a working man entering a temperance hall, and being "struck" with the arguments of the speaker—signing the pledge—and in a short time becoming a considerable land owner, and M.P. for his native place. We know that these cases are only the exception, and not the rule; and therefore, to speak of them as though they were the rule, and not the exception, is, to say the least of it, unjustifiable. Unthinking people who read these tales, will jump to the conclusion, that they have only to leave off their daily pint, sign

the pledge, and five hundred a year will follow, as a matter of course. The necessity for earnest, unflinching purpose, and hard work, is not sufficiently brought out; all the credit is given to the pledge, and consequently, clear-headed and thinking men look upon such narrations with contempt; which, we must admit, is not wholly undeserved. Nor is this all. People who sign the pledge with the idea just mentioned, soon find out their mistake, and having no good principles to support them in the course which they adopted, speedily fall back into their former habits, and the last state of these men is undeniably worse than their first.

Another complaint we have to make is, that in many of these tales, those who are teetotallers, are represented as being 'patterns of virtue and goodness; while those who have not embraced those principles, are insufferably bad, and depraved. Now, it does not need much knowledge of the world to know, that this is not the truth. There are very many who are conspicuous for their piety, their charity, their intellectual power, their true nobility of nature, and their scorn of all that is base and wicked, who do not see the Temperance question in such a light as to lead them to forsake the drinking customs of society, and cast in their lot with us. Seeing the matter as we see it, we do and must deplore the fact, and the more so when we consider the powerful influence which they would be sure to bring with them, and the good that would consequently result from their co-operation. On the other hand, strict justice compels us to deny the assertion, that temperance—however rigidly adhered to—necessarily implies the possession of all the other virtues inculcated by St. Paul.

It would be easy to select for criticism, one or more of the books to which we allude; and indeed, it was at first our intention to do so; but, as it would not be acting justly, to make invidious remarks upon one, while others with the same faults escape censure, we have judged it best to make this general protest, believing that the reader, if at all conversant with temperance literature, will readily call to mind several instances of the failings referred to.

Happily however, we can point with unmixed satisfaction, to several works, worthy not only of the writers who produced them, but of the movement, the principles of which they are designed to illustrate and enforce. They bear upon their pages the impress of all-powerful and imperishable truth,—they lead us to a right understanding of the great question at issue,—

they speak out fearlessly, and honestly, for the principles they advocate,—and in no spirit of intolerance or bigotry, but with that charity which “believeth all things” and “hopeth all things,” they attack, those long-standing drinking habits, which are at once our country’s custom, and our country’s curse.

Notwithstanding what we have said, we must express our conviction, that temperance literature does not receive fair play from the critics. It is subject, in common with all other literary composition, to two kinds of criticism, which have been termed the judicial and the sympathetic. Occupying the position it does, it is scarcely to be expected that a reviewer with strong anti-teetotal tendencies, should come to his task in anything but a judicial spirit; and with a determination to discover and expose the minutest flaw in the argument, or the least departure from the strict letter of “the Queen’s English.” On the other hand, the anti-Bacchus critic, sympathising as it is natural he should do, with every effort to promote the spread of Temperance truth, welcomes with open arms anything which he believes will aid in the attainment of that object, and entirely ignoring plot, arrangement, style and grammar, proceeds, with an abundance of eulogistic remarks, to give it the sanction of his authority, as a work true alike to nature and art. It will be seen at once, that the latter course is as unwise as the former is unjust. In the one case, it is not unlikely (unless it be the work of a master mind) to sink under the fierce attack made upon its existence; in the other, it is in danger of being suffocated by cruel kindness, like a child in the arms of a too fond mother.

What we want is, a few earnest yet discriminating men, who, while they sympathise fully with the aim of the works submitted to them for review, will not hesitate to point out their defects, that others following in the same path, may take warning from the errors of their predecessors. By this means we shall produce a literature, that shall not only merit, but command, the attention of the world; and those who at present stand afar off shall bring their time, their talents, and their heart’s service to the cause, which more than any other (religion of course excepted) shall be the social regenerator of mankind.

CLEON.

Cleon hath a million acres,

Ne’er a one have I;

Cleon dwelleth in a palace,

In a cottage, I;

Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
 Not a penny I;
 Yet the poorer of the twain is
 Cleon, and not I.

Cleon true possesseth acres,
 But the landscape, I;
 Half the charms to me it yieldeth
 Money cannot buy:
 Cleon harbours sloth and dulness,
 Freshening vigour, I;
 He in velvet, I in fustian,
 Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
 Free as thought am I;
 Cleon fees a score of doctors,
 Need of none have I;
 Wealth surrounding,—care environed—
 Cleon fears to die;
 Death may come—he'll find me ready—
 Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature,
 In a daisy, I;
 Cleon hears no anthems singing
 In the sea and sky:
 Nature sings to me for ever;
 Earnest listener I;
 State for state, with all attendants,
 Who would change? Not I.

C. MACKAY.

WILL IT HELP US?

By the Rev. GEORGE W. M'CREE.

Would the formation of a Band of Hope in connection with our Sunday School be wise and useful? is a question now much debated by Sunday School Teachers. I believe it would promote the education, secular prosperity, self-mastery, and religious life of the scholars. My reasons for this belief will be found in the array of facts and opinions embodied in this paper.

1. *Children often become lovers of Intoxicating Drink.*

JUVENILE TIPPLERS.—Rev. C. F. Bagshaw, chaplain of the New Bailey, Salford, says:—"I heard the other day from the surgeon of the

jail, that as he was coming down the street, and two little girls were walking close to him, talking about what they had drank, one said, 'What had thou?' 'I had a pennyworth of rum.' The other said she had a pennyworth of gin. These were two little girls probably working in the factories."—*Parliamentary Report on Drunkenness*

STRENGTH OF APPETITE EARLY CREATED.—One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance, "There is one thing, which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is, to entreat every mother never to give a drop of it to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirit when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop of it to a child."—*Rev. Dr. Edwards.*

WHISKY DRINKERS.—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh says,— "How early this hapless class are initiated in the use of spirits, came out the other day, to the astonishment of a friend of ours, who, on walking along the streets, observed some boys and girls clustered like bees in and around a barrel. She asked them if it was a sugar barrel; and on learning that it was a spirit one, she said, 'You surely don't like whiskey?' 'For my part, Mem,' says one, a little girl,—thinking, perhaps, thereby to recommend herself,—'deed, Mem, for my part, I prefer the strong ale.' In sober sadness we ask, is it not worth running some risk to cure such evils,—such a moral gangrene,—as facts like these disclose?"—*Plea for Ragged Schools.*

2. *Children will not suffer in health from joining a Band of Hope.*

MEDICAL OPINION.—Dr. Carpenter says,— "There cannot be any reasonable doubt that the habitual use of alcoholic liquors by children in average health, is in every way injurious. And in support of this belief, he can appeal to the large number of families now growing up in this country and in America, in the enjoyment of vigorous health, among whom no alcoholic liquor is ever consumed; and he can point to numerous cases within his personal knowledge, in which the apparent debility of constitution having been such, as in the opinion of some to call for the assistance of fermented liquors, the advice was resisted, and those other means adopted which have been already adverted to, with the effect of rearing to vigour and endurance, children that originally appeared very unlikely to possess either."—*Carpenter on Alcoholic Liquors*, p. 244.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS NOT NUTRITIOUS.—Dr. Mussey says,— "We have no evidence that alcohol, in any form, or taken under any circumstances, or in any combination, is capable of being digested or converted into nourishment. There cannot, I think, be left a reasonable doubt that as much mischief to health results from the use of any

kind of fermented liquors, as from distilled spirits, equally diluted with water."—*Report for 1838 of the American Temperance Union.*

THE BEST NOT GOOD.—Dr. Copland, author of the "Medical Dictionary," says,—“The constant use of even the best port and sherry occasions vascular plethora and its consequent ills, unless very active exercises be taken. Malt liquors occasion disease when constantly used.”

4. *Fathers and Children should be guarded from the ruinous effects of the Bottle.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE FIRST DROP.—Many awful consequences have resulted from partaking of the first drop pressed upon the lips of a child by an affectionate mother. I can state on this subject an appalling fact which came within my own knowledge. I was intimately acquainted with a young man, of open, ingenious, honest, upright character. A deep and sincere affection subsisted between us. He corresponded with me under the name of Jonathan, and I with him under the name of David; from this you may judge that our attachment was of the strongest kind. He went out into life; but, unhappily, he thought that a little drop might be taken after dinner with safety, and that he might take a little drop more at night. Thus he began by taking little drops. And his wife encouraged him to do so, under the impression that it would do him good. But a fatal habit was formed. The love of drink increased. His business, which was one of high respectability and profit, began to be neglected; his clerks and domestics, for want of proper superintendence, became negligent. His affairs went to ruin. He became a bankrupt. Some time ago, I saw him in the vestry of Spa-fields Chapel. I had been preaching from those words, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” One of the servants came and told me that a person was waiting to see me who had sent in his name. I was surprised, as I had not heard of him for years. But O what a change did I discover in him! His face was bloated and diseased; he was in rags: he had every appearance of poverty and misery. I asked him what had become of his wife: “O,” said he, “she is ruined!” Of his children: “O they are all ruined! ruined by my drunkenness!” I did not see him again for three months, and then I found him in Coldbath-fields prison. The tale which he told the governor was enough to melt a heart of stone. His wife had died, eaten up by a disease brought on by his habits of intoxication. His children were, most of them, vagabonds upon the face of the earth, in consequence of their father’s habits of intoxication. His tale contains some particulars too affecting for recital; and I make the statement, not to rouse your passions, but to deter you from taking the first step as to the use of intoxicating liquors; and to convince you that the safest plan is, “touch not, taste not, handle not!”—*Rev. James Sherman, London.*

5. *Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies are favourable to the cultivation of Religious Life.*

THEY ARE NURSERIES FOR THE CHURCH.—The *Sunday School Teachers' Hand-book*, published by the American Sunday School Union, states:—"By reference to the class-books of one of the teachers, in which he entered not only the names, but the circumstances of his classes, it has been found that *eighty* of the females and *twenty-six* of the males attending these classes have *made a profession of religion*, either during their attendance upon them, or *soon after having left them*. Of the young men thus instructed, *eight* were preparing for the ministry, and two had entered upon that duty. *Ninety-three* are known to have become Sunday school teachers.—In a school within our knowledge, which was established in 1829, *fourteen* teachers have laboured, only three of whom were professors of religion at the commencement. Of these, all but one are now professors. Of *two hundred* children connected with the the same school during the same time, *one hundred and thirty-three* (or all but sixty-seven) profess to have been *converted to the faith of the gospel*.—Of one hundred and thirty-six persons admitted to a church in Connecticut in one year, *one hundred and eleven* were connected with the Sunday school.—A teacher lately informed us, that, upon looking over his class-books for seventeen years, he ascertained that *three-fourths* of his pupils had become professors of religion, and *several* of them gospel ministers at home and abroad. Such is the success which attends Sabbath school operations when allied with total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. How sadly different the history of Sabbath schools in this country."

6. *The Temperance Pledge is not contrary to Holy Scripture and Common Sense.*

DO WE DISPARAGE THE GRACE OF GOD?—It will not do to assert that religious principle will protect us. Did it protect Noah? Did it protect Lot? Did it protect the thousands who have fallen since? The fact is, that alcohol is a physical agent, and produces upon the mind and body its natural effects, apart altogether from religious opinion and principle. Grace deals with a man's reason and affections; but grace does not deal with a diseased stomach or a fevered brain. Grace fortifies neither against the attacks which alcohol makes upon them. The teaching of grace is, 'enter not into temptation;' and if, in spite of its warnings, we pass within the charmed circle, the deed and its fruits are our own. Can piety, in a world of so many allurements, have too many safeguards? If, then, total abstinence will place us beyond one class of temptations, more fatal to piety than any other, are we not bound to adopt it?—*Christ or Bacchus, by the Rev. Wm. Reid.*

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—In former times nothing was more common among pious and excellent men, than signing a pledge, or as it was called, entering into a covenant with the Almighty. It is a beautiful and impressive incident in the life of John Howard, the distinguished

philanthropist, that he signed a written pledge, 'to devote himself and all that he possessed to the service of God.' Then why should you refuse to sign a pledge to discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance, a vice which hurries fifty thousand immortal beings every year to the drunkard's unblest and dishonoured grave?

A PHILOSOPHER'S OPINION.—Paley says, "I own myself a friend to the laying down of strict rules, and rigidly abiding by them. Indefinite resolutions of abstemiousness are apt to yield to extraordinary occasions, and extraordinary occasions to occur perpetually. Whereas, the stricter the rule is, the more tenacious we grow of it; and many a man will abstain rather than break his rule, who would not easily be brought to exercise the same mortification from higher motives. Not to mention that, when our rule is once known, we are provided with an answer to every importunity."—*Moral Philosophy*.

7. *An Objection answered.*

WHY NOT FORM A SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF OTHER SINS?—"Why not organize an association against pride, and another against covetousness?" forgetting that if we did, we could not touch either. Pride and covetousness are the produce of a depraved heart, and nothing more; but drunkenness is the result of natural causes. A human being may be left naked among the beasts of the field: that could never banish pride from his heart. A miser may be confined within the barren walls of a desolate and dreary prison without lessening his avarice. Finery and gold are not essential to pride and covetousness. Let common sense decide if intoxicating beverages are not essential to drunkenness; without them it can have no subsistence. Pride and covetousness are the results of moral depravity; drunkenness is the result of an unnatural habit created by physical agents. Let men be induced to abstain from such agents, and the habit they have acquired will depart from them, and their moral nature will speedily obtain the mastery over the animal appetite. But if the drinking system be continued, drunkenness will not be restrained. No mathematical proof can be more certain. Given in any age, a *drinking world*, and the product will invariably be a *drunken world*. Remove the foundation, then, and the superstructure will become a mass of ruins.

8. *An Appeal to Sunday School Teachers.*

WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN IT?—Among the many peculiar customs of the Chinese, there is one peculiarly peculiar. Among the many false gods which they worship, if, perchance, there be one to whom for years they have offered the most costly sacrifices, and poured out the richest oblations, to whom they have knelt and prayed, and for all these have received nothing in return, they charge it with being a false god. "For all our offerings we have received nothing; this is no true god. There is no profit in his worship," they say. The accusation is entered, and they have a trial. The mandarins sit in judgment. Proclamation is made that any shall show cause, if he can, why the

god shall be dethroned. The evidence is received, and then, if the god be condemned, sentence is passed, its altars are cast down, and its worship made infamous. Isn't there a false god in this country? Have not we been worshipping a false god, presenting costly incense, and offering up our most precious possessions? And have we not been doing this for years? What *profit* has there been in the worship of Bacchus?

Let him answer who can, and let him take care to answer as in the sight of God.

OUR DRAWING ROOM MEETING.

An interesting meeting of ladies and gentlemen was held on Wednesday evening, November 16th, at Langley House, Grove Lane, Camberwell, the residence of Richard Barrett, Esq., who had kindly invited them to meet a deputation, consisting of the Rev. W. A. Essery, of Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Hon. Sec. of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. Tea and coffee were served to the guests, after which the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where appropriate devotional services were conducted by the Revs. I. Doxsey and J. Pillans. The Revs. Messrs. Rowe and Marshall also attended, and the company consisted of ladies and gentlemen identified with the educational, philanthropic, and religious movements of the neighbourhood.

In giving a cordial welcome to all present, and in introducing the deputation, Mr. BARRETT said that the object of the meeting was to enable them to lay before his guests the principles and aims of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, with which he had entire sympathy. During 1863, Five Agents had been constantly employed by that organization; 1,660 meetings of children, parents, Sunday school teachers, and others had been addressed; 116 provincial towns had been visited; 25,000 children had met at meetings held, last winter, in the Lambeth Baths; 80 Bands of Hope, in London, had been assisted; 170 exhibitions of Dissolving Views had been given; and 66,000 publications circulated. Such a good work deserved support, and he hoped that the present meeting would gain for the society many friends.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE, in the course of his introductory statement, said that the Union was formed in 1851, for the purpose of promoting the instruction of the young in the principles and practice of total abstinence. There were five millions of children in the country under fifteen years of age; what was to become of them? To train

them to abstain from wine and strong drink was of the utmost importance, because this would greatly promote their health, prosperity, and virtue. We need not feel afraid to induce our children to abstain. He had abstained from intoxicating beverages for twenty-five years, and was well satisfied with the result, and they could see for themselves, in Mr. Barrett's children, that it did not diminish physical health. He knew, he said, two poor lads who lived in the parish of St. Giles; one joined the Band of Hope, and is now in a college preparing for the Christian ministry; the other, alas, became a drunkard, and when eighteen years of age, murdered his sister. Mr. M'Cree went on to say, that to him it was quite plain Holy Scripture sanctioned this movement, because whatever promoted purity of life, domestic happiness, and love to God, could not be contrary to the Divine Book. John Newton spoke of two heaps before him,—the heap of human misery, and the heap of human happiness. This movement would make the former heap less, and the latter heap greater, and therefore he hoped they would support it. In conclusion, he expressed his hope that this meeting would hasten the time—

“When the humblest homes in England,
Shall in proper time give birth
To better men than we have been,
To dwell upon a better earth.”

The Rev. W. A. ESSERY remarked, that the love of novelty was inherent in human nature, and that although total abstinence was no longer a novelty, yet it possessed sufficient interest to attract benevolent persons. The Band of Hope, he said, sought to provide a rational and recreative mode of spending an evening, taught children how to resist a common temptation, and greatly aided the parent and the Sunday-school teacher, in training the young to live well and do good. Children needed discipline, early and strong, and we must do what we can to inculcate habits of self-mastery. Such habits would be greatly promoted if they joined Bands of Hope.

The Rev. JOHN PILLANS, in the course of his address, argued with great force in favour of lessening the temptations which surround our young people, and avowed his conviction that Bands of Hope, on this ground alone, were deserving of support. In reply to the objection, “Is it not wrong to teach children to promise to abstain?” he said, “We teach children to pray, and to do many other solemn things, before they properly understand the meaning of them, and I do not myself see any force in the objection.” By training children to abstain, we throw a shield

over them, and protect them from all the evils which arise from tampering with strong drink, and surely this is a highly desirable thing.

The Rev. I. Doxsey followed with a brief address, in which he stated that he had been as a deputation for the Union to Newark, Kettering, and Leicester, and had found truly satisfactory results to arise from Bands of Hope.

The meeting was then thrown open for discussion ; speeches and remarks were made by the Rev. Thomas L. Marshall, Messrs. W. J. Haynes, M. W. Dunn, R. W. Reid, and others ; and arguments for and against the movement were canvassed.

Refreshments having been served, and a cordial vote of thanks given to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, the company dispersed.

LITERATURE.

Work and its Reward: an Illustrative Tale. By KATE PYER. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

This little volume will find a suitable place in Band of Hope and Sunday school libraries. It presents a forcible picture of the evils caused by drunkenness, both in the devastation of happy homes, and the demoralization of the human character. The heartless conduct of Esther's mother on Mrs. Ashton's second visit to her, shows how the finer feelings of our nature may be blunted, and its evil passions roused, when the drink-demon takes possession of the soul. There is also a sad instance of youthful drunkenness, and in Mr. Liston's case we see the bad influence we may unconsciously exert upon others, by yielding to the drinking customs of society. On the other hand is depicted the happy change which takes place, when the father of a family abandons the fatal draught ; the inaugural meeting of a Band of Hope is well described, and children may learn from the example of little Esther, the value of a gentle loving disposition in gaining the affection of others. It is an interesting little work, and we can recommend it for the perusal of our young friends.

Stories for Sunday Scholars, No. 1. Milly's New Year. ELLIOTT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row.—This is an interesting narrative of a spiteful, violent girl, brought to submission and goodness by affliction, and of the subsequent reformation of her father. It will make a capital book for distribution at Christmas.

The Moral, Social, and Political Effects of Revenue from Intoxicating Drinks. By a Temperance Politician. JOB CAUDWELL, 335, Strand.—From the introduction we quote the following :—"The writer firmly believes that what is morally wrong can be neither politically right nor expedient ; he believes that this axiom applied to the revenue raised from intoxicating drinks will be found equally sound as when it is applied to other subjects of legislation. These duties have the sanction of long usage, and are very generally defended, not merely as taxes upon articles of luxury, but as morally beneficial. The assumption as to their beneficial influence he believes will be found, on careful investigation, to be erroneous. Direct taxation, if sound in principle, should be employed to raise the entire revenue of the State ; and the legislation necessary to remedy the evils of

intemperance, should not be mixed up with revenue considerations, but placed upon the same basis as other criminal jurisprudence. Especially does he urge the consideration of this subject upon all friends of direct taxation, upon the members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and upon all moral, social, and temperance reformers."

Having thus explained his views of taxation, the author gives the following facts :—

"In the year 1840, upwards of 1,100 articles were subject to Customs duties; in 1859, the number was 460; in 1860, Mr. Gladstone made a still further reduction, and when the changes he then proposed came fully into effect, there were but 43 articles subject to duty, of which 15 were retained for revenue purposes, the rest on special grounds. The revenue now raised by indirect taxation is derived mainly from tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and intoxicating drinks, in the following proportions :—

Tea, coffee and sugar	£12,333,522
Tobacco	5,774,564
Other articles, including corn, currants, raisins, wood and timber, &c., also produce	1,781,821
Spirits, wine, malt and licences	20,023,405

It will thus be seen that of the entire revenue so obtained, *above twenty millions of pounds are levied upon intoxicating drinks.*"

But is this right? The author denies it, and in objecting to this mode of raising a national revenue, he says :—

"*It is derived from a vicious source.*—This is a serious and fatal objection. The object of Government is the repression of crime, and the protection of the community from its consequences; oblivious of its duty, it draws a revenue from that which is confessedly the source, the fountain, and occasion of the larger proportion of our crime. What should we think of a Government which should derive a revenue from licences issued to robbers, and which should share the proceeds of their crimes by taxing heavily their booty? Such a proceeding would most justly receive our universal execration. Such, however, is the position of the Government in respect to the traffic in intoxicating drinks; it is the cause of by far the larger proportion of our crime, insanity, disease, pauperism, and premature death, and yet its unholy profits replenish the National Exchequer to the extent of *Twenty Millions of Pounds every year.*"

We know the author of this tractate as an able and zealous advocate of our principles, and we heartily commend his work to the attention of our readers.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

Mr. G. M. Murphy kindly wrote a useful little manual for Conductors, which we have published under the above title. It is highly praised by the press. The *Weekly Record* says :—"In this little pamphlet, which is one of the most valuable we have met with for many a day, Mr. Murphy gives the results of a wide-spread experience in conducting Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies; and the fact that almost everything Mr. Murphy puts his hand to is successful, is a satisfactory proof that his plans are worthy of attentive consideration, if not of universal adoption. Every Temperance committee should purchase a dozen copies for the use of its principal members."

And the *South London Chronicle* states:—"The briefest and highest praise which can be given to this pamphlet is, that it is at once practical and comprehensive. There is no pretence or attempt in any of the twelve essays it contains. The subjects are of practical importance, and the method of handling them is sound and judicious. Mr. Murphy employs no waste words, but expresses clearly his meaning upon the points he discusses. Were we desirous of addressing or concerned in managing a Band of Hope, most gladly would we hail Mr. Murphy as a counsellor."

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

PRESENTATION TO MR. DUNN.—The autumnal *soiree* of the Union was held on Thursday evening, Oct. 27th, at Shirley's Hotel, 37, Queen square, when W. West, Esq., presided, and conducted the business of the evening in his usual efficient and pleasant manner. After tea, coffee, cake, &c., had been served in good style to a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, Mr. S. Shirley introduced a very interesting matter, namely, the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. M. W. Dunn, financial secretary, consisting of a handsome Family Bible, with an inscription done in beautiful style by Mr. C. W. Dowdeswell, of Chancery lane, a silver inkstand, and tea and coffee service—the whole forming a most valuable and elegant gift. For many years Mr. Dunn has conducted the affairs of the Union with great ability and zeal, and all present concurred in the eulogiums passed upon his services by Mr. Shirley. Mr. Dunn having replied in suitable terms, addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Clifford and G. W. M'Cree, Joseph Payne, Esq., and Messrs. W. J. Haynes (treasurer), Wood, Chapman, Fusedale, and Tucker. During the evening, the North London Choir, conducted by Mr. Nott, sang some select pieces, and Mr. and Master Thwaites performed on the piano, and sang several choice compositions. The company parted highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening.

During the past month, Mr. F. SMITH has lectured with the Dissolving Views at the following towns:—At Bradford, Yorkshire, in the Temperance Hall, twice; Greenfield; the Friends' School; and Hallfield School. In Ireland, at Brookfield, Dromore, Coleraine, Maghera, Seapark, Newtownard, Comber, Lisburn, Carrick Fergus, and Belfast. Four consecutive nights in Liverpool; and in London, at Eden Street, Hampstead Road, and Barnet. The meetings, with only one exception, have all been well attended, many of them crowded.

During the last two months, Mr. BLABY has attended the following meetings:—Denmark Street, four times; Deverel Street, twice; Northey street, Limehouse; One Tun, Westminster; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane; Lansdowne Place; Great Queen Street Sunday School; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; St Matthew's, Princess Square; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Southville, Wandsworth Road; Paddington Chapel; Esher Street, Kennington; East Lane, Walworth; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Dalglish Place, Limehouse; Stafford Street, Peckham; Lambeth Baths; Stepney

Meeting ; St. John's Wood ; Exeter Building ; Haverstock Hill ; Mansfield Street, Borough ; Isleworth ; Old Ford ; Gray's ; and Tottenham. He has also preached twelve sermons, and addressed five Sunday Schools.

During the months of October and November, W. J. LAY has attended meetings as follows :—Walworth ; Limehouse ; Esher Street, Kennington ; Barbican ; Cottage Green, Camberwell ; Bloomsbury Chapel ; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre ; One Tun Ragged School ; Somer's Town ; Blackheath ; Allan Street, Clerkenwell ; Arnold's Place, Dockhead ; Henry Street, Borough, twice ; Packington Street, City Road ; Wilmington Mission, Clerkenwell ; Caledonian road ; Lambeth Baths ; Stepney Meeting ; Cromer Street ; Walworth ; Haverstock Hill ; Old Mile Stone, City Road ; St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell ; Southville.

ANCHOR BAND OF HOPE, CAMBERWELL.—The above society continues to prosper, the fortnightly meetings being well attended, and fresh members often received. Kind aid has been lately given by Mr. Davies, Mr. Lay (from the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union), and the Rev. W. K. Rowe, all of whom addressed meetings numbering above 200. On Oct. 25th the quarterly tea meeting was held, when a large number assembled in the evening to enjoy the entertainment of music, singing, recitations, and the diorama of the "Temperance Sketch-book," exhibited by Mr. F. Baron ; Mr. S. Shirley also addressed the meeting. On Wednesday, Nov. 9th, the second annual social tea meeting for old members took place. Between 80 and 90 young people partook gratuitously of an ample repast, and the meeting, which commenced about eight o'clock, was addressed by the Rev. John Pillans, Mr. Winsford, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Davies, and chiefly presided over by Wm. West, Esq., whose cheerful sallies called forth the laughter of his hearers. Music, singing, and recitations enlivened the proceedings, and it is hoped good will result from this effort to keep up or revive the interest of the young people, most of whom, being engaged in business, are unable to attend the usual meetings of the Band of Hope.

BELFAST.—My Dear Sir,—Your Mr. F. Smith, having completed a fortnight's engagement with our League, left us on Saturday evening for Liverpool, where he is, no doubt, long ere this, safely arrived.

Our Committee, at the weekly meeting on the 19th inst., unanimously adopted the following resolution, which you will kindly submit to your executive :—

"That the services of Mr. F. Smith, of the London Band of Hope Union, who has been lecturing for us with dissolving views for the past fortnight, are highly appreciated by this Committee ; not only on account of the excellence of the 'Views,' but also from the admirable tact and ability displayed by Mr. Smith in his descriptive lectures."

I have much pleasure in adding my entire personal concurrence in the foregoing ; and, as an old member of your Board, I am truly pleased that you are still so well represented.

I am, yours very truly,

Rev. G. W. M'Cree.

H. CHARLES KNIGHT, *Secretary I.T.L.*

BRADFORD BAND OF HOPE UNION.—We have been favoured, in connection with the Bradford Band of Hope Union, for the last nine weeks, with the valuable services of Mr. W. Bell. During this period he has been engaged, with scarcely an exception, every night lecturing, and on the Sabbath preaching. All the meetings have been large and most enthusiastic. Mr. Bell's large-heartedness and genial earnest manner, with the interesting and instructive addresses he has delivered, have

endeared him to all who have heard him. We are anticipating with the greatest pleasure another visit from him shortly. In connection with the termination of his engagement, a social tea meeting was held in the Independent School-room, Greenfield, on Friday evening, Nov. 4th, when a large number of the friends of the Union sat down. The meeting subsequently held was presided over by Mr. W. S. Bray, and was of a most interesting character. A resolution, proposed by the treasurer, and seconded by the secretary of the Union, was unanimously passed, expressing the warmest and most cordial thanks of the Union to Mr. Bell, for the valuable and efficient manner in which he had discharged his duties during the term of his engagement, and praying that the Divine blessing might go with him, and make him even more eminently successful in the future than he had been in the past. The proceedings were varied by singing, addresses, recitations, &c., in which Messrs. W. Bell, J. Phillips, T. Carter, A. Frith, and others, took part. Also, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5th, at the West-end Temperance Room, Bradford, Mr. Bell was presented with a splendid photographic album, containing the *carte de visites* of a large number of the leading friends of the movement. On behalf of the Society, Mr. H. Sewell, in appropriate terms, made the presentation. Mr. Bell feelingly responded, stating how sincerely he appreciated their kindness. We have also been favoured with a visit, during the last month, by Mr. F. Smith, who has given five exhibitions of the splendid Dissolving Views belonging to the Union. The instructive and pleasing manner in which Mr. Smith conveys valuable information on a great variety of subjects, by means of the pictures exhibited, has given universal satisfaction. At each exhibition there was a large audience, who evinced the greatest delight and pleasure. The attractive nature of these entertainments cannot fail to be always popular with our young friends.

COMBER (IRELAND) TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND BAND OF HOPE.—On Tuesday evening, 15th of November, a very large and interesting meeting was held in connection with the above flourishing society, in the School-house connected with the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. J. M. Kellen, M.A., in a few appropriate words, introduced the lecturer, Mr. Fred. Smith, of London, when a most attractive and instructive lecture was delivered on "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by dissolving views. The pictures were admirably executed, and elicited the praise of all present. At the close of the lecture, thanks were accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Mr. W. D. Watt, seconded by Mr. George Morrow, when the company separated, highly pleased with the proceedings of the evening. A children's meeting had been held at five o'clock, when Mr. Smith lectured on the "Franklin Expedition" in a most effectual and attractive manner, taking the opportunity of mentioning the advantages of abstinence in various climates. The views exhibited on the Arctic Regions were magnificent, especially the Aurora and the Halo. If Mr. Smith should visit Comber again, he will meet a warm and cordial reception, for many will remember his last visit with pleasure and profit. We have never had anything which has captivated the people so much, and good to our cause has been the result of the meetings.

DROMORE, CO. DOWN, IRELAND.—On Tuesday evening, 8th November, Mr. F. Smith, Agent of the Band of Hope Union, visited this place, and delivered a lecture on "Lights of the World," illustrated by dissolving views, to a densely crowded audience, in the Protestant Hall. Both the views and the lecture gave entire satisfaction, as indeed they could not fail to do; and it is believed that by means of Mr. Smith's

visit, the principles and claims of total abstinence have been commended to the consideration and regard of many hitherto indifferent or opposed. The Committee of the Society feel themselves under no small obligations to Mr. Smith, and they would gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of acknowledging their sense of those obligations. J. FRASER, Sec.

LAMBETH BATHS.—Sir,—A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, last night, Nov. 16th, by a very large and delighted meeting. There were many hundreds present, but they listened to Mr. Blaby's description of the dissolving views with manifest delight, while the working of them, and the way in which they came "up" on the canvass, elicited continual and well-deserved applause. I can only add my own thanks to those of the meeting, to the Committee, for their great kindness in affording the Newcutonians so rich a treat.

GEO. M. MURPHY.

NEWTOWNARD, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND.—On Monday, the 14th of November, Mr. F. Smith, lecturer in connection with the Band of Hope Union, London, lectured in this town. The room where the meeting was held was half-filled at twenty minutes before the time announced, and was completely thronged when the moment arrived for the lecturer to begin the business of the evening. Mr. Walker, a gentleman whose operatives were present, was moved to the chair by the head teacher of the Model School. The chairman having called on Mr. Smith to begin the exhibition of his interesting dissolving views, the latter gentleman commenced his lecture exhibitions, which was entitled "Lights of the World; or, Passages in the Histories of Eminent Men," touching on the most salient points in the lives of various great men in appropriate language, in which Mr. Smith manifested his own correct knowledge; he passed on to the further exhibition of the miscellaneous views. About mid-way in the evening's entertainment, Mr. Smith called upon us to join him in a song. The lines of a hymn beginning with the words, "I want to go home," were, from the excellent arrangement of the lecturer's apparatus, equally legible from the furthest corner of the room. After the first line, Mr. S. was accompanied by the audience, the hymn being sung to the well-known air, "Home, sweet home." The comic scenes shown, excited the risibility of all present, the laughter never outliving the lecturer's patience, or damaging the effect of his very judicious and excellent remarks. "Betty and the Bear" afforded universal amusement, while the occasion was not lost for a pointed allusion to two classes of individuals, of which Betty and her cowardly spouse, who ran from the bear to the rafters, and thence issued his orders, are but too common types. Mr. Smith is an admirable teacher; he has most successfully learned "Old Humphrey's" lesson: first, to interest, next to instruct, and, lastly, to impress. We follow him with our best wishes.—*Correspondent.*

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Sir,—I began with the Band of Hope about three months since; the number was three, now it is 50. To such of them as buy the *Band of Hope Review*, I give the *British Workman* from myself. We meet every Thursday evening—the house is full. I endeavour to instil the total abstinence principles on religious grounds; they repeat one of the melodies from your little publication, and the verse on the ticket printed or published by you. As I enforce order and attention, and give presents to the best, and as our band is steadily increasing, I hope the seed sown on their young minds will bear fruit. We are beginning to attract a little notice.

I remain, yours very respectfully,

HENRY ARD.





BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—A tea-meeting was held in the Temperance Hall on Saturday September 8th, by the Bradford Band of Hope Union to welcome Mr. Wm. Bell (late agent to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union), as their permanent agent. Upwards of 200 sat down to tea, and the public meeting which followed was attended by about 300 persons. The Rev. B. Wood took the chair, and addresses were given by the Rev. W. B. Affleck, Mr. Alderman Pollard, Mr. Robert Nichol (London), Messrs. Phillips, Sewell, Barrans, Bray, Holdsworth, T. Carter, and M. Field. The meeting was one of the most interesting of its kind ever held in Bradford.

Oct 1866
Mr. W. BELL.—The committee greatly regret to announce since their last statement of progress, that Mr. William Bell, who acted as agent for nearly four years, has resigned, he having accepted an engagement in connection with the Bradford (Yorks.) Band of Hope Union. During the whole time of Mr. Bell's connection with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, the greatest cordiality has subsisted between the committee and himself. He has most thoroughly devoted himself to the work, often sacrificing his

own comfort and health in the prosecution of his duties. During one year he attended no less than 320 meetings, and though the committee must much regret losing so valuable a worker, it will be satisfactory to know that he will not be lost to the cause, and that his only reason for connecting himself with a more local institution is, that he may be more with his family.

On Wednesday evening, August 29th, a select meeting of friends met at Shirley's Temperance Hotel to bid Mr. Bell farewell, and to wish him success in his new sphere of labour. As a mark of their respect, the committee of the Union presented Mr. Bell with a handsomely bound copy of "Cassell's Illustrated Bible," with a purse containing £20.

Mr. Bell has forwarded the following remarks respecting his work from July 1st, until the time of his leaving the society (September):—Since my last report, I have had the pleasure of addressing large meetings in London at Moor Street, Shadwell, Albion Hall, King Street, Hawkestone Hall, Newington Causeway, &c., &c., all of which have been well attended, several of them very much crowded: I hope much good has been done. I am now engaged with our friends at Bradford (Yorks.), where I hope, with the blessing of God and the assistance of the friends, we may accomplish something that will tell of "works of faith and labours of love" after we have been called away to meet those earnest and faithful workers for God, who have passed to their rest. During the four years I have had the pleasure of being one of the agents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, I have received much kindness from the committee, agents, and friends in many parts of this country, many of whom I shall see no more in this world, with a full heart and a tearful eye I would say to all, *God bless you*, let us labour on in this most glorious cause, not forgetting that though we "sow in tears we shall come again with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us." To the friends in every part of the country I would say, let us be more earnest in our work, not forgetting that every day, souls are being lost by the wicked traffic intoxicating drinks.

"Let us *all* be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate—
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

With love to all friends, affectionately yours,
W. BELL

